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Collier's

The Negro voter—can he elect a President?

The American Tradition:
900 MEN WHO SHOOK AN EMPIRE
By Kenneth Roberts

YOU AND YOUR ALLERGY
20 Questions and Answers

AUGUST 17, 1956 • FIFTEEN CENTS

KIM NOVAK:
"I like New York at dawn"

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Aug. 17, 1956

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16.86	*License fees*	16.86
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37.00	*Maintenance*	111.00
25.50	*Tires*	76.50
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3.9¢	*Cost per mile for each member of family*	**1.9¢**

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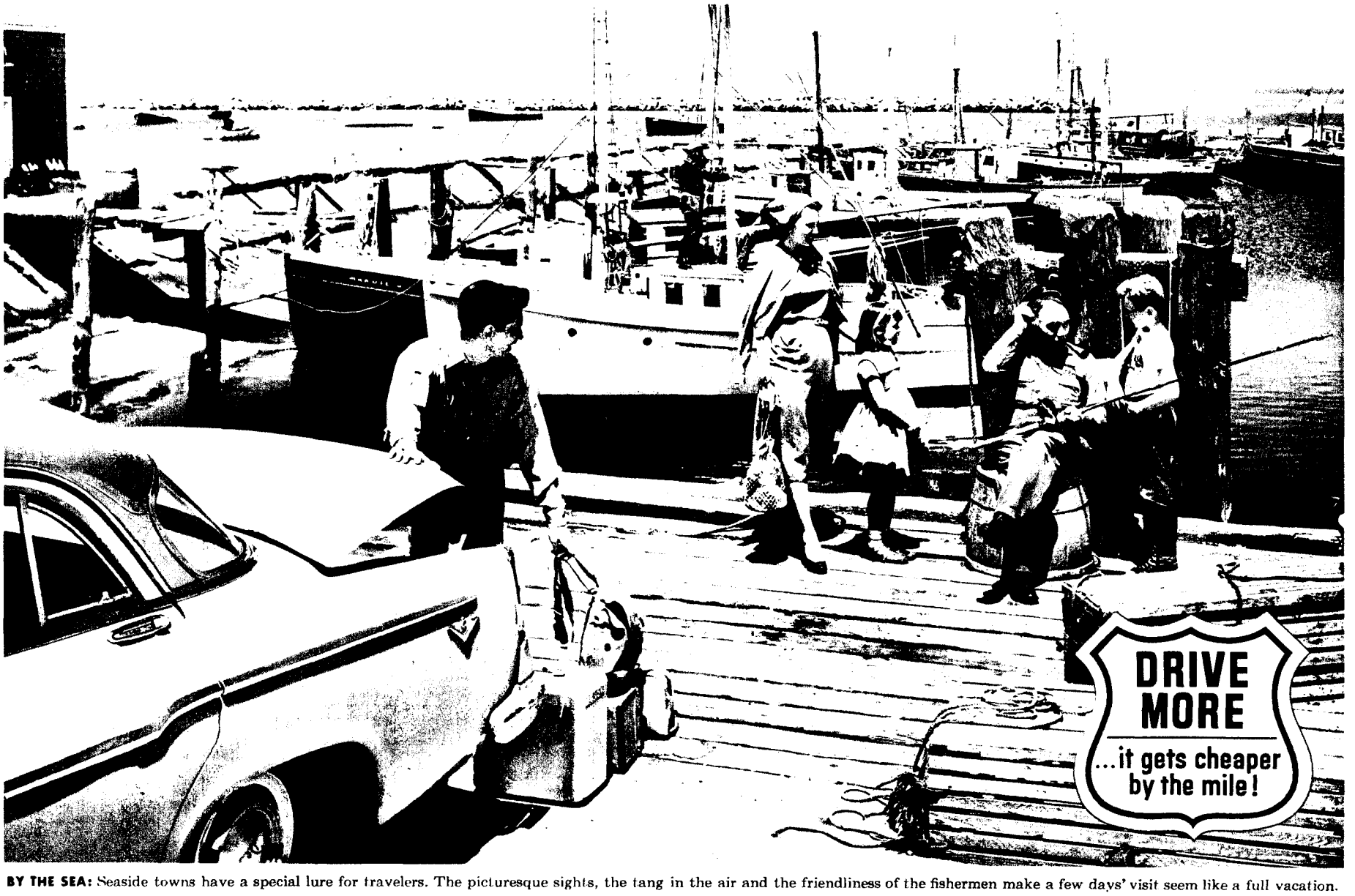

BY THE SEA: Seaside towns have a special lure for travelers. The picturesque sights, the tang in the air and the friendliness of the fishermen make a few days' visit seem like a full vacation.

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Picture OF THE MONTH

Hollywood has lately come to grips with many controversial and hitherto taboo themes. Latest is "Tea and Sympathy." M-G-M has filmed the famed stage sensation about a sensitive schoolboy and the housemaster's wife who knew he was more of a man than any of those who called him "Sister Boy"...even before she helped him prove it!

Deborah Kerr, John Kerr and Leif Erickson play the roles they created on Broadway. And the greater fluidity of the screen medium has enabled them to attain an even more powerful crescendo as each of these intimately interlocked characters moves toward the most talked-about dramatic climax of our day. Those who said Robert Anderson's astounding play couldn't—even *shouldn't*—be filmed will probably be the first to cheer the stars' delicate yet passionate portrayals.

"Years from now," Laura was saying softly, "when you talk about this—and you will—be kind..."

Everybody knows a Tom Lee, but not every Tom Lee is lucky enough to know a Laura Reynolds. Shining with the radiance of Miss Kerr, she is a woman quick to sense the sensitivities of others, one who will find it difficult to adhere to the other faculty wives' advice: "Don't get emotionally involved with the boys' problems; all you need give them is a little tea and sympathy."

At first Laura is amused and touched by Tom's puppy-love for her. But what is Laura to do when her attempts to escape his dependence on her are interpreted by Tom as betrayal? Does she do right? Every viewer must decide this in the solitude of his own heart.

Producer Pandro S. Berman and director Vincente Minnelli capture every rapture, every stinging and compassionate observation in the best imaginable taste. Now filmed in CinemaScope and Metrocolor, Anderson's script faithfully preserves, and often enhances, every sudden turn and turning-point of his own long-run play.

And M-G-M has made certain that the electric tingle that ran down Broadway on opening night now runs down your spine when you see "Tea and Sympathy!"

Collier's

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"I'd give anything to belong..."

Ann sighed as she looked enviously through the window at a happy group of boys and girls heading for the Bowling Alley. How she wished she were one of them.

"I'd give anything to belong," she said for the hundredth time.

Why did they snub her so consistently, she wondered. Why did they leave her out of things? She was quite sure she was just as pretty—prettier, even, than some of the girls . . . just as nicely dressed, too . . . and with more personality. Yet she was outside of the charmed circle. She simply couldn't understand why. Girls with this trouble* seldom do.

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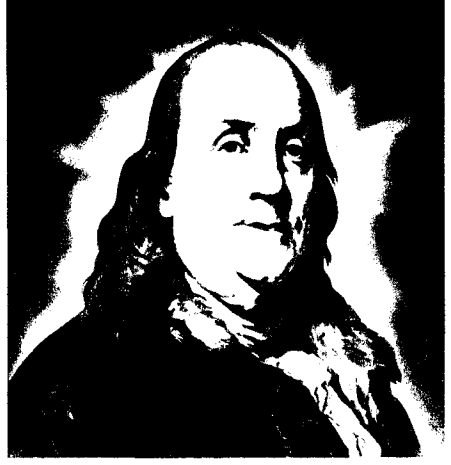

Benjamin Franklin
(A Rosicrucian)

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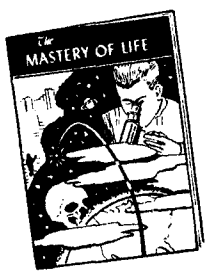

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Appointment with O'HARA

FOR MANY CITIZENS this will be the summer of no vacation, a fact which is not without its ironical aspects. Most men who are in a position to pick their vacation time choose August because they add to August the Labor Day weekend. This summer, however, they have outsmarted themselves. They will spend so much of their holiday watching the political conventions on television, and talking so much about the developments, that instead of rest and relaxation they'll be getting high blood pressure and dispute.

On the other hand the guy who was told he could go away in July will return to work restored and replenished. He will have his job to do and to occupy eight of his daily working hours, thus prevented from watching the television and being forced by circumstances to receive most of his information in the evening, when he will be so tired that the doings in Chicago and San Francisco won't bother him so much. He will go to bed and get a fair night's sleep and next morning be ready to do his work efficiently.

The larger significance of all this will not become apparent until late September, early October. Then the Boss will begin to notice that Mr. July, the assistant sales manager, has been doing an outstanding job ever since he got back from his vacation. And he will also notice that Mr. August, vice-president in charge of sales, returned to work worse off than when he went away. He will be cross and irritable, forgetting things, snapping at people. The Boss will have him in for a little talk. "August, is everything all right at home?"

"Why, sure, Boss," August will say.

"But something's wrong, somewhere. You don't have the old zing. And I'd like to help you, but I can't if you don't feel you can confide in me."

The pitiful Mr. August will not know what's the matter, but he will begin to find things wrong. Mrs. August will give Mr. Hedge, the neighbor, a lift home from the station and Mr. August will begin to wonder whether that is the only kind of lift Mrs. August has been giving Mr. Hedge. Miss Frankenthaler, Mr. August's devoted secretary, will tell Mr. August that she doesn't have to take that kind of talk from anybody, and will give notice. Mr. August will forget his commutation ticket the day a different conductor is on the train and there will be a scene that will start all Mr. August's fellow commuters whispering about August blowing his lid.

I hardly need point out that the Boss will give Mr. July a try at that difficult Milwaukee account, which will be duck soup to Mr. July. Then when Mr. July is able to finalize that really tough Spokane business, Mr. August will say things to the Boss that can't be taken back and the unemployment statistics will be increased by 1.

The strange thing is that neither Mr. July nor Mr. August will ever be able to explain how it all happened. Unless, of course, they happen to be readers of this Department of Help and Welfare.

★ ★ ★

THERE WAS FOR ME sadness but no shock in the news of the death of Michael Arlen. He had undergone extensive surgery and had been a sick man for a couple of years before that.

Mike stopped writing a long time ago, but it is not quite true that he gave up writing. The difference was that for a little while during the forties he talked about some work in progress, which meant to me that he still had the urge, just as all of us have it. If you have been a successful novelist, you may stop writing but you never give it up. You can't execute so big a change in yourself. The things in you that made it possible for you to become a successful novelist remain with you all your life. What Mike did, I repeat, was to stop writing without abandoning it.

Well, that isn't a terribly important point for the layman to consider unless he becomes interested in a Michael Arlen as a figure of Mayfair, and I suppose Michael Arlen and Noel Coward were the two indisputable leaders of Mayfair. Some others have come along and become prominent, but Arlen and Coward were the ones. Coward kept on working; Arlen stopped working and then, after a while, stopped talking about working. The pose of preferring total idleness became a distinction and a habit.

But I never gave up trying to get Arlen to go back to work. Writing and the world needed Arlen's sardonic comments and observations. For almost a generation writing has been overinfluenced by Karl Marx and Sigmund Freud, neither man famed for the light touch. And, of course, criticism has if anything been even more strongly overinfluenced by Marx and Freud, so that a contemporary novel by Michael Arlen, with his comments on the people and the forces of the thirties, forties and fifties, would have been prejudged by most reviewers before the book arrived on their desks. The "climate," as those reviewers dearly love to call it, was unfavorable to an Arlen contemporary novel, just as it had become unsalubrious for the writings of Philip Barry and Carl Van Vechten.

Barry, who was one of my best friends, wrote high comedy but he was an intensely serious man. He always knew what was going on in Wall Street and on Pennsylvania Avenue. But he wrote in his own way about people whom the country as a whole regarded as frivolous people. And among the severest critics of Barry's plays were those same frivolous people who, in the early thirties, had got a sudden rush of conscience. That happened, too, to F. Scott Fitzgerald, whose finest novel, Tender Is the Night, was rejected by the critics, by the public and by the kind of people he was writing about. Years after he died there was a rediscovery of Fitzgerald, too late to do him any good, too late to repair the damage that had been done him, but not too late for the rediscoverers to make a fast buck for themselves. Tender Is the Night, of course, was just as good in 1934 as it is in 1956, but that hypocritical guilty conscience of '34 is inactive as of '56. You could not admit to an admiration for Fitzgerald and Barry if you admired Steinbeck and Odets. And Arlen was *so* frivolous that even Coward, with his propaganda efforts for the Empire (and that elusive knighthood), was made to seem as solid as Scott—Sir Walter, of course. The comedy in Steinbeck and Odets could be forgiven because the authors were writing about one third of a nation. But Barry was writing about one sixteenth of a nation, and Arlen would have written about a fraction of that. Nobody apologizes for Shakespeare and his kings and courts and violence, but a contemporary author had better stick to the factory and the farm if he wants to be well regarded in his lifetime.

I confess to an occasional moment of frivolity and rather late in the day I wish I had been a magazine editor some years back and could have assigned Michael Arlen to cover the Bendix sit-down strike in South Bend, and Clifford Odets to Brenda Frazier's coming-out party.

Ah, me. As we always say on an occasion of this kind, the ranks are thinning.

—JOHN O'HARA

AL HIRSCHFELD

Michael Arlen: writing and the world needed his comments and observations

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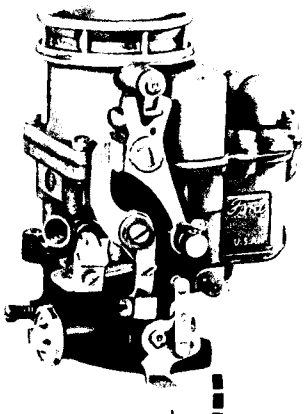

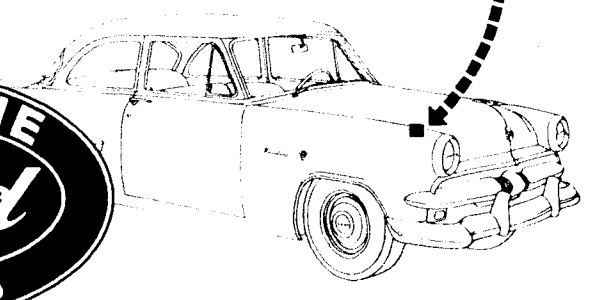

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COLLIER'S CREDITS

HERE'S A PICTURE of Alfred Lansing, writer, and Dan Weiner, photographer. They have just completed a vital mission by helicopter: flying back and forth over huge Lake Texoma to look down on the multitude of boats, yachts, fishermen, water skiers and everything else that they tell about on page 24.

Our team didn't look so confident after their first meeting with the big ar-

Weiner (left) and Lansing, who drove a car where yachts are usually at anchor

tificial lake. They had rented a sleek convertible in Dallas and were speeding toward Texoma late at night along Route 34 when they slowed for a sign that said, ROAD UNDER WATER.

"Guess it's about six inches deep," mused Weiner as he started off into it. Lansing sat back unworried. Just then, anchored before them on the damp highway, appeared one boat, and another, and another. They stopped, hubcaps awash, and learned that this, indeed, was Lake Texoma and that Route 34 leads through its depths, sixty feet below.

★ ★ ★

BOTTOM OF THIS PAGE is the reason associate editor Gene Cook arose at four o'clock the other morn. He bought a new alarm clock so he wouldn't oversleep.

How did the movie star awaken at that hour? "Why, I just stayed up all night," she smiled.

★ ★ ★

"I'M ALWAYS at a disadvantage when it comes to autobiography," says John D. Weaver, author of The New Chairs, "because I've never been a chicken-plucker or crossed the Pacific in a kayak. I received my A.B. from William & Mary in 1932 and an M.A. from George Washington University a year later, worked for several New Deal agencies, drifted to Kansas City for five years of newspaper work and married Harriett Sherwood.

"In 1940, on the strength of two published short stories, we moved to Los Angeles and started free-lancing. Ten months later I got my first check. It was from Collier's."

Been lots of checks since.

★ ★ ★

KENNETH ROBERTS is a painstaking researcher. By the time he had finished our story on the Battle of Cowpens (page 58), he was probably the world's greatest authority on it. Even so, this piece was but one interlude in the famous author's literary activities.

"I was working on three other books in two workrooms," he reports to Collier's Credits, "when I tackled this one. I couldn't allow my source material on any of the three to be disturbed, and so I had to create a sort of hollow tree in which I could den up, surrounded on floor, chairs and tables by Cowpens maps and journals.

"I first dissected the Cowpens story, as dished out in most histories, when I was writing Oliver Wiswell, and found that Morgan and Tarleton had been badly treated—General Morgan on the ground that he chose a foolish site at which to fight, and Tarleton on the ground that Cowpens finished him as

Kenneth Roberts of Kennebunkport. His range is from rhabdomancy to history

a cavalry leader. Neither of these historians' hypotheses was true—but once an erroneous idea is adopted by historians, it seems to be the one thing that becomes immortal.

"What other projects? They jump out at me from behind every one of the countless stone walls on my farm—agricultural, culinary, literary, cinematic, historical and rhabdomantic. If it weren't that they all pay off, I'd feel cornered and distressed."

★ ★ ★

WHEN THE RUSSIAN journalists visited the U. S. last fall one of their stops, of course, was the Hoover Library (page 80), according to Robert de Roos, senior editor of our San Francisco office. They were amazed to see the library had full files of Pravda.

"Ours have disintegrated," said the man from Pravda. "We have none before 1924."

"What do you use for reference?"

"Oh, we have microfilm from Harvard." —JEROME BEATTY, JR.

PETER MAAS

Our Gene Cook and Hollywood's Kim Novak, after a dawn patrol of New York

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Will you pay the tax on my new fur coat?

Strange request? Not so strange as it sounds. Almost every day you actually do pay taxes for other people. Whenever you pay your income tax, or buy anything that is federally taxed, you're paying taxes for customers of federal government electric systems.

Your taxes go to build the federal plants that *serve* these people. Then, because customers of federal power systems don't pay their share of taxes in their electric bills, you have to be taxed *more* to make up the difference.

This kind of tax inequality isn't fair to you or any other taxpayer—and it isn't necessary. The more than 400 independent electric companies are ready and willing to provide the additional electricity the nation needs without depending on tax money to build new power plants. *America's Independent Electric Light and Power Companies*.*

**Names on request from this magazine*

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The priest paused on the wet rocks and boomed, "For shame, Kevin O'Connor! This wanton killing!"

THE BELL OF WEEBEGS

By LEON WARE

THE gray seal lifted its whiskered head at the sound of the growling sea and then slid effortlessly from the gaunt, rust-streaked bell buoy; the buoy heaved ponderously upward, clanged, and dipped again while the roller swept beneath it. Father Maxwell, high on the cliff above the fishing village, heard the dull and lonely sound and sighed.

The toll of the bell was the tune of the living among the parishioners below him. In a life as full of peril as theirs, he could not condemn them for their occasional outbursts against the frustrations of their lot, but on the other hand, neither could he condone violence inflicted on the innocent.

Some men were strong in adversity, and foremost among them were the fishermen of Weebegs. But in others the bitterness of their fate turned their minds to cruelty, and such a one was Kevin O'Connor.

The O'Connor was a lean and angry man, dark-browed, dark-minded, with a temper like quicksilver and a tongue like a lash. As a boy he had stood defiantly alone; as a young man he had sailed sullenly with the others until he could get his own boat; as a man he had gone his way, working apart from the rest, mocking them, fishing harder and deeper and better than any. The wonder was that he had taken time enough, and been gentle enough, to marry. But he had, though the gentleness had now evaporated and his wife and children bore the marks of his bitterness and lived in fear of him.

It was because of Mary O'Connor that Father Maxwell had made this journey out from the town. It was no secret that the O'Connor, always belligerent in his cups, took his perversity out on his quiet, melancholy wife. Father Maxwell had often noted her of a Sunday morning, hollow-eyed, her mouth drawn and her head bent. But there is only so much a woman can stand for the love of her children, and last night, in her mother's home, he had seen her bruised and beaten.

Today was Sunday, but this was something that could not wait the coming of another day. Father Maxwell sighed once more and started down the rocky cart path that led to the beach below. . . .

The stone houses of the fishermen, some with slate roofs and the older ones still covered with turf, were ringed around the cove. Battered boats were drawn up on the graveled shore, the mended nets spread out among the piles of drying driftwood. Here and there were groups of fishermen—no doubt bemoaning, Father Maxwell mused, the fact that such a quiet, fogless day should fall on the Sabbath.

He heard the dull, flat sound of a shot, and paused, frowning. Far below him, out on the long arm of jumbled rocks that formed one side of the narrow entrance to the cove, a figure moved. Father Maxwell increased the length of his strides down the path.

The leather-faced fishermen removed their stocking caps at his approach. "Where is the O'Connor?" he demanded.

The men half turned toward the finger of rock across the cove, but none spoke, nor did they need to, for Father Maxwell was already on his way, his stout boots crunching in the coarse gravel.

It was a quiet day, yet the air above the tide-wet boulders was filled with the spume of the dying waves. Father Maxwell paused once to catch his breath and clean his glasses. The O'Connor had reached the end of the rocky projection and now scrambled back and forth, discharging his rifle. His glasses back on, the priest had time only to see that the target was a group of seals, before the lenses fogged again. Recklessly, he plunged ahead over the slippery footing.

He was breathing heavily when he came within shouting distance of the O'Connor. He paused, wiped his glasses once more and, as he put them back on, saw in the backwash of the surge the body of a baby seal, which, wounded, had instinctively sought the dry rocks but had died before it reached them. Father Maxwell's strong voice trembled with anger as he shouted.

The O'Connor swung around, his dark eyes glittering as he saw who it was that had called him.

"For shame, Kevin O'Connor!" boomed the priest. "This wanton killing—and on the Sabbath!" He strode on across the wet rocks. "Man, man—what evil fills your heart?"

"Evil, is it now?" roared back the O'Connor. "These devils eat my fish. They come right into my net and eat my fish! Look at them!" He pointed off toward the clanging bell where a group of seals had surfaced. "Look at them, sleek and fat and glossy with my fish!"

"Your fish?" asked Father Maxwell. "You forget, my friend: the fish in the sea, even as the seals and the birds and you and I, all belong to another—our God in Heaven."

"The ones in my net belong to me!" O'Connor shouted. "They belong to me, not some slimy seal! Look at that one—look at that grandfather! How many pounds of my fish has he got in his fat belly?"

A grayish, mottled seal, far larger than the rest, had appeared in the center of the herd. "He'll eat no more!" the O'Connor shouted.

The gun came to his shoulder and he fired just as Father Maxwell lurched forward and touched his arm. The seal disappeared, and the report was lost in the burst of invective from the O'Connor's lips. He threw out his arm involuntarily, catching the priest off balance and sending him sprawling onto the wet and slimy rocks. Then he stood there, scowling blackly, and made no move to help the priest up.

"Kevin O'Connor," Father Maxwell said slowly, "I will pray for you, asking the Lord to forgive you, to ease the tempest in your heart, to fill it with the love and kindness that should be there."

"Don't pray for me!" the O'Connor snarled. "Save your breath for the women and the mealy-mouths ashore. I need not your help, nor *anybody's* help!" He turned and started back across the rocks.

Father Maxwell scrambled to his feet. "Kevin! Kevin, boy! Don't go with blasphemy on your lips!"

The O'Connor whirled around. "Blasphemy? Let Him strike me dead then!" He looked up and shook his rifle. "Strike! Strike!" He laughed in harsh triumph at Father Maxwell, and then swung around and stalked away.

THE MORROW DAWNED quiet and warm and the fleet went out to sea. Wind rose in the afternoon and it turned suddenly colder and, as the last but one of the boats came through the inlet, gray fog blew in, thick to the feel, sharp to the taste. The seas rose and came crashing across the arm that served to protect the cove from the open sea. And when the one boat did not return, the men gathered near the inlet and listened, though they could hear nothing over the roar of the wind and the tumult of the smashing seas.

Next morning, after the wind had gone down and the sun had come out again, they found the boat. It had missed the entrance by a good half mile and had gone onto the sharp pinnacles of the trap called Dogsteeth. They found the battered body of Kevin O'Connor there too, washing gently back and forth.

And they learned that the bell had not rung during the long hours of danger because a seal had crawled up onto the buoy, a great, mottled seal, and had died there of a gunshot wound, its body so wedged beside the bell that the clapper could not swing.

The Bell of Weebegs rings again, and among all the fishermen of the tiny village there is none who now complains of sharing the sometimes scanty harvest with the other denizens of the sea.

THE END

COLLIER'S SHORT SHORT

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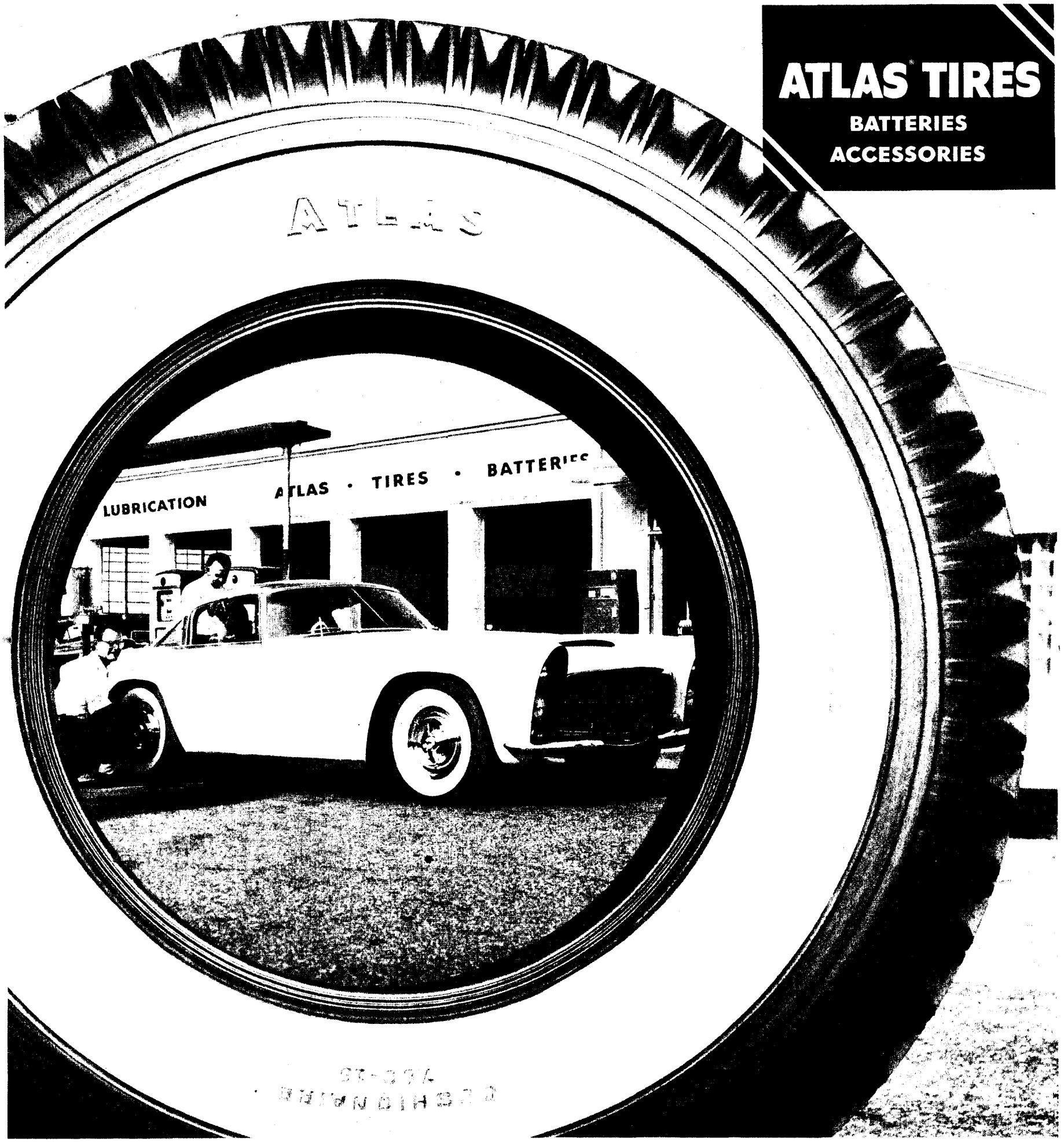

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Nothing so good...

for good company!

Whether they're biting or not, any fishing trip is a success if there's a good supply of Carling's Black Label Beer. Its light, dry flavor (wonderful with fish!) is the tip-off to its top quality. Yet there's no premium on Black Label... it sells at the popular price. That's why Black Label sales are now four times what they were four years ago. And every day *more* people say...

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Black Label!

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48 states of mind

By WALTER DAVENPORT

We are advised by Mr. Carl Stimson, of Houston, Texas, to discount the story that a Texas father recently reduced his five-year-old son's allowance to $1,000 a month, thinking thus to teach the lad a lesson in early frugality. "The boy," says Mr. Stimson, "is six years old, not five."

* * *

Memo to State Department: Next time any of you boys fare forth to sell America, have Miss Mary Ann Moon go along. Miss Moon is an Amiret, Minnesota, schoolteacher. She spent six months in Chile preaching the

IRWIN CAPLAN

American Way of Life. Struck suddenly by an inspiration, she proceeded to teach Chilean women how to make apple pie. All Chile now singing that grand old song: Shine on, Shine on, Mary Moon and Apple Pie. May be new national anthem.

* * *

We've always found it near impossible to pass Fred Hampel's bookshop in Milwaukee, Wisconsin, without buying several books that we fully intended to read sometime. So we were downcast to hear that Mr. Hampel had sold out. But we cheered up when we heard his reason. "I quit," he said, "because I wanted to look over several books that I fully intended to read sometime."

* * *

An unsigned information from Natchez, Mississippi. All about an elderly gentleman of that bowered city emerging bathrobed from his pillared residence every morning at seven and snapping his fingers three times in a northeasterly direction. Whereupon he goes back to bed, having defied the Supreme Court for another day.

* * *

A Los Angeles, California, guy who has a job like this one, with a newspaper, reports a dream he had the other night. Says he was being examined by a panel of subversion-seeking senators. One of them demanded: "Are you now or have you ever been a columnist?" Of course, he immediately took refuge behind the fifth amendment.

* * *

If this one fails to rock and roll you, please remember that it's a government joke and naturally no laughing matter. At the last moment this State Department VIP was told that it wouldn't be necessary after all to make that flying trip to the capital of Iraq. At home that evening his teen-aged son, pointing to a bulging suitcase, asked his mother: "Is that the Baghdad Pact?" (Demands for explanations of this joke will be promptly ignored.)

* * *

The proper thing for young parents to do, says Mr. Joe Crabtree, the well-known and esteemed itinerant farm hand of Ambler, Pennsylvania, is to teach their children all about the bees and the birds and other fallible facts of life. "But," says Mr. Crabtree, "they must be sure they know at least as much about the subject as the kiddies do."

* * *

Every now and then we catch Mr. E. F. Jessen, who edits a weekly newspaper in Fairbanks, Alaska, in a dangerous mood. This time it's about candidates' photographs. "All of them grinning like simpering idiots," storms Mr. Jessen. "Too many teeth." Mr. Jessen wants to know whether this is an election or a dental convention. He's just about ready to throw his support to any candidate who can get along without choppers.

* * *

This one's a report of a very instructive conversation we held with a Connecticut state policeman. We said that doubtless many traffic disasters might be avoided if, as suggested, drivers were lashed into their seats. "Yep," said this cop, "might be a good thing to belt a driver into his seat. On the other hand," he went on, "I see a lot of drivers who ought to be belted out." He was so pleased by our hearty laughter that he didn't give us that ticket.

* * *

And now for a hardy perennial, a tourist jape that Mr. James LaGorza has been sending us unsuccessfully from Bangor, Maine, for five years. It's

about a gentleman who was about to drive out to Yellowstone Park and was warned not to fail to take a good look at Old Faithful. "Couldn't miss her if I tried," said this gentleman. "She's going with me." (Until next summer, then, Mr. LaGorza.)

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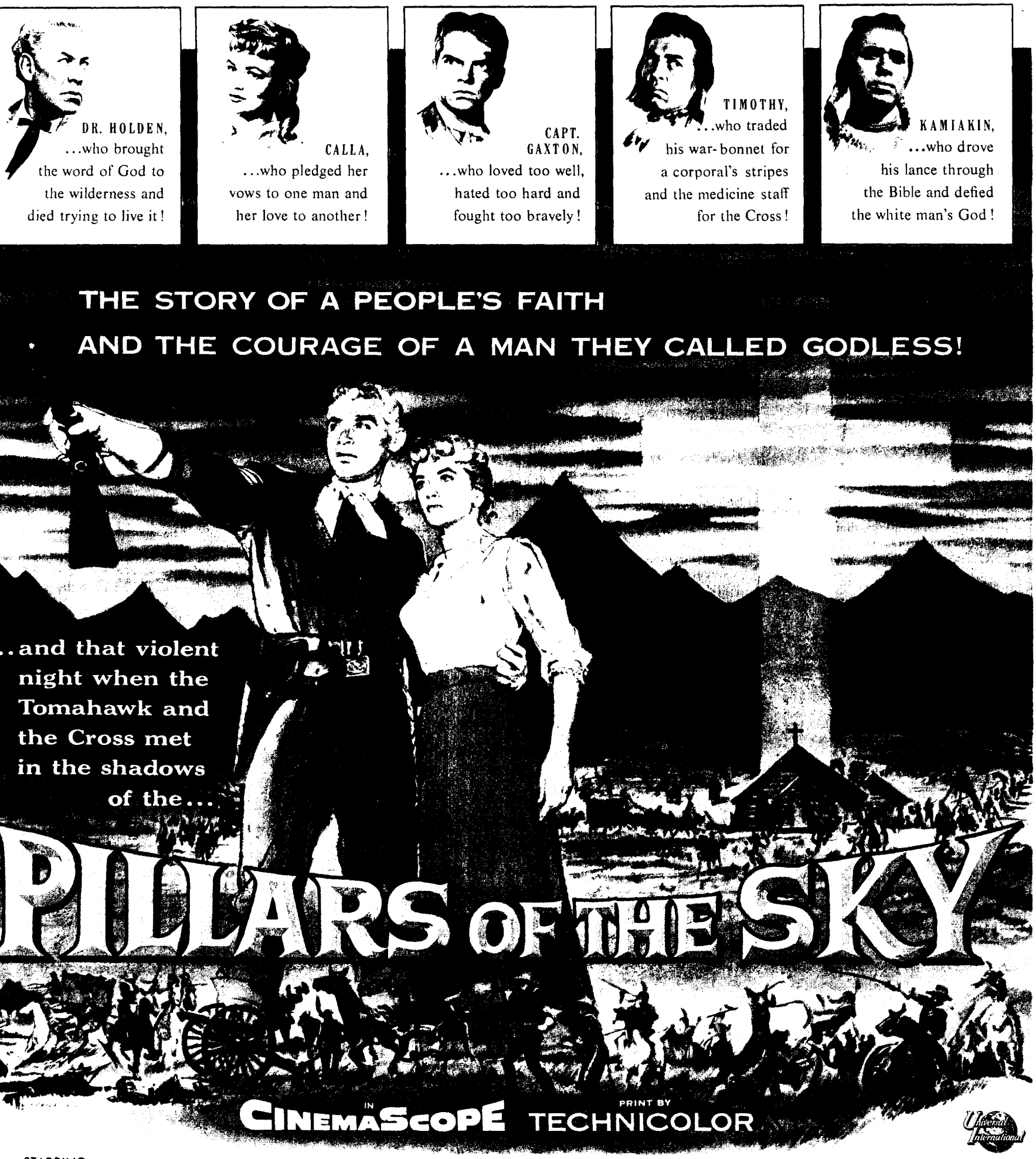
DR. HOLDEN,
...who brought the word of God to the wilderness and died trying to live it!
CALLA,
...who pledged her vows to one man and her love to another!
CAPT. GAXTON,
...who loved too well, hated too hard and fought too bravely!
TIMOTHY,
...who traded his war-bonnet for a corporal's stripes and the medicine staff for the Cross!
KAMIAKIN,
...who drove his lance through the Bible and defied the white man's God!
THE STORY OF A PEOPLE'S FAITH
AND THE COURAGE OF A MAN THEY CALLED GODLESS!
...and that violent night when the Tomahawk and the Cross met in the shadows of the...
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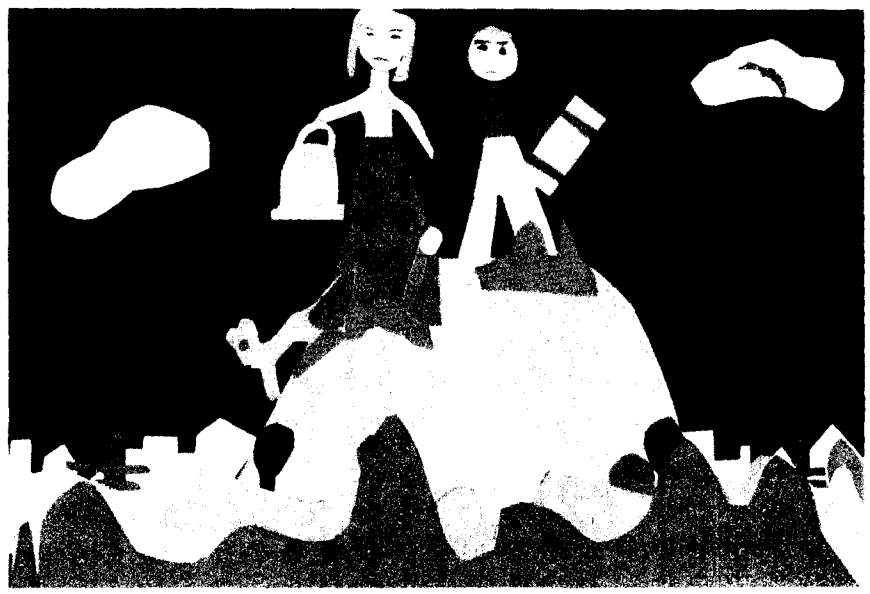
LETTERS



San Francisco Story

EDITOR: We heard the story of the terrible earthquake and fire that struck our city 50 years ago (San Francisco—April 18, 1906, Mar. 30th). Our teacher read most of your magazine's story to us. . . . We decided to write our reactions to your story . . . and we all made cutout pictures. . . . We thought you might like to see. . . .

We all are in the high fourth grade and we are about nine years old. . . .
BARBARA SILVER, Paul Revere School, San Francisco, Cal.

Above: One of the cutout pictures made by the Paul Revere School fourth-grade class.

Old Yeller

EDITOR: Just a few words to tell you that Old Yeller, by Fred Gipson (June 8th-July 6th), is certainly a change from the usual Western or mystery. Our whole family is enjoying the story. . . .
MRS. WILLIAM K. COX, Ravenna, Ohio

So Much Hogwash

EDITOR: Your article Troubled South, by C. A. McKnight (June 22d), is just so much hogwash . . . Perhaps the South will get around to boycotting your advertisers. . . .
F. J. MANHART, Richmond, Va.

. . . I've lived in the South and know that he (McKnight) writes the truth. . . .
LUCILLE NICOLAI, Seattle, Wash.

. . . If the Negro is given a chance he will prove himself to be just as capable as the white man. . . .
CRYSTAL R. OWENS, Los Angeles, Cal.

. . . The South is not a democracy; it is not now, it never has been and, if we can prevent it, it never will be. . . .
MAUDE TIPTON, Bessemer, Ala.

. . . The premise that social mixing will not follow other integration does not take into account the powerfully organized efforts of the NAACP and its satellite groups to create a climate for social and even sexual mixing of the races. . . .
W. M. PHERON, St. Paul, Minn.

. . . Having taught school in the North with mixed classes . . . I can honestly say integration can and does work. . . .
WILLIAM E. OLSON, Dubuque, Iowa

. . . The white "moderates" have relinquished the Southern moral initiative to the Negroes. . . .
WILLIAM ROBERT MILLER, Assistant Editor, Fellowship, New York, N.Y.

. . . Negroes don't want pity. They want justice.
ANDREW CAINE, Philadelphia, Pa.

. . . If the white Southerners will use a little Christian reasoning . . . I think they will find the Negro doesn't want anything but a fair chance. . . .
MAE M. MATTIX, Harlingen, Tex.

Duds and Detours

EDITOR: On the June 8th cover is reference to an article in the magazine: "20 New Budget Vacations . . . and what to wear when you get there." However, there is not a single word in the article about "what to wear when you get there." How come?
EUGENE H. PALMER, New York, N.Y.

The articles, Dolled-Up Dodgers and Dolled-Up Swimsuits, in that issue dealt with the sartorial question of "what to wear when you get there."

. . . SAINT MARYS COUNTY OWES AN APOLOGY TO 2,000 OF YOUR GOOD READERS WHO SENT INQUIRIES TO MARYLAND IN RESPONSE TO THE EXCELLENT ARTICLE ON BUDGET VACATIONS. . . . WE ARE AFRAID THEY RECEIVED EVASIVE ANSWERS FROM STATE AUTHORITIES. . . . AS A RESULT OF YOUR ARTICLE THE SAINT MARYS COUNTY DEVELOPMENT COMMITTEE, WITH HEADQUARTERS IN LEXINGTON PARK, MARYLAND, HAS BEEN FORMED TO ANSWER ALL INQUIRIES.
SHERIDAN FAHNESTOCK, Editor, The Enterprise, Lexington Park, Md.

. . . I note in your excellent article that author Norman Ford recommends in Vacation No. 7 (Mexico) that motorists enter via Laredo . . . also that motorists return to the States through Laredo . . . Mr. Ford completely overlooked the increasingly popular new McAllen-Reynosa gateway. . . . DAN SANBORN, Sanborn's Mexico Touring Service, Laredo and McAllen, Tex.

. . . Twenty-five miles shorter this way to Mexico City from Atlanta than via Laredo, on an excellent all-paved highway.
BILL MILL, Secretary, Mex-Tex Tourist Association, McAllen, Tex.

. . . To those planning a Western vacation, California can offer anything that can be found anywhere in the U.S. . . .
GEORGE C. WELDON, State Park Ranger I, Colouras Big Trees State Park, Arnold, Cal.

. . . I was disappointed to see that you omitted reference to New York City's newest nighttime spectacular—the Freedom Lights atop the Empire State Building. . . . JAY SCOTT, *Public Relations Director*, Empire State Building, New York City, N.Y.

A Fine Picture

EDITOR: I want to take this chance to say how much I appreciated the article What Made Vuky Race?, by Cornelius Ryan (May 25th). It was a fine picture of the "race" of men who drive those metal "monsters." . . .
KAYE DON RITTERBUSCH, Akron, Ohio

. . . The most beautiful story I've ever read . . . tears came freely. . . .
DANNY RITCHEL, Freeport, Tex.

. . . A demon for speed. Like I used to be in the old Model 16 T Ford. . . .
WARD PERRY, Paris, Mo.

In Spite of the Reds

EDITOR: May we commend you for the very informative and helpful article by Dr. Walter Van Kirk ("Religion Will Survive in Russia," June 8th) . . . Something that inspires. . . .
EDGAR T. ZIMMERMAN, San Diego, Cal.

. . . The . . . inconsistencies in Dr. Van Kirk's article . . . (speak) of his rather poor knowledge of the Russian reality of today. Therefore this article is the best grist to the Soviet mill. . . .

In Russia there still exists the true underground church . . . persecuted savagely . . . To this church does the future belong, but not to Patriarch Alexei and Metropolitan Nikolai, who are but obedient puppets of the godless Soviet government. . . .
SERAPHIM, Bishop of the Free Russian Orthodox Church in the U.S.A.

. . . I was one of a group of Oklahoma farmers and ranchers who recently spent three weeks in Russia. On May 13th, 10 of us attended services in the Evangelical Baptist Church in Moscow . . . and I, too, have faith that religion will survive in Russia, in spite of all the efforts of the Communists. . . .
A. P. ATKINS, Guymon, Okla.

It Was a Honey

EDITOR: Your "Hi, How're Things?" (Comment, June 22d) was a honey of an editorial . . . and I can corroborate everything that you have said. . . .
PROF. DORRANCE S. WHITE, Emeritus, State University of Iowa, Iowa City, Ia.

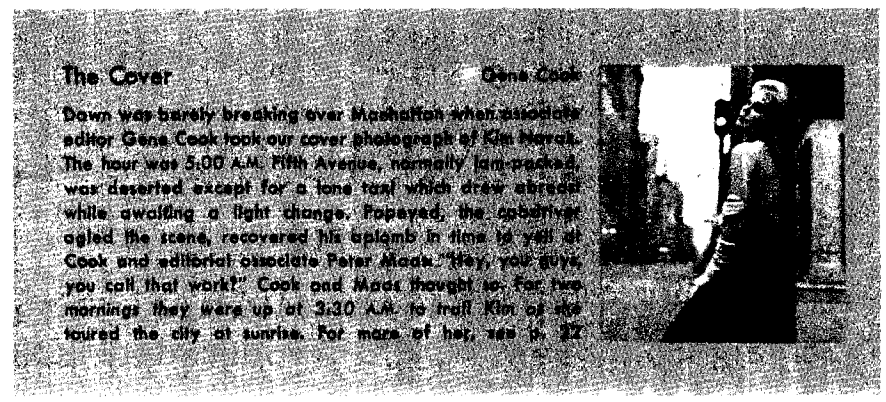
. . . Accords well with our conditions and times. . . . It would have been perfect if you had added the suggestion that I made . . . that we have a world exposition. . . . V. K. WEDGWORTH, Mineral Wells, Tex.

Found: a Messiah

EDITOR: Re your June 8th article on Senator George and Herman Talmadge (. . . So Goes the South): it is amusing and at the same time pathetic to witness the throes of some of our older Southern politicians . . . Now that their entire region has been shattered by the bomb tossed by the Supreme Court, a new yardstick to take the measure of our public officials has sprung into existence . . . The people of Georgia were looking for a Messiah and they found one. . . .
H. W. and C. N. RUCKER, Albany, Ga.

. . . I would, as a swamp Yankee, welcome a series of articles by George MacMillan on other Southern political figures. . . .
JOEL B. DIRLAN, Washington, D.C.

. . . I would like to say that Herman Talmadge is the leader of some four or five other Georgians who could have easily taken the measure of Senator George. . . .
S. W. HOLMAN, SR., Atlanta, Ga.


The Cover
Gene Cook
Dawn was barely breaking over Manhattan when associate editor Gene Cook took our cover photograph of Kim Novak. The hour was 5:00 A.M. Fifth Avenue, normally jam-packed, was deserted except for a lone taxi which drew abreast while awaiting a light change. Popeyed, the cabbie eyed the scene, recovered his aplomb in time to yell at Cook and editorial associate Peter Moon, "Hey, you guys, you call that work?" Cook and Moon thought so. For two mornings they were up at 3:30 A.M. to trail Kim as she toured the city at sunrise. For more of her, see p. 22

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How you can set your family up for house-*keeping*!

New York Life's low-cost MORTGAGE PROTECTION PLAN gives heirs cash to pay the balance due on your home.

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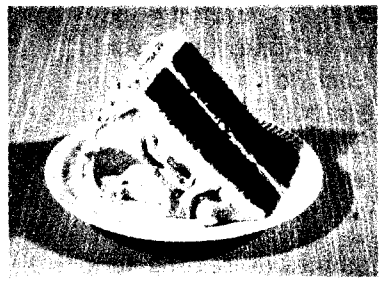
Quick, Pream-y Butter Frosting

Cream 5 tbsp. butter or margarine. Gradually blend in 3 cups confectioners' sugar sifted together with 1 tbsp. Pream. Add 3 tbsp. hot water, a little at a time. Flavor with ½ tsp. vanilla. Color with a few drops of red food coloring. Frosts and fills two 8 or 9-inch cake layers.



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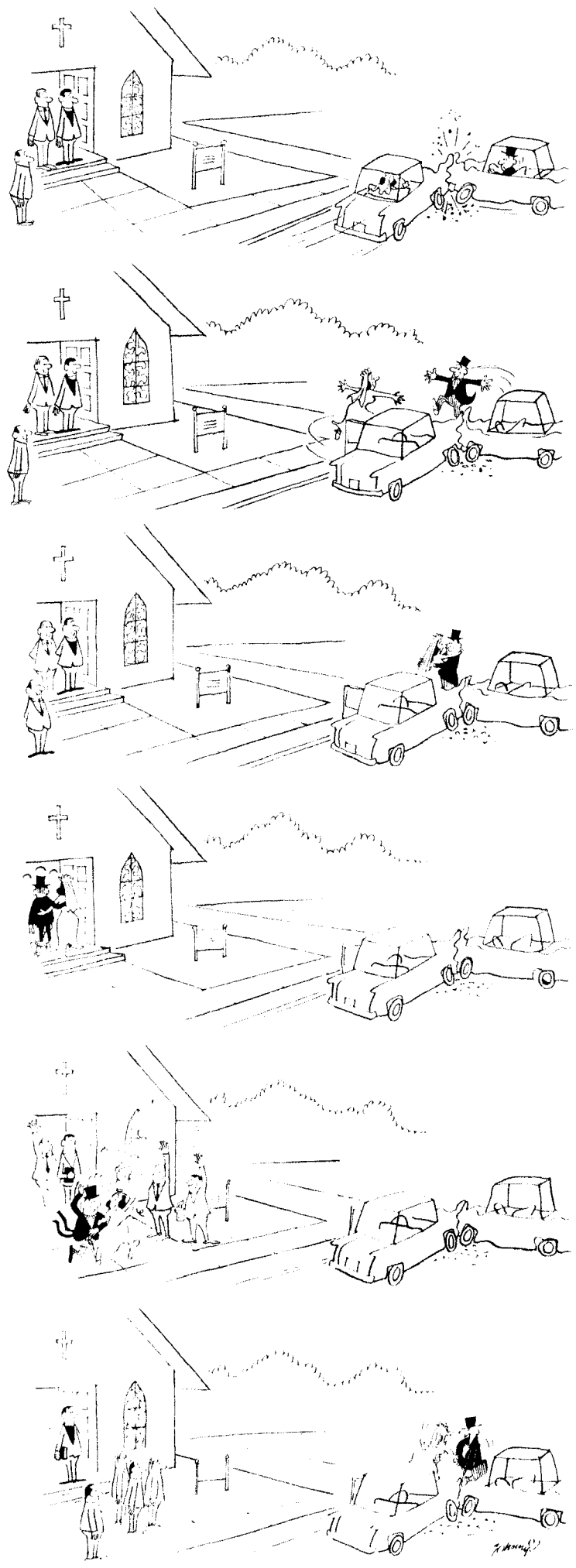
PREAM

THE CEREMONY

BY JOHNNY HART



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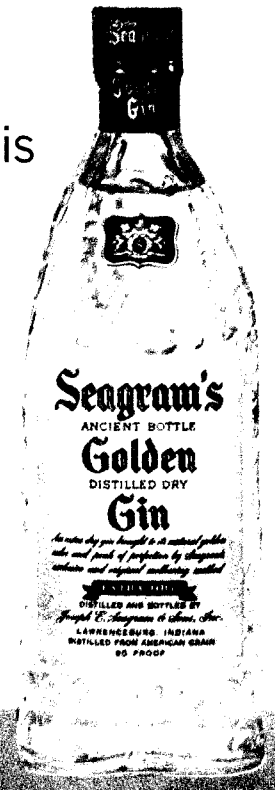
The best thing about these refreshing drinks is Seagram's Golden Gin



ALL gin drinks are better drinks when they're made with Seagram's Golden Gin. That's because Seagram **takes the time** to put its gin through an **exclusive** and **original extra** step not used in the manufacture of the usual types of gin. The result is a gin literally **timed to perfection** . . . a gin which has been given the time to **mellow** its taste to remarkable satiny smoothness and appetizing dryness . . . while its color mellows **naturally** from white to soft and subtle gold. That's why **you get more** from your gin drinks when you **make** them, or **order** them, with Seagram's Golden Gin.

SEAGRAM'S GOLDEN GIN

The Golden Touch of Hospitality

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Three cheers . . . for a hot summer's day

GIN RICKEY

TOM COLLINS

GIN & TONIC
(Seagram Seabreeze)

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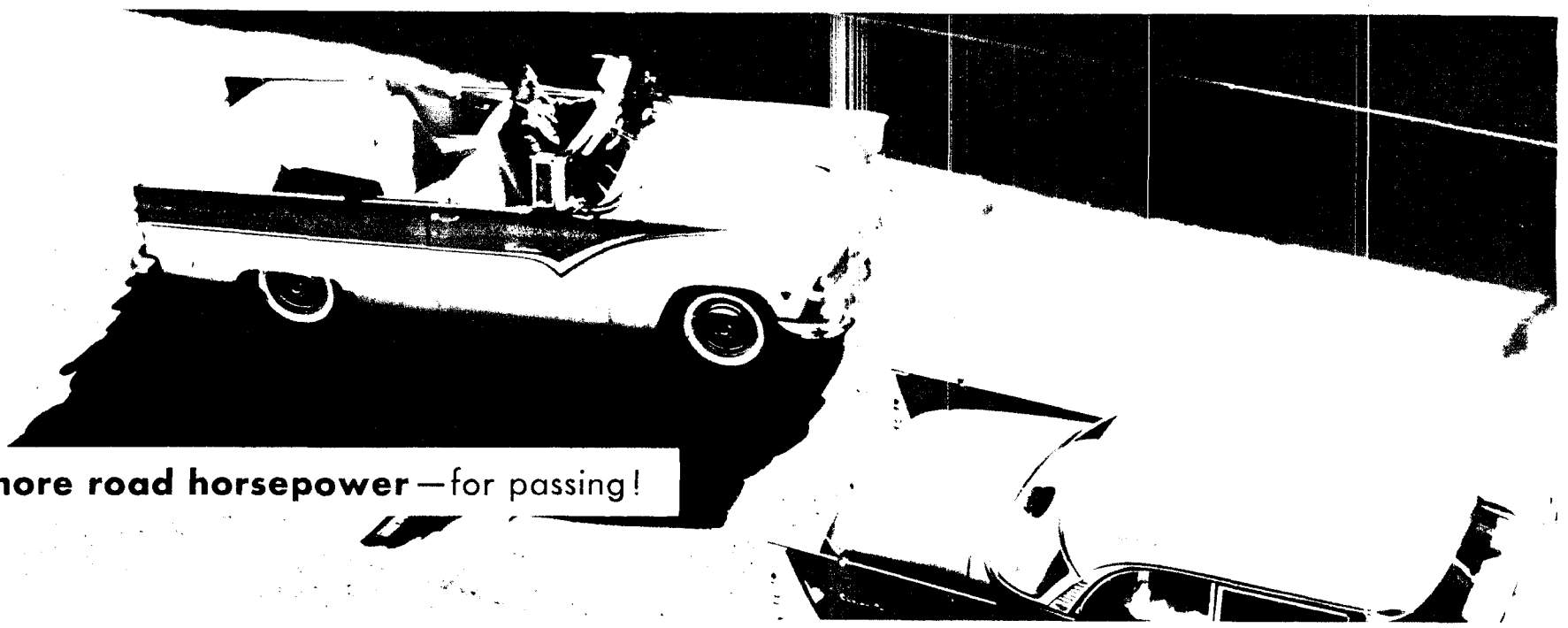
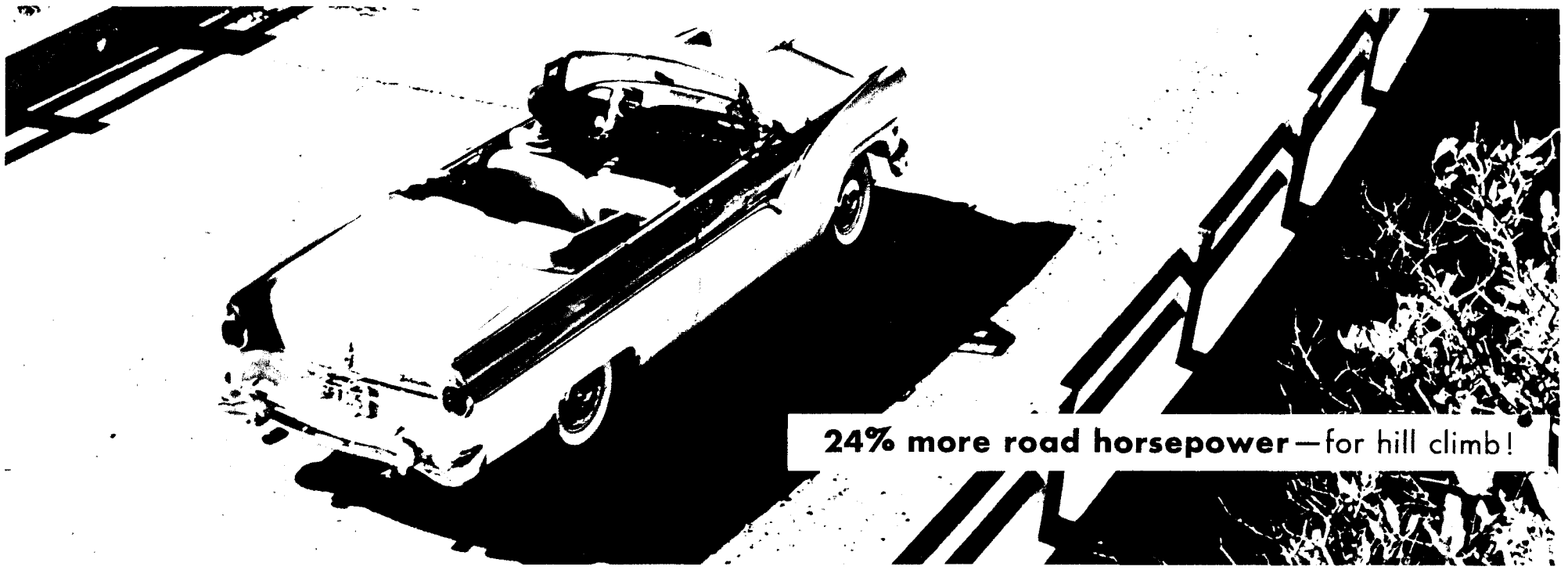




In cars that have gone about 10,000 miles without a spark plug change—

New Champion spark plugs can increase road horsepower by 24%!

Hard to believe . . . but true! Tests with major makes of cars prove it.

Engineers of one of the country's largest research centers took cars whose plugs had gone roughly 10,000 miles and tested them for power—first with their regular plugs, then with 5-rib Champions with the new Powerfire electrode.

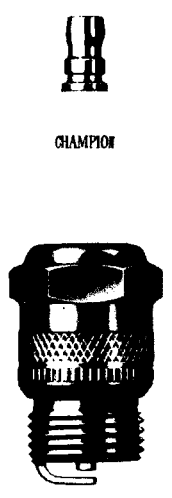
Nothing about these cars was changed except their spark plugs. Yet there was an immediate increase in their road horsepower—the real power actually delivered at the rear wheels.

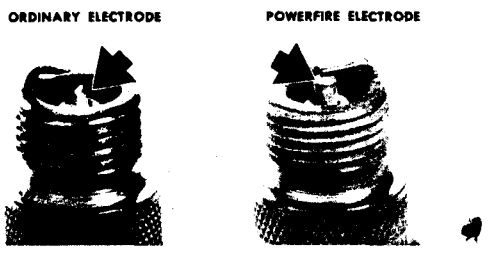
Gains varied from car to car. For example, a 1955 V-8 whose plugs had gone 12,000 miles got a boost of 53%. Another V-8 got only a little over 6%. *But the average road horsepower gain for all cars tested was 24%!*

No two ways about it: There just never has been a spark plug to match these new 5-rib Champions with their Powerfire electrode! Replace your old plugs with new 5-rib Champions today—and you'll feel the difference *at once!*

CHAMPION

LOOK FOR THE 5 RIBS





New Powerfire electrode stands up better in today's engines. Photo shows how ordinary electrode *(left)* burns away. Champion's Powerfire electrode *(right)*, after identical use, is still good for many more miles of powerful, full-firing performance.

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Collier's, August 17, 1956

The Negro voter

Can he elect a President?

By THEODORE H. WHITE

Negroes now hold the political balance of power in America's five biggest cities. These cities in turn dominate states that cast 156 electoral votes, three fifths the number needed to elect a President. The drama of this month's national conventions will revolve in large part around the efforts of both major parties to convince American Negroes that politically they do not stand trapped, as one of their leaders has said, "between the known Devil and the suspected Witch." Whichever party succeeds best may well swing the crucial Negro vote—and the 1956 election—next November . . .

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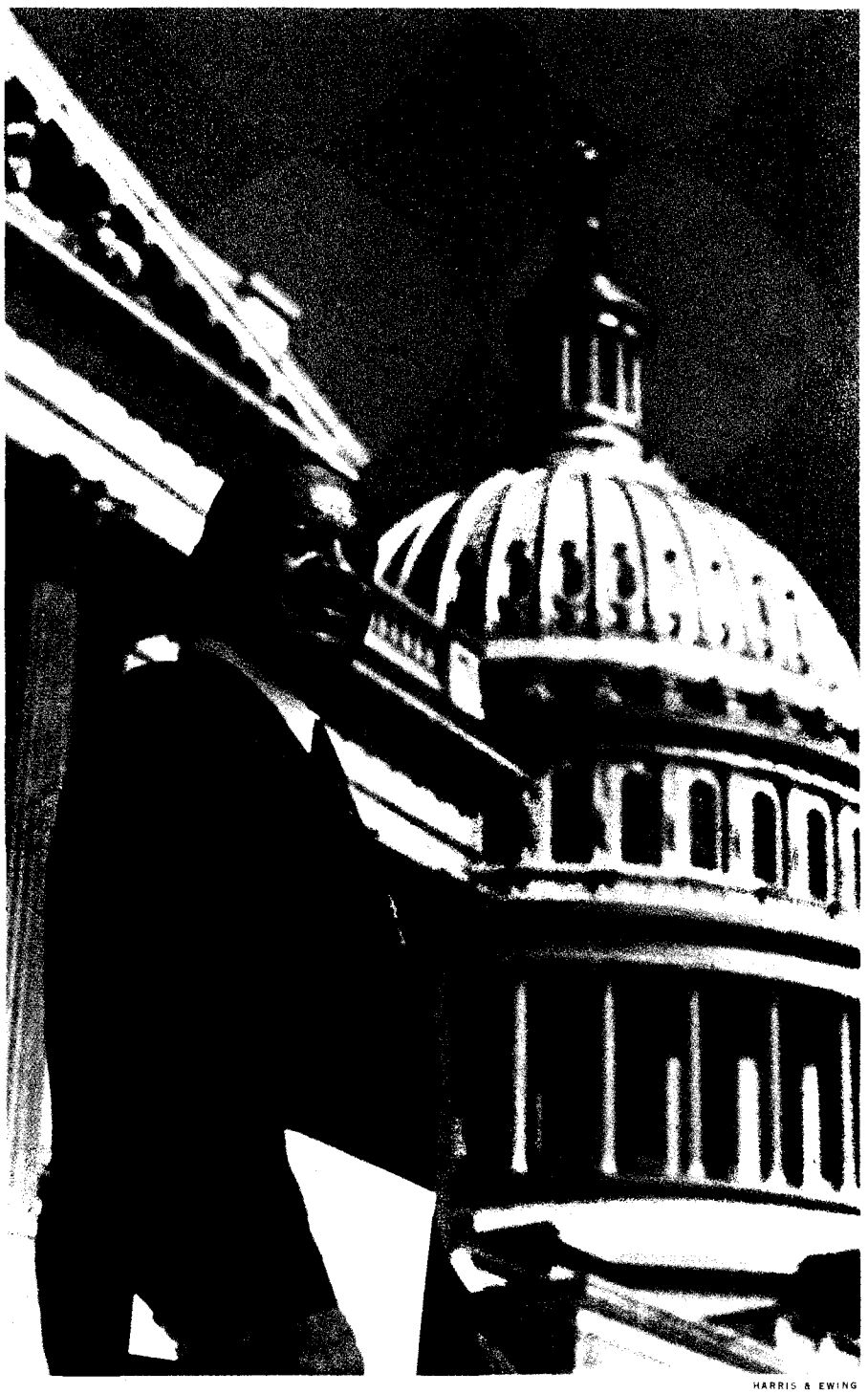
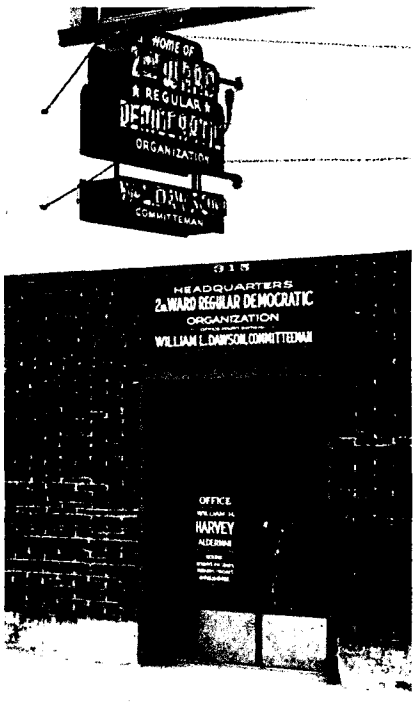
The Negro voter



HARRIS & EWING

Congressman William Dawson wields power in Democratic politics because he has long controlled a huge voting bloc on Chicago's South Side. His headquarters, right, is open 365 days a year to serve his constituents. Chicago's Negro population has increased 32 per cent in half a decade



The winds blow hot off the embers of race tension in the South. Are they strong enough to shake Democratic loyalties among Negro voters in the North's big cities?

A G.O.P. meeting in Chicago's 2d Ward hears the Reverend King S. Rains report on the Negro situation down South

CHICAGO, evening on the South Side, in the black belt, and the 2d Ward Republicans are meeting in the made-over store that holds their clubroom. Outside, through the open door on 35th Street, the sound of loiterers, chatterers, high-pitched laughter. Inside, 50 or so people on the shabby folding chairs, watching television, waiting.

The meeting opens with a hymn ("Pass Me Not, O Gentle Saviour"), and the Reverend King S. Rains rises to talk. He's just been down to Memphis on a "mother-trip," the way he has gone to see his mother down South every year for 30 years.

"Been to a meeting down there of ministers," proclaims the Reverend Rains; "heard more talk about voting in two hours than I've heard in Chicago in two years. Down there, they're pledging themselves to get 70,000 more votes than ever before and they said to me, 'What you doing in Chicago?' I said we're raising money to send to the bus strike in Alabama. You know what they said to me? They said to me, 'You Northern Negroes don't know what you're doing. You're like a man running to put out a fire with a bucket of water in one hand, bucket of gasoline in the other. That's what you're doing, raising money for the strikers in Alabama with one hand, voting Democratic with the other.' "

Long pause.

"And they're right," says the Reverend, his voice rising and breaking. "What are we doing up here? These knock-kneed ministers, eating chicken, getting fat, telling people to vote Democrat—and people listen to them! They know they're lying when they tell the people to vote Democrat." (Audience groans, murmurs, "That's right.") "Do you know we've got the balance of power in our votes? What are we going to do with it? The president of the NAACP, he told you the other day, he said we're between the Devil and the Witch. He couldn't come right out and say it because of his job. But I tell you what he meant—he meant you've got to vote Republican. I say so."

The meeting goes on and I wander out. It is a long way from Chicago to the deep South—Eastland and Talmadge, Emmett Till and Autherine Lucy, bus boycotts in Montgomery and Tallahassee, all far away. But the winds blow hot off the embers of hate and carry strong to the North. How strong, one asks? Are they strong enough for the 2d Ward Republicans to stir a revolt of Negroes against Democrats in Chicago because Democrats in the South savage their kinfolk?

It is only three blocks east on 35th Street from the 2d Ward Republicans to the 2d Ward Democratic Club, but the Democratic answer to these questions comes squirming alive as one strolls: children on the street still playing long after bedtime, men sitting on the stoop, men eddying about the taverns. People oozing from the five-room flats where three families share each flat (inside, the penciled signs, three to a door—"For Barrett, Ring Once," "For Patterson, Ring Twice," "For Henry, Ring Three Times"). Trash between

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the houses, paper litter, the sick stink of the stockyards staining the air with every shift of summer wind. Here the cold figures of census boil vividly in human congestion: Great Park Census Tract, 65,000 human beings per square mile, Douglas Tract, 48,000 (in white neighborhoods only 17,000 per square mile). Fifteen to 25 per cent unemployed here: one quarter of families in some tracts without fathers; of 17,000 Negro births in Chicago, an estimated 4,000 illegitimate.

Statistics cascade through the mind here, each with a face and a sorrow: of all the women in Chicago's county jail, 69 per cent are Negro; of all the men, 62 per cent; of all the forlorn on relief, 72 per cent Negro; of all the clients of public housing in Chicago, seeking shelter of the government, 70 per cent Negro. And in Detroit, Philadelphia, New York, kindred figures grimly repeat themselves.

Of all the strollers on 35th Street this summer evening, 65 per cent are Southern born, brought North by hope and fancy to the jungle of the city, with less than five years of primitive village education—less, as sociologists point out, than functional literacy for city life.

Wandering and trapped, compelled and pressed by the white world around them, flailing out in anger and desperation, frightening and perplexing their white neighbors (who flee to the clean new suburbs where Negroes cannot follow), they have become a group, a voting bloc, a community conscious of its wants and strength. These are people whom Northern politicians all too frequently like to consider as a regional, distant, Southern problem—a problem to be deplored and denounced as a faraway offense against American morality.

BUT THEY ARE HERE, now, in Chicago, groping to make up their mind about what kind of President of the United States suits them best, weighing their power, weighing their need, here in Chicago, against the hate that prickles them as they read of Mississippi, Alabama, Georgia, their states of birth. Republicans rouse their conscience. But 2d Ward Democratic headquarters is here to help, now, in Chicago, where they live.

Up one flight is the office of Congressman William Dawson. I had been to see him that afternoon—a sturdy, powerful man of seventy, of golden voice and flowing eloquence.

Dawson is a Democrat neither by birth nor upbringing, but by conviction, which is stronger. "I was born in Dougherty County, Georgia," he says, "just one step this side of Hell. I stood guard with my father all one night to stop a lynching when I was fifteen. I hated the word Democrat when I came North. I saw them bring Negroes up from the South in World War I and stuff them in here, into 4½ miles of black belt, until it was the most populated spot on the face of the globe. I saw them ripping basements out of stores, pushing people to live in rat-infested filth until the black belt was the damnedest pesthole ever conceived by the mind of man."

What made him a Democrat? Roosevelt, it seemed; Roosevelt cared. Roosevelt brought assistance, relief ("Negroes would have died like flies if he hadn't kept his hand on the money until it got to them").

In the party which Dawson joined, he found leverage, dignity, power. Power, finally, as the strongest Negro boss in the country; power to dump a mayor of Chicago (Martin Kennelly) because of the way that mayor's cops were treating his people; power to appoint, promote, reward—and help.

Dawson's headquarters is open 365 days a year to service the people of the South Side's squalling streets. Service for mothers who need public aid for dependent children, old folks who need pensions, families seeking public housing, bright young men wanting appointment; defense of the rights built into Negro thinking by a generation of welfare agencies ("My people got rights. They're entitled to consideration. Some of the biggest Simon Legrees there are work in these relief agencies," says Dawson). Service, here in Chicago, not crusades against the dragons of the South has made Dawson's base solid. From this base his control has spread to a five-ward empire; and the largest deliverable bloc of votes in Illinois has made him the most powerful Negro in American politics, chairman of the House Government Operations Committee, vice-chairman of the Democratic National Committee. But still he remains ward chairman of his 2d Ward, answering his phone, providing service.

Yet there is a rumbling on the South Side now. Younger people and labor people call him a "white-man's Negro" or, worse, "bandanna-head." What's he done about civil rights?, they ask.

Dawson bridles at the implication. Mississippi is a long way off. Speeches on Chicago street corners won't help. Hysteria has brought a whole lot of new leaders all trying to prey on his people's emotions. Only experience, knowledge, above all, politics can help. And if you're in politics, you try for all you can get for your people ("all that ain't tied down"); but above all you remain loyal to party and country. At times indignant, then gentle, then solemn, then crafty, his words cascade out, and by any standards this is a big man. He sticks by his philosophy: "I'm a congressman first. I happen to be a Negro, and the question of race comes second."

How well will this philosophy stand up in the race of '56?, one asks. How many 2d Ward Negroes will stay with the 2d Ward Democratic Club in exchange for the services Dawson provides: the sewing classes for mothers, the children's drawing classes, the protection from police? How many will abandon the Democratic ticket in Chicago because only by striking at Democrats everywhere can they strike at the party that gives power to Senator Allen J. Ellender of Louisiana, Senator James O. Eastland of Mississippi, Georgia's Herman Talmadge and the other men they hate in the South?

Few of the Democratic delegates who assemble in Chicago this month will have the time to wander the pavings of 35th Street less than a mile away from the stockyards convention hall. But their actions and decisions will be magnetized, nonetheless, by such rumblings as stir the 2d Ward. For these are questions that reach far beyond Chicago's 2d Ward, or the parishes and hill counties of the South. The relations of white man and black man in our country have become in this year, 1956, for the first time since the Civil War, one of the central imponderables in the great struggle for our Presidency.

In the past 10 years, all American politics have buckled under one of the great movements of history—the mass migration of millions of American Negroes from the lands of humiliation in the South to the democracy of the big cities of the North. Here, bewildering and perplexing the crowded cities, they have found finally the power to alter the shape of American life.

The new political power of the Northern Negro rests upon two things: his irresistible growth in numbers, and a fresh, superbly gifted leadership.

Up until 1910, only one lifetime ago, the Negro was strictly a Southern resident and Southern problem; 90 per cent of all American Negroes then lived in the South. Today, two wars and an industrial boom later, 35 per cent of the nation's almost 18,000,000 Negroes live in the North and West. Each year, in their paths, follow scores of thousands more.

Between 1940 and 1950, the Negro population of our great cities jumped by a phenomenal 66 per cent, while in some (Chicago, New York, Philadelphia) the white population actually declined. Since then, according to Collier's current survey, the movement, rather than slowing, has speeded. By the beginning of this year, Chicago's 1950 count of 492,000 Negroes had grown to an estimated 670,000 (an unbelievable 32 per cent jump in half a decade; University of Chicago statisticians predict a Chicago one-third Negro in texture by 1980); Detroit's Negro population had jumped 100,000 or 33 per cent (to 400,000) in this half decade; Los Angeles' by 48 per cent (to 254,000); Cleveland's, Boston's proportionately. A score of smaller cities—San Francisco, Gary, Buffalo, St. Louis, New Haven, Baltimore, Toledo—have seen similar or sharper rises.

What suddenly draws all political attention to the Negroes in 1956, however, is their phenomenal concentration in the queen cities of five of the biggest voting states of the country: New York, California, Pennsylvania, Illinois and Michigan. These states cast 156 electoral votes, or just 110 short of a Presidential majority. And in the great cities of these states, the Negro population percentage runs from a high of 21 per cent in Philadelphia (Mayor Richardson Dilworth unofficially sets it higher, at 25 per cent) through 19 per cent in Detroit, 17 per cent in Chicago, 11 per cent (excluding Puerto Ricans, who represent another 6 per cent) in New York, 11 per cent in Los Angeles.

For almost 20 years, this vote has been the most solid property in the political estate of the Democratic party.

YEARS AGO, to be sure, the Negroes, still wedded to the memory of Abraham Lincoln, were just as solidly Republican and regarded the Democrats among themselves as freaks. ("I remember," says Roy Wilkins, executive secretary of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, "when I was young in Kansas City, the kids threw rocks at Negroes on our street who dared vote Democratic.") But Franklin D. Roosevelt changed all that; his New Deal was aimed directly at Americans in distress, and distress has been house companion of the Negroes since their history began. With Roosevelt, government came to mean Social Security, relief ("Let Jesus lead me and welfare feed me," was a depression chant of the Negroes), unemployment compensation, housing, strong unions open to Negro membership. In overwhelming, earthquake proportions, the Negro vote became Democratic in 1936 and 1940.

As war and boom sucked Negroes north to the big industries and the Democratic tutelage of the great unions they joined, as Harry Truman, one of their favorites, broadened the Roosevelt tradition, their vote became ever more solid. By 1948, when Truman squeezed out his hair's-breadth win over Dewey, carrying Illinois by 33,612 votes, California by 17,865 votes, Ohio by 7,107 votes, no practicing politician could ignore the fact that the Negro vote in these states was one of the vital margins by which the Presidency of the United States had been won.

Varying from state to state, the Negro vote now usually runs Democratic by margins of three to one, four to one, and, in some cases, nine to one. In many states, this vote is absolutely indispensable to Democratic strategists. The ardent civil rights position of (*Continued on page* 40)

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As the city sleeps, deserted Manhattan becomes the moody setting for portraits of a new star who goes sight-seeing while dodging crowds

KIM NOVAK

she walks at sunrise

Sweatered against the morning chill, Kim decorates the dawn on speedway along East River

Within two years, a languorous twenty-three-year-old blonde from Chicago named Kim Novak has moved from modeling to movie stardom. But success has brought a dilemma. While Kim is convivial, she is also curious. Says Kim (real name Marilyn): "I'd rather look than be looked at." However, when Kim tries to look at anything these days—a store window, a man or a city—mobs gather to look at her. During her first trip to Europe recently, the streets of Paris rang with shouts of *"Keem! Keem!"* and auto horns broke their ordered silence. In Rome, the crowds trailing her grew so large that streetcar traffic had to be rerouted. Such adulation left Kim excited, grateful and exhausted. It also taught her a valuable sight-seeing lesson: "The only way for me to know a city is to see the sights at dawn when everybody else is sleeping."

Back in New York, Kim told Collier's that, despite earlier visits, she didn't even know where the Empire State Building was. This trip was different. For two mornings at dawn, Kim took her first peaceful look at the big city where three of her films, Picnic, The Man with the Golden Arm, and The Eddy Duchin Story, were playing. Over nearly empty streets, she walked and window-shopped at will and finally saw the Empire State Building ("Oh!" she said). The only bustling spot on her tour was the Fulton Fish Market. At her appearance flounder deliveries faltered, and one fish slinger dropped his clams. Another rushed up for an autograph, saying, "I just lost five bucks. I thought you was a blonde." Replied Kim, touching her lavender-tinted locks, "I am." Back on the still-deserted streets, Kim looked about. "I like New York at dawn," she said. "It's something like watching a movie with the sound track off." THE END

Wind-whipped and poised on white line along usually jammed Fifth Avenue, Kim Novak stops to pose as 5 A.M. Manhattan tour begins

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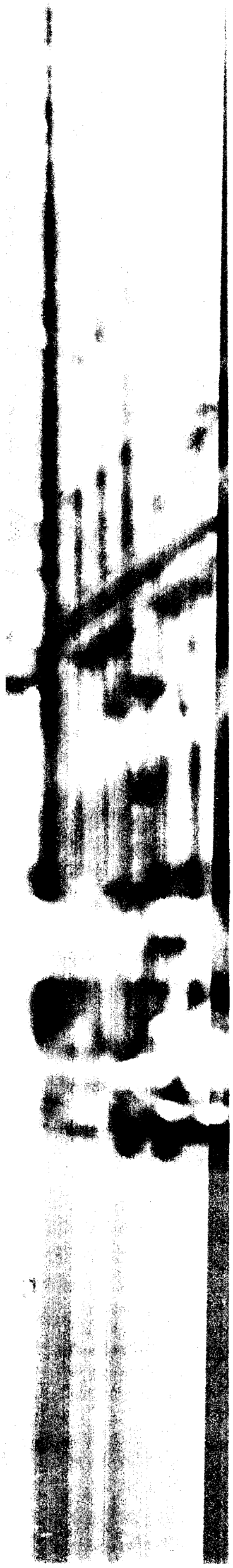

Bemused by gems (above), Kim window-shops at will for first time since becoming a star. Below: So early that lights are still on in Times Square, Kim enjoys the rare luxury of scanning the morning papers without a film fan in sight

First morning, Kim stayed up all night and wore evening dress. Second day she came equipped with sweaters and coats. Off lower Broadway (at top), Kim stokes up on an apple from cart of vendor who doesn't know her from a pomegranate, a fact which pleases Kim. A vision of barebacked beauty (above), Kim relaxes at a corner of empty Third Ave. Ending her sight-seeing tours on the water front with Wall Street skyscrapers behind her, fishing boats before her, Kim watches as the sun mounts poetically over Brooklyn

PHOTOGRAPHED BY GENE COOK

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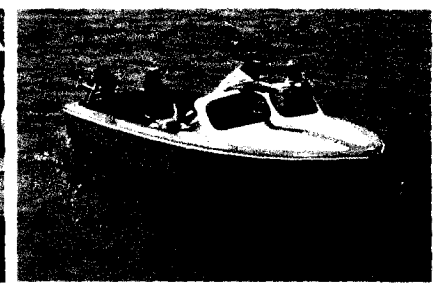
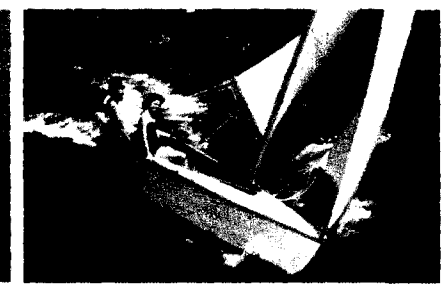
The docks and boats at right once would have been resting on dry land. Now they're part of Sunday nautical activities on Lake Texoma

SAILING, SAILING—

Over the Bounding Prairie





A man-made lake deep in the heart of the Southwest has become a cross section of the boating craze that finds one out of every seven Americans going afloat this summer. Here, and wherever else there's a patch of water, amateur sailors are shoving off in craft that suit their personalities. Which boat is best for you?

By ALFRED LANSING

■ The Red River Valley straddling the Texas-Oklahoma border was a vacant expanse of prairie land only a dozen years ago—grazed over by herds of cattle and dotted with a few small towns. Then a two-mile-long earthen dam was thrown up in the path of the lazy, meandering stream and an immense 93,000-acre lake—42 to 58 miles at its longest and widest—lay glistening in the hot sun. They named it Lake Texoma.

Give Americans anywhere a patch of water, and the urge to go afloat is irresistible. The word about Texoma began to spread over the dry countryside for hundreds of miles around. People who had never set foot aboard a rowboat came to stand on the empty bluffs around the shore line and stare. They returned again and again, and each time a few more came back with their own boats. Today, Lake Texoma is a fascinating case study of the boating fever which is gripping the whole country. Any given summer weekend will see some 8,000 craft of every description racing, cruising, sailing and drifting across its beckoning surface.

Some of Texoma's small-boat skippers are like Ben Atwell, of Dallas, who built his 20-foot outboard cruiser himself. "Until we had a boat, I used to dread weekends," he says. "Everyone in the family wanted to do something different. Now—finally—we're all happy."

There's Dr. Bill R. Mize, of Sherman, Texas, who has found the thrill of sailing, thanks to the lake, and now is adamant about the sport. "I wouldn't trade one afternoon sailing for a whole month on a powerboat. Sailing is—well, it's a contest between me and the elements."

And Texoma has attracted many people like J. A. Scobey, a Denison mail clerk who owns a battered aluminum rowboat. "All I want to do is fish," he says. "What do I care what the boat's like as long as it takes me where those fish are bitin'?"

Thus, Lake Texoma has added thousands of new recruits to the nation's ever-mounting armada of boating fans. One out of every seven Americans now is a sailor of sorts—be it aboard a steam yacht or a leaky old skiff on a millpond. Like the great old boating centers of Long Island and Puget Sounds and the Chesapeake, Lake Texoma now attracts people of every boating taste. And they arrive, as they do everywhere else, with the craft that suit their personalities—and their pocketbooks—best.

PHOTOGRAPHED BY DAN WEINER

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The regular weekend races on Lake Texoma find souped-up outboards whipping up spray as they roar along at better than 30 knots

The outboard is for you if you're after a leisurely family cruise or the hot-rod thrills of a race across the lake

■ If there is any one indicator for the postwar boom it is the outboard motor. There is, in fact, an outboard motor behind almost four out of every five of the 5,550,000 pleasure craft afloat in the U.S. today—and the number is currently increasing by half a million outboard motors a year.

And the diversity of the immense number of outboard-powered boats in itself explains the outboard's appeal to weekend sailormen. Robert Irwin, of Dallas, for example, fancies his 15-foot runabout because "we use it for water skiing—period," he says. Hoyt Pilkilton, also of Dallas, uses an outboard, too, but an entirely different sort to power his hydroplane. Keith F. Walker, of Ardmore, Oklahoma, likes to go exploring in his roomy, outboard cruiser, and then use it as a base for swimming.

Outboards make an ideal auxiliary motor for small sailboats to power you out of harbors and get you back in again, should the wind quit. And outboards are adaptable even to houseboats for long excursions.

Indeed, it is almost literally true that wherever you may be and regardless of the sort of boat you have, so long as it floats, there's an outboard that will push it.

Trio of fisherfolk (above), trolling for bass stocked in lake, push their grounded outboard to deeper water. Below: Outboard-cruiser families enjoy an afternoon of drifting and swimming. All are members of Texoma's "Stump and Storm" Club, formed to teach safety and courtesy to area's new sailors

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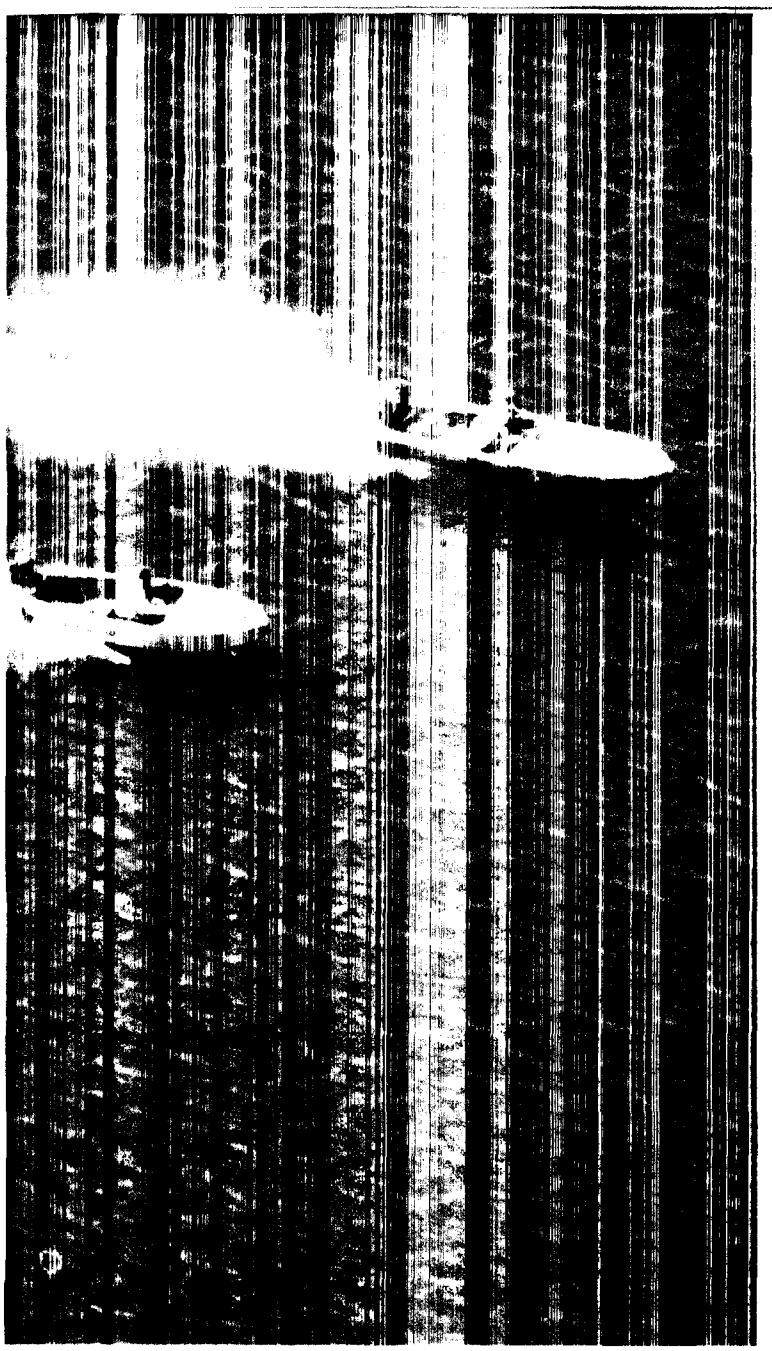
Want home comfort? The inboard motor powers man's castles on water. The boats are lavish, speedy, costly



■ The luxury crowd of Lake Texoma is the inboard set. They are folks like Gerald McCutcheon, a Dallas oilman who is several times a millionaire. McCutcheon owns a 46-foot inboard cabin cruiser whose two 160-HP engines can turn up 22 knots.

"To tell the truth," McCutcheon says, "I get my most fun just working the controls on this thing. I get the feeling of wonderful power throwing these hydraulic clutches and pulling down on the throttles."

His boat has bunks for nine, and other waterborne comforts, including showers, carpeting and a hi-fi set. Of course, not all inboards are so sumptuously outfitted. But as a class—from speedboats (like the one above towing a water skier) to ocean-going yachts—they are the most lavish and powerful craft afloat.

The cost? There was a rule of thumb: "a thousand dollars a foot." Today's spiraling market has raised that considerably, and upkeep expenses too. But if you can afford it, what better place for a party than a cruiser (like McCutcheon's below)? And if you can't, you might be able to wangle an invitation.

Drawn up at shore line of one of many islands dotting Texoma's 143 square miles of water, outboard cruisers flank an inboard while passengers picnic on the beach

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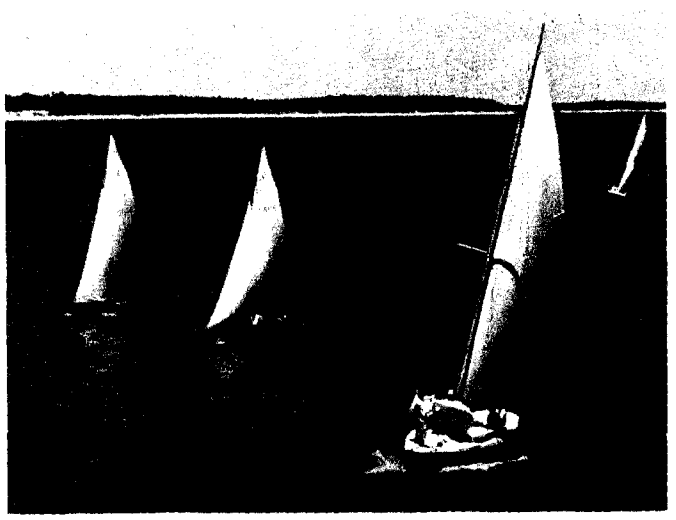
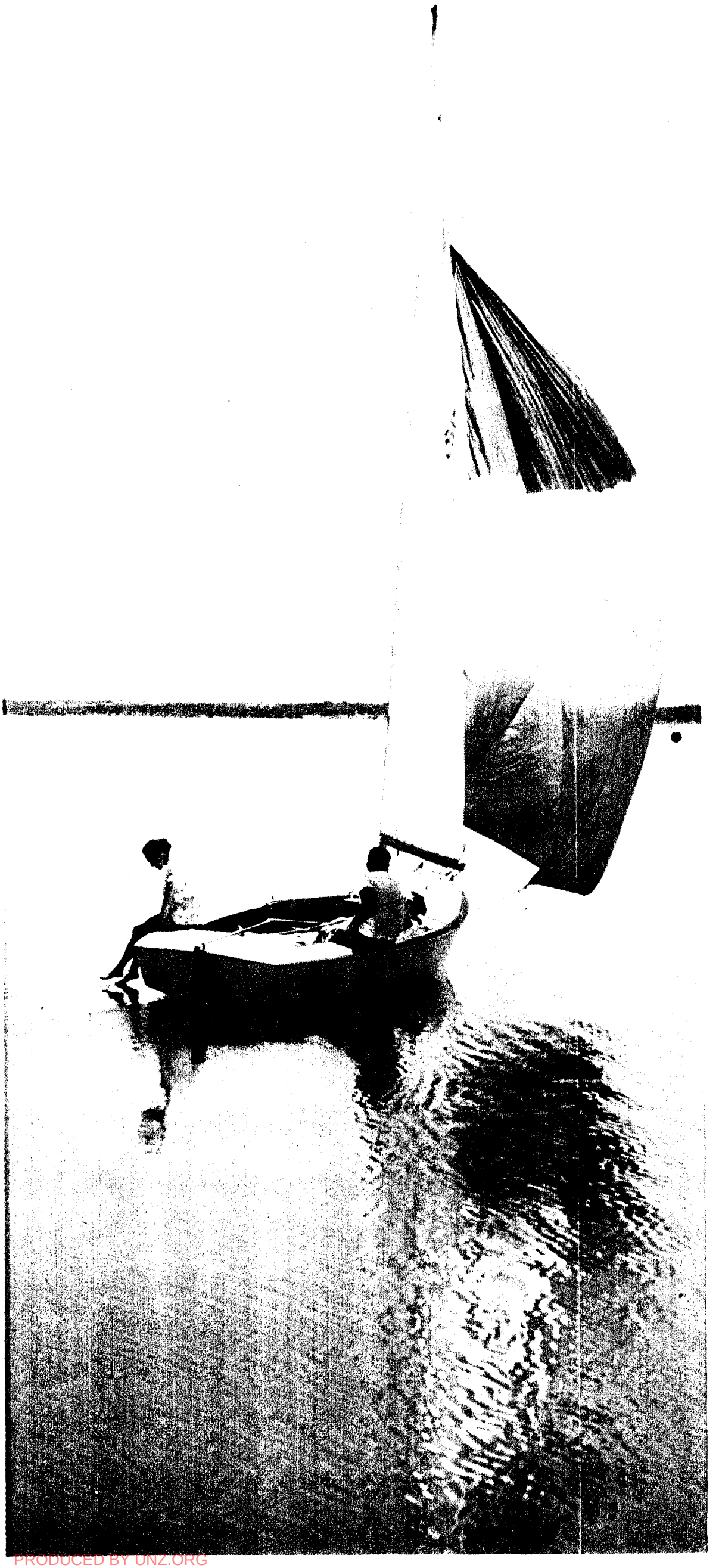
Sailing is brand-new in these parts. Its devotees revel in the great skill it demands, the solitude it provides

■ Until recently, compared with other forms of boating the ancient art of sailing had been slow catching on at Lake Texoma. But the delay was understandable, because sailing is often a tradition, passed on by father to son. In fact, it has been said that sailing is not so much a sport as a way of life. While the powerboat fan may view his craft as the means to an end because it enables him to go cruising or water skiing or fishing, the true sailing devotee regards his boat as an end in itself. It is good for sailing, and little more, and that's the way he wants it.

For the sailboat sailor, a stormy whitecapped day that would ruin an afternoon's fun for many a powerboatman is sheer delight. Similarly, when the wind hangs limply on the water, as it often does on Lake Texoma, you accept the challenge and hoist your spinnaker to catch that least faint whisper of a breeze.



A 34-foot sloop, one of largest sailboats on Texoma, leads field in impromptu regatta. Owner Tom Miller brought the boat to lake by trailer from Galveston



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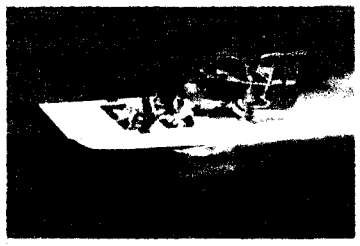
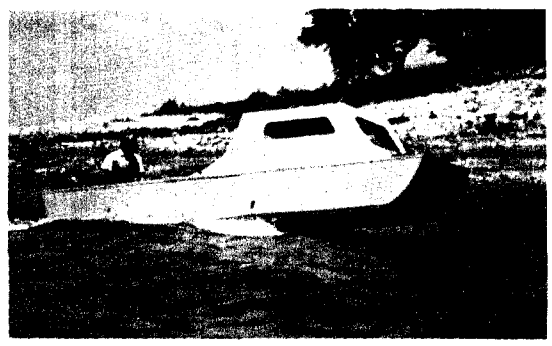
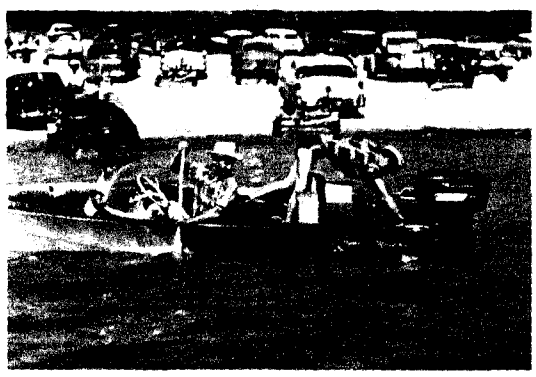




Would you like a boat that's different? Try hooking an airplane engine onto a skiff

■ It is no wonder that, among the millions of Americans who enjoy boats, a few souls hanker after craft different from all the rest. On Lake Texoma their unorthodox vessels take amazing forms. There's the skiff powered by an overage airplane engine (above) that rockets along at a top speed of 80 mph; and the collection of aluminum scrap (above, right) that G. J. Conaway, of Dallas, assembled into a marvelously serviceable fishing boat at a cost of only $180. Other novelties, however, are the products of manufacturers who are cashing in on the undeniable trend toward eliminating the maintenance headache by turning out thousands of boats made of such materials as aluminum and fibrous glass. Complete with such added eye-catching fillips as plaid siding (right).



Your boat trailer makes the highway a channel to the waterfront

Fringe of trailers, their boats on the water, ring a curving peninsula. More than 4,000 such trailers arrive at Lake Texoma every summer weekend

■ Of the 8,000 boats that regularly ply the waters of Lake Texoma, fewer than half are permanently moored there. Almost all the rest are towed in on boat trailers, many from 200 or more miles away. Some people, like Lamar Dickson, of Dallas, even bring two trailers.

"I load my wife Dorothy into our house trailer," Dickson says, "and then we hitch the boat trailer on behind that. We can make the 76 miles from Dallas to Texoma in about two hours."

U.S. boat-trailer production has skyrocketed from 4,000 units in 1947 to 130,000 last year. Late Sunday afternoons, some 500,000 sailors reluctantly transfer from waters like Texoma to highways and head home to moor boats in their weekday harbors—the family garage. THE END

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Vast variety of ordinarily harmless things discomfit 17,000,000 victims of allergies in U.S. These midsummer days herald start of the worst period for hay fever sufferers

YOU AND YOUR ALLERGY

20 QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

BY HOWARD COHN

This month 5,000,000 Americans are suffering through their annual plague. The sniffling, wheezing, red-eyed legions of hay fever victims are but one species of 17,000,000 unfortunates whose itches, rashes and other allergic afflictions are one of the largest and most bewildering forms of chronic illness known to science.

An allergy can be defined as an unusual sensitivity certain individuals can develop to normally harmless substances. "Being allergic" covers a range of discomfort from minor annoyances to serious permanently harmful ailments. The medical principles of allergy were recognized by a researcher only 50 years ago, and it was then that the word itself was coined from the Greek meaning: "altered reactivity." While considerable progress has been made since in diagnosing and treating allergic diseases, the basic causes continue to be a mystery.

To speed up research in the field and give the public a better understanding of what is known today, a group of distinguished scientists and laymen have organized the American Foundation for Allergic Diseases, with headquarters in New York. The questions and answers here were prepared with the assistance of the following allergists associated with the foundation: Drs. Horace S. Baldwin, M. Murray Peshkin, Bret Ratner and William B. Sherman.

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1. ***What brings on allergies?*** Almost anything we touch, swallow or inhale conceivably could induce an allergic response. When such a substance does produce an allergy it is called an allergen. While there is no tabulation as to the exact number of allergens, the total runs into the hundreds. Grass and tree pollens, ragweed, dust, milk, eggs, fish, clothing dyes and poison ivy are among the most common. Some people have been found to be allergic to such unsuspected things as eyeglass frames or coins.

2. ***In what ways does an allergy show itself?*** "Wheezing, sneezing and itching," went an old medical saying; and that still sums it up. We know now that allergies also can cause vomiting, severe rashes, diarrhea, cramps, headaches, hives and large swellings.

3. ***Which are the most common allergic diseases?***

Contact dermatitis—skin rashes caused by the body coming in actual contact with an allergen.

Eczema—scattered rashes or hives generally caused by eating something to which the person is allergic.

Hay fever—nasal and eye irritations due to inhaling tree, grass or weed pollens.

Allergic rhinitis—the same general discomfort as hay fever but traceable to inhaling nonseasonal allergens such as dust or feather particles.

Asthma—clogging of the respiratory tract caused either by inhalant or (less frequently) food allergies, or by sinus or bronchial infections.

4. ***Besides being uncomfortable, can allergies be dangerous?*** Yes, on occasion very dangerous. If asthma is not brought under control, it can cause progressive and chronic disability and also make a person more susceptible to other respiratory ailments. Hay fever, in turn, can easily develop into asthma. Allergies to drugs—particularly penicillin—can be serious enough to prove fatal. Since there is no reliable skin test for determining penicillin susceptibility, the drug should be used very cautiously on allergic patients, particularly asthmatics.

5. ***Is a person who has had an allergy more likely to get other allergies than an individual who never has had allergic symptoms?*** —Yes.

6. ***Can a person ever be sure he is nonallergic?*** Ten per cent of the population seems to have a definite predisposition toward developing allergies. Another 30 per cent may have occasional allergic reactions. While allergies can develop at any age, a person who reaches fifty without falling in either group can be relatively sure he will never get any allergies.

7. ***Are allergies ever catching, like colds?*** —No.

8. ***Are allergies seasonal?*** Yes and no. Most hay fever comes along in August and September because that is when the principal offending weeds pollinate. Persons allergic to maple trees, on the other hand, will have their hay fever in April because that is the month maples pollinate. There's nothing seasonal, however, about allergies to many foods, dust, drugs, feathers and animals.

9. ***Aren't some allergies actually due to nerves?*** Partly. Allergy is primarily due to chemical changes in our system of immunity. But since many allergic reactions involve blood vessels and muscles which are controlled by the nervous system, nervous factors can influence the severity and even the time of occurrence of allergic symptoms.

10. ***Is sinus trouble caused by an allergy?*** The actual medical condition generally is caused by infection. But people with nasal allergies are usually susceptible to such infection, and many other cases of chronic nasal congestion labeled as "sinus trouble" are actually allergic disease of the nose. Therefore an allergic study often is helpful in the treatment of persistent nasal discomfort.

11. ***Are allergies inherited?*** There is strong evidence that the tendency is inherited. This means that a child whose father or mother is allergic to strawberries is much more likely to be allergic to eggs or silk or feathers—or strawberries—than a child whose parents are nonallergic. But allergists disagree as to whether the specific allergy itself is transmitted.

12. ***Can parents who suspect their child has allergic tendencies do anything to prevent the development of the actual allergies?*** Yes. It takes a building up of allergen contacts to bring forth an allergic response. Studies indicate that delaying such contact often cuts down the chances of a child ever getting the allergy. It is wise, therefore, when allergic tendencies are suspected to steer the child clear of the more common allergens. Take care in introducing new foods to an infant, especially such frequently allergy-causing staples as eggs and orange juice for the first year. Have no pets. Keep rubber rather than feather pillows. Use an air conditioner, if possible, to keep the youngster's room free of dust and pollen.

13. ***Can a child who is allergic to dogs be helped enough medically to have a dog as a pet?*** Unfortunately, it's usually advisable for him *not* to have the pet. Injections of tiny particles of dog hair will lessen the symptoms in a child allergic to dogs, but he still will have some discomfort.

14. ***How are allergies treated?*** The first and most important step is diagnosis, and it can be a trying one. The doctor will try to determine by careful questioning just what is causing the trouble. He may have the patient keep diaries of where he has been and everything he eats, or put him on trial diets. Such methods will work if the patient is being bothered by a single allergen. But if several things are bringing on complaints, extensive skin tests may be necessary. The skin tests involve injecting or scratching the patient with minute samplings of suspected allergens to see if there is a reaction. When the causes are found—and there may be several—avoidance is prescribed, if possible. This is the only sure cure. But if there is no practical way to avoid the allergens, doctors may recommend drugs which tend to suppress allergic symptoms, or give the patient gradually increasing injections of the troublesome substances. These shots build up resistance to the allergies.

15. ***If we have hay fever, must we suffer for the rest of our lives?*** No. Most hay fever is traceable to ragweed pollen. The ideal treatment is escape to a ragweed-free area during the season. Sufferers usually can find relief at the seashore or in relatively high forested areas. If tree pollens are causing the trouble, on the other hand, the victim must search out areas free of his particular allergen. The person who can't get away can avoid any serious discomfort by starting hay fever shots about three months in advance of the season. While there is no way of predicting in advance how long an individual patient will require the injections, in many cases the shots can be discontinued within five years.

16. ***Can asthma always be cured or controlled?*** Usually, with proper medical care, it can be. Shots and drugs will markedly reduce or eliminate the condition for 80 per cent of asthmatics. Another 10 per cent are more resistant to treatment and will have flare-ups. The remaining 10 per cent stay completely resistant. They persist in having the wheezing of asthma more or less continually, with frequently prolonged attacks of gasping and choking which require hospitalization. This severe condition is called "intractable asthma."

17. ***Will taking extra vitamins help to eliminate allergies?*** If a person with allergies has been eating adequately, additional vitamins cannot be expected to lessen the allergic symptoms. All of the known vitamins have been tried without significant results.

18. ***How effective are the antihistamine drugs?*** They have proved helpful for reducing the symptoms of hay fever and hives, but are not very effective in reducing asthma discomfort.

19. ***What about ACTH, cortisone and other steroid hormones?*** They are extremely effective in suppressing the symptoms for all allergies, including asthma. However, the conditions reappear just as soon as the drugs are stopped, unless the allergic causes have been otherwise removed. Since these drugs are also too potent to be prescribed widely, they are best used only in an emergency or for the must stubborn cases.

20. ***In summary, where does medical science stand now in the treatment and potential conquest of allergic diseases?*** Researchers still are a long way from curing or even fully understanding allergy. The major goal now is to discover some sure means of preventing the development of sensitivity in persons with a hereditary background of allergy. There will be no final victory over allergy until this is achieved because, unlike many other ailments where a vaccine is the goal, the source of allergic disease is in the chemistry of the individual rather than in the offending substances which can be tolerated without harm by most other people. On the other hand, great strides have been made in detecting offending allergies and sharply lessening the discomfort of the majority of sufferers. And one of the great medical mysteries of allergy actually is a blessing for thousands of victims each year. For some unknown reason, many allergies after a period of time just disappear.

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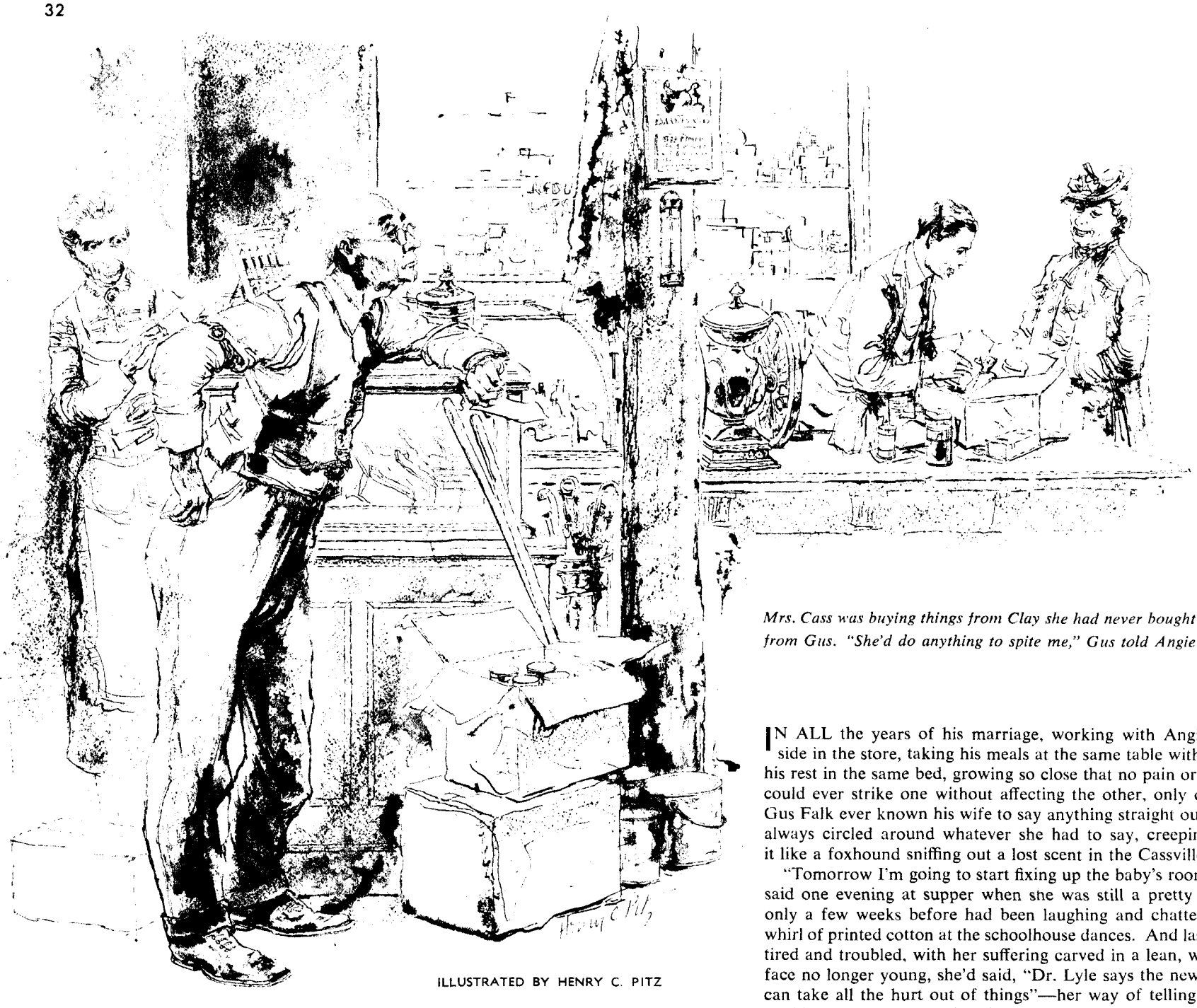

Mrs. Cass was buying things from Clay she had never bought from Gus. "She'd do anything to spite me," Gus told Angie

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY C. PITZ

THE NEW CHAIRS

Angie was no fool. Gus was the head of the house and she never let him doubt it—well, hardly ever

By JOHN D. WEAVER

IN ALL the years of his marriage, working with Angie by his side in the store, taking his meals at the same table with her and his rest in the same bed, growing so close that no pain or pleasure could ever strike one without affecting the other, only once had Gus Falk ever known his wife to say anything straight out. Angie always circled around whatever she had to say, creeping up on it like a foxhound sniffing out a lost scent in the Cassville hills.

"Tomorrow I'm going to start fixing up the baby's room," she'd said one evening at supper when she was still a pretty girl who only a few weeks before had been laughing and chattering in a whirl of printed cotton at the schoolhouse dances. And last winter, tired and troubled, with her suffering carved in a lean, weathered face no longer young, she'd said, "Dr. Lyle says the new hospital can take all the hurt out of things"—her way of telling Gus she couldn't delay the operation they never talked about, although for months they had thought of little else.

"You'd better look after my post office today," Angie said the morning Gus, Jr., was born, and Gus had known from that and from the sweat on her forehead that her time had come.

It was, he sometimes felt, like living with somebody who spoke the unknown tongue, but he never had any trouble understanding her, even when she said nothing, when she simply touched his hand or came to him in the evening after the closing of the store and, without a word, told him this had been a good day.

"A girl baby would be fun to make clothes for," she said one evening at supper when Gus, Jr., had just begun to take his first trial steps across the kitchen linoleum. When the child was born, Angie had the name picked out and for once Gus didn't argue with her, because this baby had not come easily. He sat by the bed, holding Angie's hand with a clumsy tenderness, and agreed that Lorna was a fine name for a baby girl. "We can manage with just the two," Angie said, and Gus knew what the doctor had told her that morning.

Once, just once, she had said something direct and clear, and no matter how hard he tried to bury the memory, Gus could still remember every detail of that nightmare winter morning, the whiteness of Angie's lips, the cold dampness of his body, and the sound of the words, "He's dead." Even now there were moments, less often but scarcely less painful than before, when Gus awakened to the sound of Gus, Jr.'s, voice. It was always the voice of a child, never of the man Gus, Jr., would be now.

All day Angie would go quietly about her work in the Cassville store she and Gus had inherited from her father. She ran the post office and saw to the stocking of the shelves, and if anything troubled her, if she had some new scheme in mind, she waited until

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Gus had mumbled his thanks for the supper laid before them, and then in her roundabout way she came to the point, or at least as close to the point as was possible for her.

It was at the supper table that she first broached such costly and hotly argued crises as the buying of the first car, adding onto the store, and letting Lorna go away to school. Gus refused even to discuss such an outlandish notion, which was not only too expensive, but would certainly end with the girl getting in trouble. Actually, although he never advanced it as an argument, he couldn't face the insupportable emptiness Lorna would leave behind. When she finally did go away to school, it cost even more than Gus had figured, but she didn't get into trouble, except for meeting Clay Settle.

"I thought we'd give them their bedroom suit for a present," Angie said one evening, when Gus was settling down to a supper for which he lost all appetite as soon as he realized what Angie meant. The girl was much too young to get married. He didn't care if she was older than Angie when she'd got married. No, this time he was going to take his stand and defend it, hell or high water.

In June, Lorna and Clay were married. Gus gave the bride away and fussed about the expense of the new suit Angie had made him buy. For the life of him he couldn't understand what Lorna saw in the boy.

GUS had eaten ten thousand suppers with Angie, and they'd always eaten well; not that the store hadn't gone through difficult times, but even when apples were left to rot beneath the trees because the price wouldn't pay for the picking, the people in the hills around Cassville had managed to rake up a chicken or a pound of side meat to bring to the store in exchange for flour and sugar and a bolt of cloth.

Supper had always been set upon the same table in the same room, with the door open into the store where Gus could watch the cash register. Always, night after night, Gus had approached the table with apprehension, never knowing what new madness Angie might bring up—knowing only that, whatever it was, it would put him to some new expense or aggravation, and in all likelihood both.

"They're sure making pretty porch chairs now," Angie remarked one night at supper.

Gus eyed her warily. "We got porch chairs."

"I mean for the new porch," Angie said, and Gus pushed his plate away. This was the first he'd heard about a new porch. They didn't need it, and even if they did, they couldn't afford it, and besides they were so busy in the store they never had time to sit down.

"It'll be nice in summer," Angie said, and next morning Gus awakened to the sound of sawing and hammering.

"If I was to make a list of all the things we don't need," he said, "the first thing I'd set down is a new porch."

He discovered that evening that the workmen had made the foundation forms from the seasoned boards he'd been saving for new shelves. He said he wished he'd put his foot down, but that was his trouble, he was too good-natured, people walked over him all the time. Angie said she was sorry about the boards. She also said she would pay for the new porch out of her post-office money.

"It'll be such a comfort when the children come home," she said, and this was how Gus found out what really lay in the back of her mind. She intended to sit him down on the new porch, with his back to the store, while Lorna and Clay took over everything he'd spent his life accumulating.

COLLIER'S TOM HENDERSON

Gus stormed up from the table. A man doesn't retire in the prime of life, and even if he did retire, and mind you he wasn't going to, he certainly had no intention of turning the store over to a young whippersnapper who'd tied himself to Lorna only to get his hands on paying property, just as Gus had said at the time, only nobody ever listened to him.

"The new chairs will be out tomorrow," Angie said.

They were made of aluminum and green canvas, and Gus said it was worth a man's life to sit in one. "You're used to setting hard," Angie said, and hid the price tags. Gus told her to write to Lorna and tell her he was always glad to have her come visit, but if Clay had a job in Hagerstown he'd better stick at it, because there just wasn't a thing for him here.

"I thought we'd move into Mama's old room," Angie said. Gus marched out of the store and spent the day fishing with Flute Figgins. When he came back with two bass and some chigger bites, Angie had moved their brass bed and her old marble-topped commode into the room where her mother had writhed through the last crippled years of her life.

"You can just move it all back," Gus said, and left the room with a solemn vow never to set foot in it again, much less sleep in it. It was bad enough having to take a scheming young stranger into the store, but there were limits. A man could stand only so much.

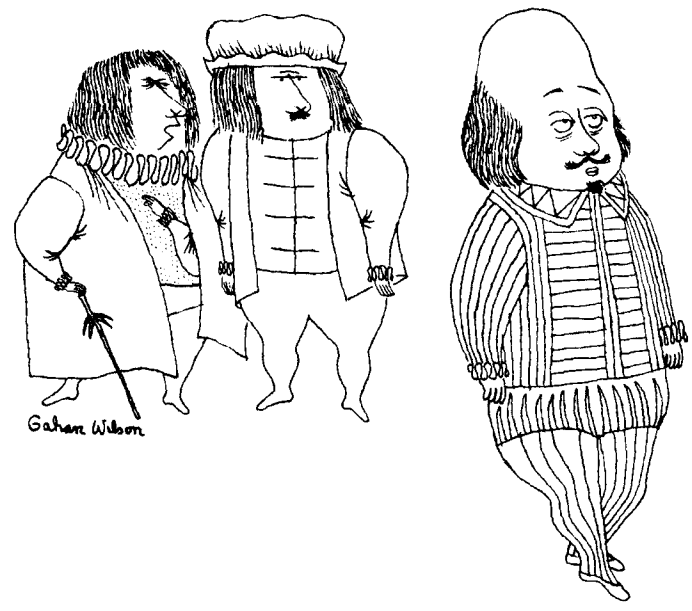
Angie, left alone in the room, sat by the window, resting. She couldn't help remembering how Papa had carried on when Mama first sprang the suggestion that he take Gus into the store, let him carry a share of the work and worry, because they certainly weren't getting any younger, and besides someday the store would belong to Gus and Angie anyway.

Nobody ever likes to let go of things, Angie thought, and it was one of the curious things about her that she invariably spoke less obliquely to herself than to Gus.

Later that evening, when the store had been closed for the night, Gus found himself sitting on the new porch with Angie, a pitcher of cold lemonade on the metal table between them. He seemed to be getting the hang of sitting in the new chairs, not that he'd give Angie the satisfaction of saying so.

"Out here we won't hear the baby so much," Angie said, her way of telling Gus a grandchild was coming into the family. Gus sat staring at the swipe of sunset red and gold splashed across the dark blue rim of the Hogback, marveling at the working out of a man's life, because of course the child would be a boy, and the boy would be named Gus.

"We've got to take good care of him," Gus said, and Angie reached across the table to lay her hand on his.



"I understand he's front man for a whole stableful of writers"

COLLIER'S GAHAN WILSON

LORNA arrived with Clay on a Friday evening, driving up to the store in a blue-and-white car they certainly had no business buying, not on the salary Gus had in mind for Clay, especially with a baby on the way. Gus frowned at Lorna when she stepped out of the car and threw her arms around Angie. He shook hands briskly with Clay, permitted Lorna to kiss his cheek, and then, not putting any trick past Angie, he drew her off to one side and whispered in her good ear.

"Naturally she don't show," Angie said in a voice that must have carried clear to Bentonville. "Give her time."

Gus insisted Lorna must be tired from her trip. He made her sit in his leather chair which, until then, no one, not even Angie, had ever been allowed to use. He refused to let her carry her overnight bag into the bedroom and cautioned her about the front steps which should have been shored up long ago and he'd told her mother about it time and again, but you know how your mother is, all I have to do is say something and that's the one thing she sets her mind against doing, so watch out for yourself, be careful.

"Are you *sure?*" Gus asked when Angie came into Mama's room and closed the door. Angie laughed and said you could always depend on the rabbits. Gus couldn't imagine what rabbits had to do with it. He supposed this was some new foolishness of the town doctors, who were always up to something so they could peer at you and punch and probe and shake their heads, and end by giving you a box of pills and charging you five dollars, when all you really needed was a fresh bottle of Dr. Tatum's Pain-Killer.

"Now just see to it he don't get in my way," Gus told Angie next morning when Clay finished breakfast and headed into the store, rubbing his hands together and beaming like a man who hadn't expected to be remembered in Uncle Fred's will.

It was Saturday, the store's busiest day, when people stopped on their way home from Royalton, the county seat, to settle up for the week, or at least to pay as much as they could on account, and to buy their staples for the week ahead. Gus always had enough to do on Saturday without having some bumbling town loafer underfoot.

"Get him out of here," Gus groaned when he saw Clay waiting on Mrs. Mark Cass, who used to be the store's heaviest spender until she and Gus fell out over the spring school-board election. Only in the last two weeks had she ventured back into the store, having

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sworn never to set foot in it again. She would pick up a few last-minute things and make a point of paying cash, so that whoever happened to be loafing around the place at the time would see that she didn't trust Gus's handling of the account books.

"She'd do anything to spite me," Gus said, standing by helplessly while Clay, with much grinning of teeth and rubbing of hands, filled a cardboard box with things Mrs. Cass had never bought at the store before, even in the old days.

"Why don't you charge it, ma'am?" Clay said when Mrs. Cass opened her pocketbook with a click like the cocking of a gun. Mrs. Cass glanced across the store at Gus and, contrary as usual, said, "Yes, why not?"

Gus waited until Clay had carried the box out to Mrs. Cass's car; then he pounded his fist on the counter and said the boy would have to go, that's all there was to it, goodness knows he was willing to give any proposition a fair trial, but what was the sense of going ahead with something you could see just wasn't going to work out? Angie touched his arm gently, which meant "We'll wait and see."

The boy, as Gus had expected, did everything wrong. He'd waste a perfectly good paper sack on a loaf of bread that was already wrapped in wax paper, and he spent too much time joking with the Shiflett children who were always hanging around the store hoping a tourist would buy them an ice cream on a stick. If somebody stopped for a gallon of gas, Clay would waste half the day wiping their windshield and fiddling around with the battery and the oil gauge. He even extended credit to Link Morley for cigarette makings.

"He's just got no head for storekeeping," Gus kept telling Angie whenever he could find her. Usually she was out somewhere with Lorna, the pair of them laughing and carrying on like two sisters home for the holidays. Gus certainly didn't want to deprive Angie of the company she got from Lorna and goodness knows he liked having her back, there was a lot of spark in the girl, but they had to think about the store, unless Angie wanted them all to end on the county.

"We're not getting the use out of our new porch," Angie said one night when they were fixing to go to bed. With the children at the supper table now, Angie had taken to waiting until Gus had closed the bedroom door before sneaking up on him with some new scheme.

"You mean give him a free hand with the store," Gus said, and pointed out that it was a strong temptation sometimes to do that very thing, let the boy run the whole show, just so Angie could see with her own eyes what would happen. They'd have a sheriff's-sale sign on the front door within a month.

Suddenly Angie began to laugh and Gus asked her what was so funny. "Papa," Angie said, and wiped the laughter tears from her eyes. "Papa said the same thing about you."

Gus grunted, reminding her the store hadn't been paying its way when he took over. It was the luckiest day of Old Man Parsons' life when he stepped in and saved the store, and if Angie thought for one minute there was no difference between him and this slicked-up dude Lorna had dragged home, well all he had to say. . . .

"I just thought it was funny," Angie said, and Gus, who had trouble getting himself composed for sleep, thought he heard her laughing to herself in the darkness.

THE letter from Velma, Angie's widowed sister, came on a Monday afternoon and Angie pointedly opened it in front of Gus. She read it out loud and Gus said Velma was always getting sick from one thing or another, and if she needed somebody to wait on her, which she probably didn't, she could lift a corner of the parlor rug and circulate some of that insurance money Ward had left her. No, he wouldn't even discuss letting Angie make that

"I understand he's been completely restored to favor"

COLLIER'S STAN HUNT

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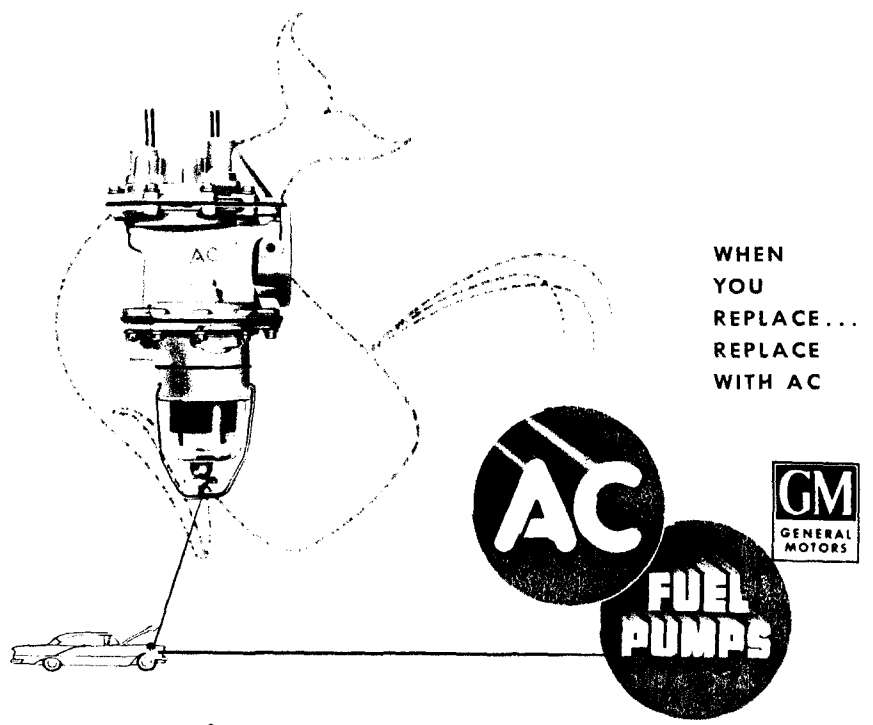

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long bus trip by herself, especially so soon after coming out of the hospital.

"The children don't really need that car for a few days," Angie said. Gus reminded her that she didn't know how to drive a car, and she smiled, and he shook his head. No, he should say not, he wouldn't think of driving her all the way to Haymarket just to see a crank sister who didn't have a thing wrong with her except she wanted to be fussed over, and besides who would look after the store?

Clay happened to come into the kitchen just then and Angie asked him if he'd mind getting her suitcase down from the top shelf of the broom closet.

"We'll just stay the one night," Gus said when they came to the town-limits sign of Haymarket. As Angie knew very well, he could never sleep in a strange bed. He would be tossing around all night while she slept like a kitten, not that she cared what happened to him. Oh, no, just so long as she could sit jabbering away with Velma who, as Gus had suspected, was not really sick at all. The woman had the health of a prize heifer.

"Now see what a good night's sleep you had," Angie said next morning, and Gus insisted he'd hardly closed his eyes. Then Velma called out from her room with some newly imagined pain which kept Angie occupied all morning. Gus watched the television. It was mostly women baking things which all looked alike and none of it fit to be fed to hogs.

THEY stayed three days with Velma and on the way home one of the car windows got stuck so Gus couldn't open it, and of course it had to be the window on his side. He nearly suffocated and the Lord only knew what he would do if he had to stop quick, because he couldn't stick his hand out. Angie said he never stuck his hand out anyway, and Gus said being able to do something if you wanted to was different from not being able to do it at all.

"We missed you," Lorna said when they drove up to the store. She ran down the front steps and Gus grunted. She was just like her mother, never listened to a word you said, and she still didn't show.

Clay came out to carry in the suitcase and cup his hand under Angie's elbow as she started up the steps, and that was something else about the boy Gus couldn't stand. He was forever hopping up the minute somebody walked into the room and holding chairs for people at the supper table, acting like something in a moving-picture show. Besides, he oughtn't to be always kissing Lorna in front of everybody and putting his arm around her, like he owned her or something.

I just ought to of put my foot down the first time she brung him to the house, Gus thought, and when Clay opened the door for him, he froze, his right foot poised above the threshold. No, this couldn't be! Slowly the foot came down, touching the floor gingerly, as though no longer sure of its solidity.

"You've always wanted new shelves," Angie said, perhaps too quickly.

"They're coming down," Gus said, and this time he meant it, this time they weren't going to get around him, no sir, they certainly weren't. "And the canned soup goes back where the canned soup belongs."

"I've been studying the inventory," Clay said, and Gus said he didn't care a whoop in hell what he'd been studying, the canned soup was going back. "But it doesn't move as fast as the staples," Clay said, and Gus marched the length of the store without a word. He stopped at the door leading into the sitting room and turned to them with his final word, "And don't think I ain't noticed where you've hid the soap flakes."

He slammed the door behind him. Angie coughed dryly. "He's real pleased," she said. "I can always tell."

IN THE morning, while Angie and Lorna were doing breakfast dishes, Gus discovered the new set of books. Even with two closed doors between them and the store, they could hear the thud of Clay's account book against the wall above the soda-pop cooler.

"You and Clay ain't had a day to yourselves since you come here," Angie said, which Lorna quickly translated, "Clay had better hide out for a while."

"No," Lorna said, "it's time we got this settled once and for all."

Angie shrugged and wiped her hands on her apron as she led the way into the store.

"You mean you've never heard of the double-entry system?" Clay was saying, and Gus said he'd more than likely heard of it, and it was damned foolishness, the whole thing.

"Clay studied bookkeeping in school," Lorna said, and Gus told her he'd run this store for thirty years, long before she was born, and maybe he didn't have her fancy education and eat as dainty at the table or read books that were mostly against what the Bible taught, but in all those years he'd always known who owed him money and who didn't, and what more was there to keeping books?

"Suppose you wanted to strike a trial balance?" Clay said, and Gus said it wasn't likely he'd ever want to do such a thing, and anyway what did that have to do with knowing who owed you money?

"Look here under *Bills Receivable*," Clay said, and Gus said he'd do no such a thing, all he wanted to look at was his own ledger, and pretty quick about it too, because he'd stood just about all he could stand.

"Clay was hired to keep the books," Lorna said.

Gus snorted. "Not by me he wasn't."

"Well, that was our understanding. Mama wrote—"

"I don't care what Mama wrote. The plain fact is nobody ever hired him for anything. He just married his way into the store."

"So did you," Lorna said.

For one terrible moment the store was hushed. Angie, moving by instinct, took cover behind the bread counter. Gus trembled, his face drained of blood. Slowly he turned to Angie, speaking with a strange softness, as though he were alone with her. "I'm going out to set on the new porch," he said. "I'd thank you to bring me my ledger book."

"I burned it," Lorna said.

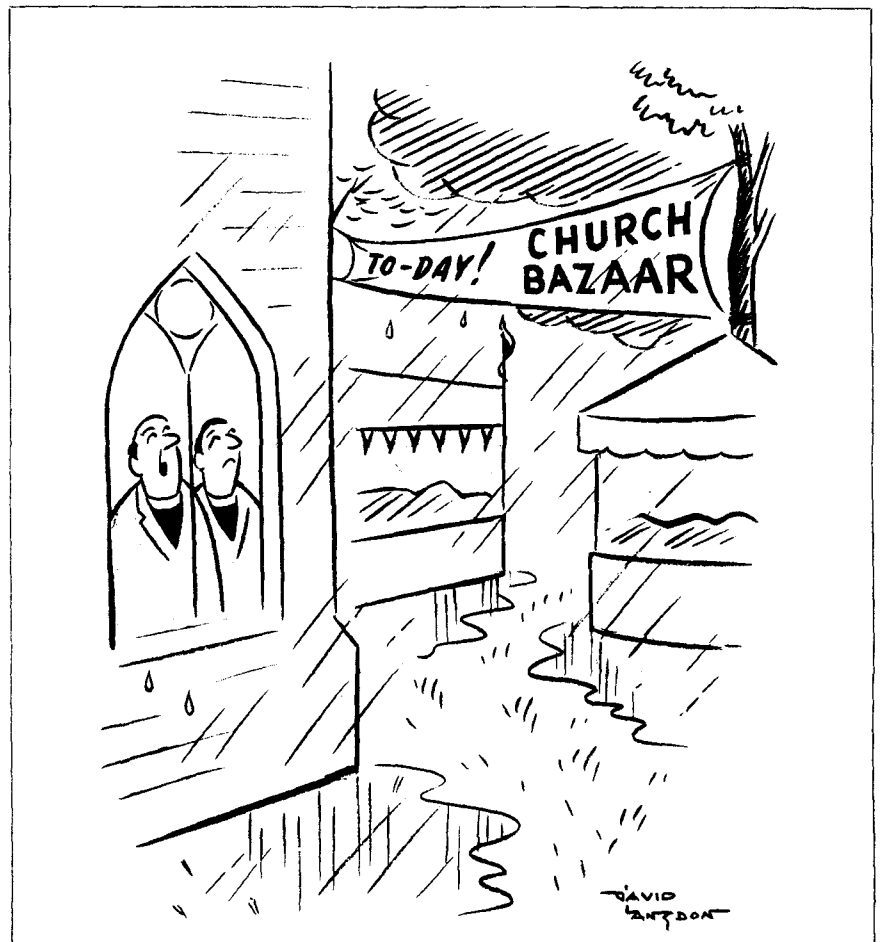
GUS stared at her, wondering how so much of Angie and so little of himself had gone into her make-up. She stood so stiff and stubborn, so unlike him in her unreasonableness that he knew she was capable of anything. He marveled only that she hadn't set fire to the store.

"Why?" Gus asked, so weakly Angie thought at first it was merely a gasp.

"Well, you see . . ." Clay began, but Lorna, like her mother, never let anybody finish anything. "It's because of the tax people," the girl said. "Clay wants to have all the records in good shape in case his returns are ever questioned."

"I'm going out to the porch," Gus said.

Angie brought him a cup of fresh



"It's the Lord's will, but it beats *me*"

COLLIER'S DAVID LANGDON

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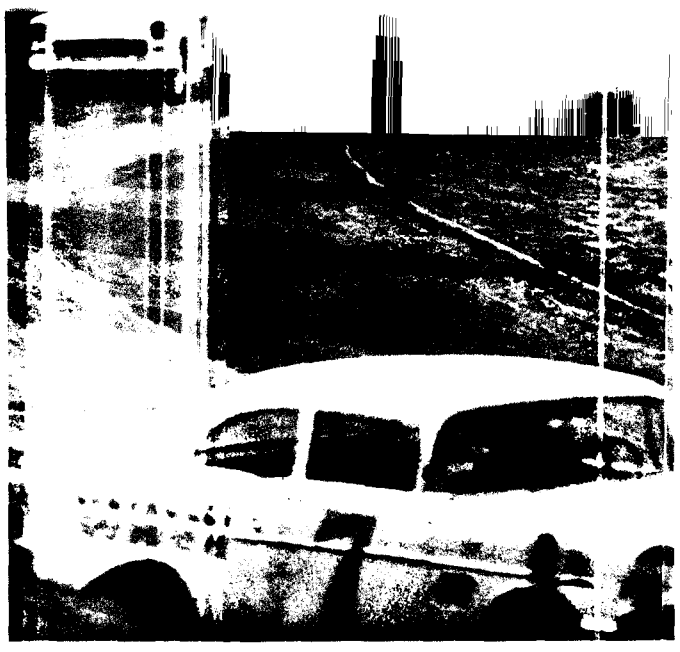

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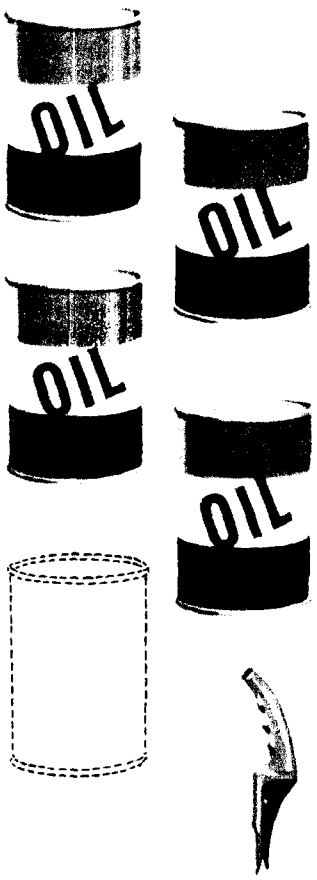

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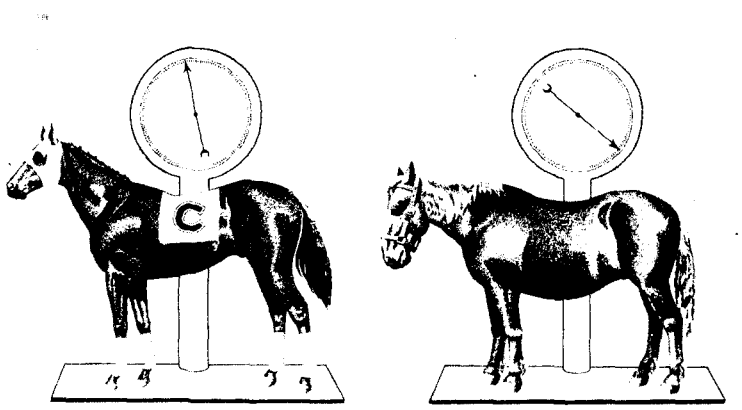

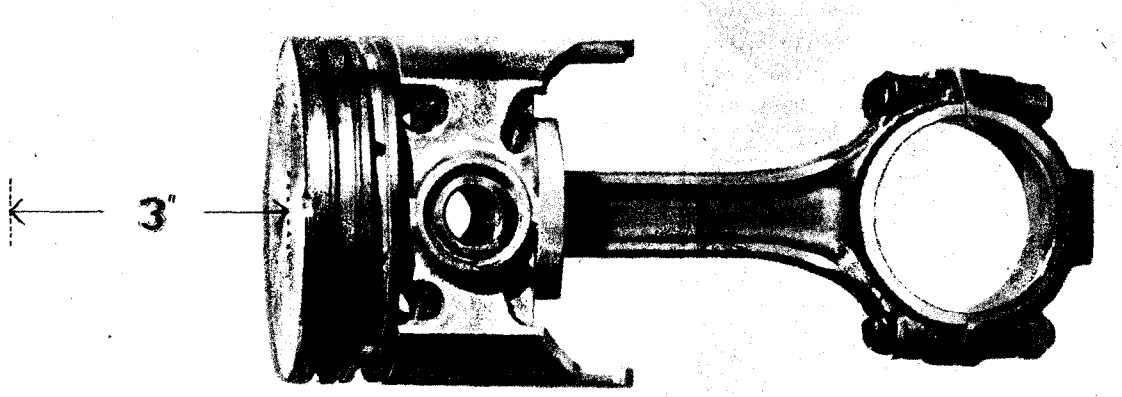

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coffee and sat beside him, telling him to be careful not to spill. He flared up. "At least I know how to feed myself." She said it was sort of tricky balancing things in a canvas chair.

"Times change," she said, and Gus, for the first time in all the years of trying to read her meaning, asked her just what in the world she was driving at. "The new ways of doing things," she said.

GUS placed the empty cup on the metal table, pleased at not having spilled on himself. "It's like that professor come down here last summer to look at birds. Any damfool knows the difference between a peewee and a chicken hawk, but he spouts a lot of high-sounding names, and that's what they call education. It's just giving fancy words to things anybody with common sense is born knowing."

"There's plenty more coffee," Angie said.

Gus shook his head. "There's nothing to keeping track of owing and paying. It's just a matter of writing it down and figuring it out, but who'd pay to keep up them big schools if people were left to do things sensible? That's what it comes down to. One of these days, mark my words, people are going to tear down them schools brick by brick, and then they're going to take them bricks and make a big crazy house to put all the professors in."

Angie smiled and patted his hand. He felt a lot better now. She could go tell Lorna not to worry any more.

But Lorna was packing her things. "Nobody's going to talk like that to Clay," she said, and Angie tried to reason with her. Surely by this time she knew her father didn't mean half the things he said, and if he got cross sometimes and flew off at people, it was only because he was getting some age on him. He didn't mean offense. It was just that sometimes when you started getting old you felt about young people the way the sick feel about the well or the hungry about the well fed.

"I'm sorry," Lorna said, not giving an inch, and Angie recognized something of herself, when young, in the girl's determination to stick by the man she'd picked for herself. Angie couldn't really blame her. She could only hope that in time the child might come to know Gus better, and maybe in the course of it come to know herself better and the way you had to live with people around you.

"It's an unnatural thing to do," Gus said when Angie came back and told him the children were leaving.

Angie let the porch grow still, picking her moment to come circling around the heart of the matter. When she felt it was time to speak out, she remarked quietly, almost casually, "It's a pity. I could maybe of been some help to her with the baby."

The knuckles of Gus's hands were white with the fierceness of his grip on the metal armrests of his chair. "It's not that I'm hard to get along with, only . . ."

"You know," Angie said, breaking the awkward silence between them, "we don't hear as many whippoorwills as we used to."

Gus pushed up from his chair. "You meet me halfway, I'm as easy as the next fellow."

Angie settled back in the gently yielding canvas as Gus moved restlessly around the porch, working out the things he had to say to Lorna, and when he went inside he let the door slam, and then he opened it and closed it quietly.

Men, Angie thought, remembering that first night with Gus, when she'd been half out of her mind with wonder and worry, mostly because of what her mother had told her, and it had turned out to be hardly anything at all, in spite of the big fuss men made over it.

"I tried," Gus said when he came back to the porch and slumped, deadweight, into his chair.

"It's easier for me to talk to her," Angie said, and went into the rose-papered room she had cleared for the

"Hi, Grandpa!"

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COLLIER'S JEFF KEATE

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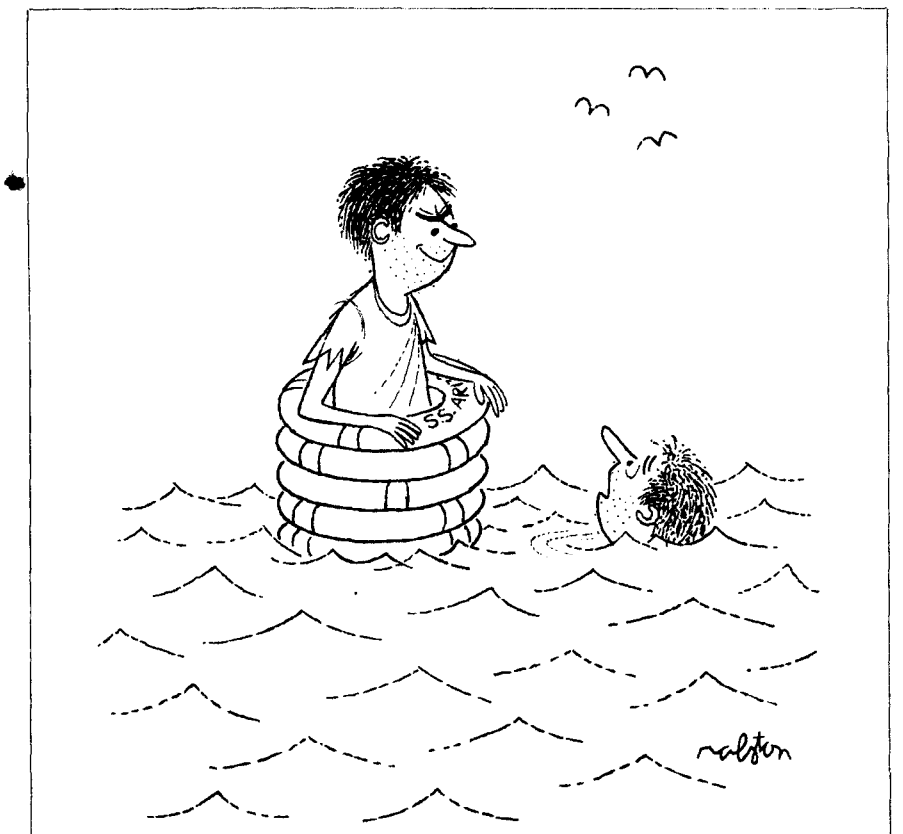


"I don't have the ten thousand in cash. Will you take a check?"

COLLIER'S — RALSTON JONES

children as Mama had long ago cleared it for Gus and her. She wondered if Lorna had any idea what it meant for a man like Gus Falk to humble himself before a snip of a girl, even his own flesh.

"Lorna thinks it's the only thing to do," Clay said, and Angie stood waiting for the girl to say so herself.

Lorna was sitting by the window, staring through the summer fullness of the sycamores at the white cement culvert above Cass Creek. "It's not fair to Clay," she said. "Either he runs the store or he doesn't, and if he does, he's got to do it his own way."

ANGIE returned to the new porch, trying to remember how she'd once put the same thought to Papa. Gus, then as now, had been the center of the only world he knew or cared about, and anyone who stood in his way, especially an old man doddering around a country store, should have the grace to step aside. This man Lorna had married might never measure up to Gus, chances were he wouldn't, but Clay was young and Gus wasn't. It was not an easy thing to say to anybody, but Angie had said it once before and could say it again.

Deep down, he already knows the truth of it, she thought, with a sick hollowness at having to do such a thing to the two men she had loved most in all the world.

"It's the store or the baby," Angie told Gus, coming at it head on. "You've got to choose."

"A man can't choose between his right arm and his left."

Angie could hear the splash of the creek rapids in the summer stillness, and somewhere up on the Hogback old Byrd Higby was running his hounds. She watched Gus's hands working nervously. Whichever way he chose she would somehow have to make it bearable for him. It always seemed to work out that way. She'd been the one who'd had to get rid of Gus, Jr.'s, toys.

"You've backed me into a corner," Gus said finally. And she thought for a moment before she told him, "Everything sort of narrows down after a while."

She was thinking of her mother, a large, laughing woman, crocheting, berrypicking, cleaning house, mending, singing *"We shall come rejoicing,"* always setting the biggest table at the Old School Baptist picnics, chaperoning young couples at the dances and the apple-butter boilings; and then the crippling of her hands, the cruel and painful twisting of her body, and the shrunken world of a bed not much larger than the resting place where she lay now beneath a stone that gave her name and name of the man beside her and the children born of their life together, and the dates of her entering the world and leaving it, which really said all there was to say about Anna Budlong Parsons, and yet said nothing to anyone who'd known her in the living of her life.

"Old Byrd's been after me to do some hunting this fall," Gus said.

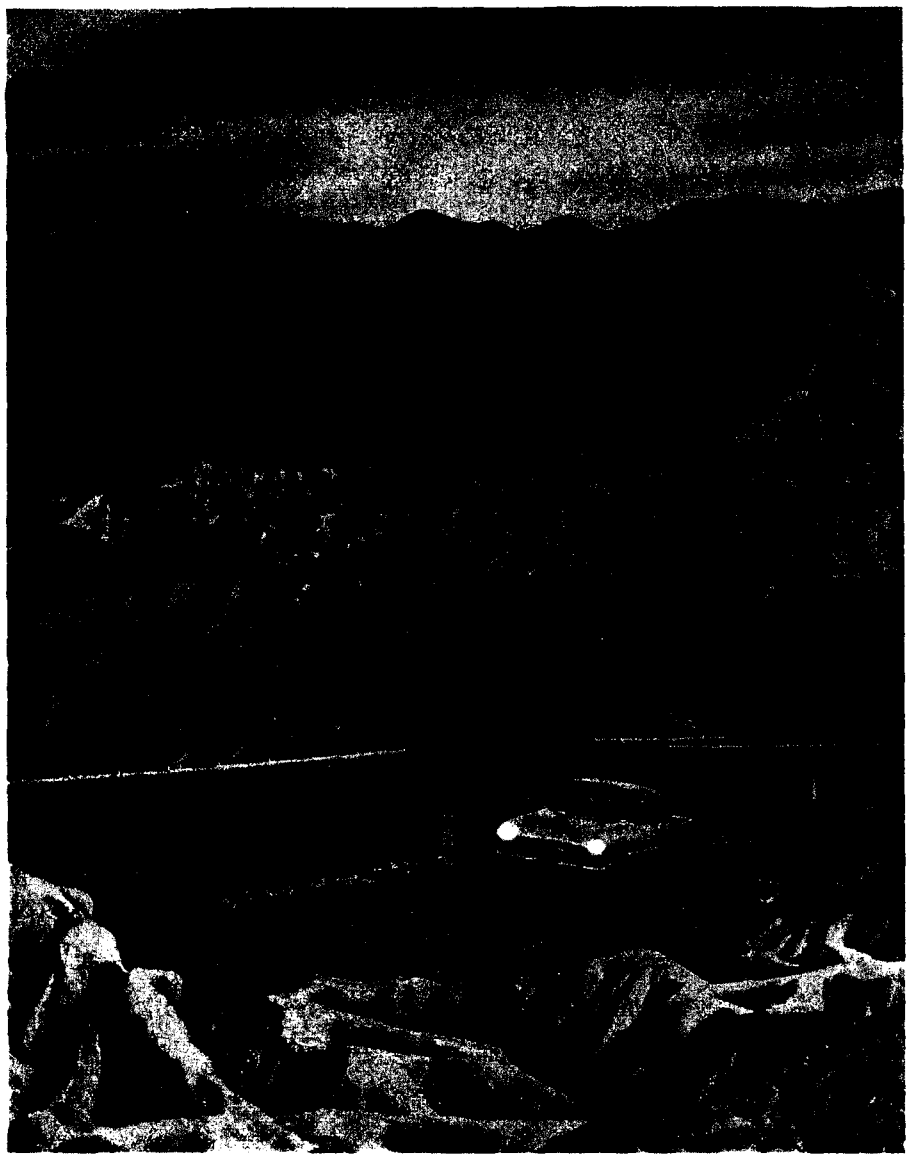
Angie nodded. "It's no sense in people letting themselves get tied down too much. My whole life I've never been more'n seventy-five miles from here."

"We might drive up to Washington sometime. Stay at a hotel."

"I've never stayed the night at a hotel," Angie said, and now that she thought about it she realized she'd never ridden a train, eaten an oyster or gone up in an elevator. For the first time in her life it occurred to her that if they ever got shed of the store they might see and do things she knew only from colored pictures in the magazines.

"She don't know the first thing about tending a baby," Gus said, and turning toward Angie saw the shine in her eyes. "You know something?" he said, with that sound of crooked swallowing which usually meant he was working up to something it wasn't easy for a proud man to say. "These damned chairs of yours, they set right comfortable once you get the hang of 'em."

—JOHN D. WEAVER



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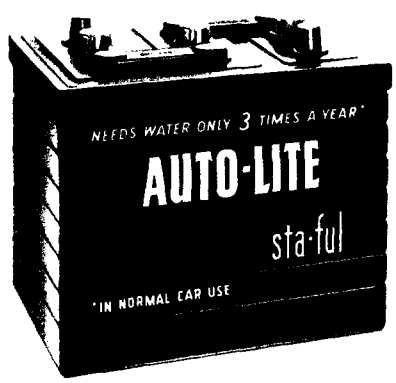

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The Negro voter continued from page 21

GENE TRINDL

Loren Miller, a Los Angeles attorney, is also publisher of the California Eagle. The Negro press speaks with a powerful voice for economic and social progress

Edwin Berry is field secretary of the Chicago branch of the Urban League. His group fights for better housing facilities and more job opportunities in industry

Today's Negro leaders, men of talent and fire, head a constellation of action groups. These

Alex Fuller of Detroit typifies labor's new breed of politically active leaders. He is an official of militant United Auto Workers

Charles Roxborough, seated, is a veteran Republican in Michigan politics. He and son, standing, practice law together in Detroit

Governor G. Mennen Williams of Michigan and Governor Averell Harriman of New York springs from deepest conviction, to be sure. But a Democrat without such convictions would have a tough time being elected in those two states. In the 1954 gubernatorial election Harriman carried the whole Empire State by only 11,125 votes, while just one of New York City's five Negro districts (the 12th A.D. in Harlem) gave him a majority of 20,221! Governor Williams' state-wide margin of victory in 1952 was 8,600 for all Michigan; but the solid-Negro 2d, 5th and 7th Wards of Detroit (by majorities of 91 per cent, 92 per cent, 91 per cent) gave him a margin of 28,123 votes alone.

* * *

POTENTIAL POWER as great as this is too stupendous a fact to be concealed—least of all from those who shape and lead it.

And what has happened is that American Negro leaders have become aware of their strength; and they are determined to use it this year.

Any white American in whose mind the image of Negro leadership is still yesterday's fuzzy picture of Booker T. Washington is today completely out of touch with reality. A whole constellation of action groups has matured among Negroes of the North in the past 10 years of progress; they operate on every front of what Negro leaders like to call "the power structure of America." The NAACP is the senior, legal arm, prying open opportunity after opportunity through the courts; the Urban League fights on the industrial front, wrenching open closed jobs in field after field; the Negro church has come alive, vibrant, passionate, inflaming politics with religion; prosperity has brought the Negro community businessmen of wealth and prominence; the labor unions have trained and educated men of depth and drive; a Negro press of constant and effective indignation amplifies and magnifies them all among their own people.

At the summit of these groups stand leaders too brilliant and diverse to be capped by any single figure: Thurgood Marshall of the NAACP, victor of the historic Supreme Court decision on school integration, tall, sardonic, gay, almost mischievous; Roy Wilkins, executive secretary of the NAACP, polished phrase maker, eloquent, calculating; Alex Fuller, the solid, burly, easygoing vice-president of the Wayne County CIO; bitter, brooding, delicately handsome Edwin Berry of the Chicago Urban League; the grave, solemn, grizzled veteran Julius Thomas of the National Urban League; Congressman the Reverend Adam Clayton Powell, Jr., flamboyant, graceful; or City Councilor the Reverend Marshall Shepard of

PHOTOGRAPHED BY DICK SAUNDERS

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Roy Wilkins is executive secretary of the NAACP, legal arm in the court battles for desegregated schools and civil rights

The Reverend Adam Clayton Powell, Jr., one of three Negro congressmen, greets members of Zion Baptist Church in Philadelphia. His own congregation, in New York's Harlem, is largest in country

men know their strength and their moment

Philadelphia, dedicated, robust, untiring; and others, too many to note.

Long gone are the days when the support of many Negro clerics was considered a standard article of political merchandise. (Landon campaigners of '36 rushed $20,000 in cash to Harlem on election weekend to try to buy the support of Father Divine.) Dead, too, are the days when Negro politicians could be described as racketeers, bootleggers and crooks who could be bought for a five-dollar bill. Today's Negro leaders are men of fire and passion, almost unique in this bland age of moderate contentment. Rarely have I met with a more impressive pool of talent and ability.

These men know their strength and they recognize their moment. For, in the past two years, there has been a flare-up of Negro emotions in America unprecedented since the days of Reconstruction. This flare-up dates precisely from the Supreme Court's decision to desegregate the public schools of America; which, in turn, provoked the last-ditch reaction of the white South—the murders in Mississippi, the white Citizens' Councils—which, finally, has shaken Negroes North and South to the resistance and reaction that now daily make headlines all across the country.

In Chicago, a Negro social worker organizes a handful of Negro housewives in a voter-registration campaign. Her pamphlets say: "Don't Get Mad—Get Smart, Register!"; and in two years her volunteer committee has jabbed Negro registration in the South Side up from 200,000 to 275,000. In Detroit, a Negro doctor decides to invite a few friends for dinner to raise money for the Montgomery strike; the dinner grows in a few weeks to a community affair and $32,000 is raised in an evening. Says Senator Jim Watson, New York's only Negro state senator, "Why, I'll be walking down Amsterdam Avenue and a stranger will grab my arm and say, 'What'cha gonna do about that Miss Lucy girl, man?' " Pastor Martin Luther King, hero of the Montgomery bus strike, comes to speak in Brooklyn and thousands crowd the church to overflow the sidewalks outside. The temper shakes family loyalties. In Detroit, the aged and ailing father of Congressman Charles Diggs, Jr., tells me, "We've got to get rid of Eastland and I don't care how—even if it costs my son his seat."

The temper goes deep. Traditional political loyalties teeter-totter in slums, at bars, in poolrooms, on street corners. In one day's doorbell ringing on the South Side, I interviewed 21 people (too fragmentary a cut from which to draw final political conclusions, but one learns that the Negroes are disturbed). Five weren't going to vote or wouldn't say ("Neither party is worth a damn," said one auto worker on the street corner), nine thought they'd stay Democratic, seven thought the Republicans would do more for civil rights ("I read everything I can get my hands on," said one. "I'm a Democrat, but I'll go for Ike nationally. We got to do something about this Eastland; and that Talmadge, he's worse.").

Julius Thomas of the Urban League sums it up: "The events that have followed desegregation have affected the Negro community more than anything else in my lifetime. The communications have been so vast on TV, radio, the press that it's right there at the top of consciousness. You'll hear it all the way down to the poolroom and the barbershop, men saying, 'Those S.O.B.s, do they think forever they're gonna push black people around because they think we got no brains?' "

However deep this indignation is, it should be recognized that, for the moment, it is governed by responsible leadership. As Thurgood Marshall says, "We sit on the lid." Beyond this is other, almost sinister leadership. The whole structure of organized Negro leadership today flinches at violence; but on the fringes of the Negro community are other violently intemperate men, as racist as the white Citizens' Councils, who can rouse full savagery against any hapless white minority engulfed in Negro slums.

Conscious thus of their voting power, of the indignation underlying it, Negro leadership has this year worked out a precise program to be wrung from both major parties.

UNDERLYING THIS PROGRAM, first of all, is a principle again most aptly put by Julius Thomas: "It is not any longer a question," he says, "of how a white man feels a colored man should be treated. It's now a decision of law that he should be equal. The question is how we interpret the laws of the country—it's what the South *must* do to conform to the law of the land. The Negro now has a completely different status. The law is on his side now. Whoever discriminates against him is a criminal, is breaking the law."

Coupled with this principle is the tactic of legislative enforcement. In practice, this year, Negro leadership fastened on the civil rights bill, HR 627, a bipartisan measure, as the acid test of every politician's good will. To press it, the NAACP's Washington director, the astute Clarence Mitchell, fashioned the first full-blown lobby for Negroes, a group of 40 or 50 congressmen known as the civil rights bloc (California's James Roosevelt and Chet Holifield, Pennsylvania's Hugh Scott, New York's Edna Kelly, Massachusetts' John Heselton among others) whose members caucus regularly and carefully mesh their action with the NAACP legislative program. On the floor this bloc might influence 200 to 250 votes. By the time this article appears in print, HR 627 will *(Continued on page 44)*

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Rainbow all around you—in THE

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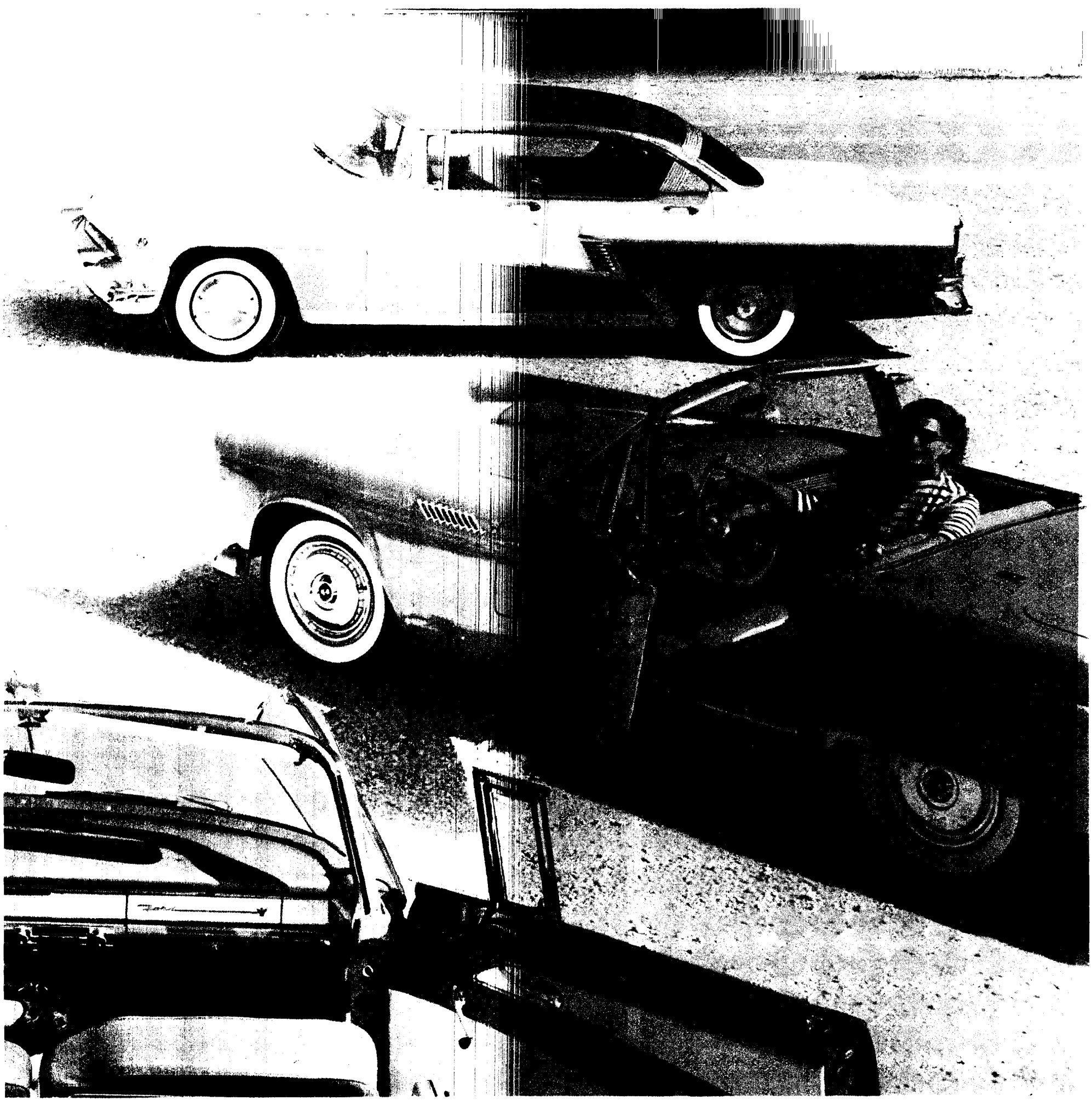

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Former Olympic star Ralph Metcalfe, right, is a Chicago Alderman today. Here he holds caucus with Aldermen (l. to r.) Holman, Harvey and Miller

The Negro voter continued

have passed or failed and the congressmen who supported or opposed it will be marked in the NAACP's books for future support or retaliation. Neither party will be able to wriggle out of blame among Negroes if this bill fails. Said Roy Wilkins to the NAACP convention a few weeks ago: "The Republicans will say that they proposed the legislation but the Democrats would not pass it. The Democrats will say that they had little chance to pass it because the Republicans delayed so long in submitting it. Both parties hope we will be fooled by this double talk . . . they have been busy scratching each other's back while we have been left out in the cold."

HR 627, the bill in which so much Negro emotion was invested, was an omnibus bill of many good intentions. But its operational mainspring was the power it gave the federal government by injunction and intervention to defend the Negroes' right to vote in the Southern states—and prosecute white men who stop them. Any substitute civil rights measure denying this objective is, in Negro thinking, only a palliative, however enlightened. For, from this tactical objective of Southern voting rights, as from some commanding salient on a battlefield, hangs the Negro strategy of the future.

This strategy is as simple as it is profound. It is to alter totally the patterns of Southern custom and life. "It does no good," the leaders of the NAACP say almost to a man, "to send a rescue party south or mourn a colored man murdered in Mississippi. But if the federal government guarantees the Negro the right to vote down South, everything changes. No outsider can do anything about a Negro-hating sheriff in Tallahatchie County, but if Negroes vote they can change the sheriff. Arguing about segregation up North does little good—but if Negroes sit on school boards down South, they can act for themselves."

Negroes speak of this objective from their own parochial point of view. But on the broad scene, the attainment of this objective will change our national politics at a stroke. For the Old South, with its familiar voices in Congress—so often distinguished, so often antique—will be dead. The new men it sends to Congress, to be elected in large part by colored votes, must speak in different accents entirely. Then, truly, the roots of Congress change and politics lurch into new, uncharted seas.

And this, fundamentally, is what Negro leadership is demanding of both national conventions this month.

* * *

IT IS THE NEGRO POLITICIAN of the Democratic party who will quiver most intensely under strain in the next few weeks. For, after 20 years of loyalty, Negroes have won high place and power in the Northern Democracy. All three Negro congressmen—Powell (New York City), Dawson (Chicago), Diggs (Detroit)—are big-city Northerners, and Democrats. All of Michigan's nine Negro legislators are Democrats; so are all five Negro Aldermen of Chicago, both Negro City Councilors of Philadelphia, the two Negro Assemblymen of California. They have served their party well and, in turn, their party has served the needs of Negroes.

Yet the very achievements of Negroes in the past 20 years have cut away the base of unthinking devotion to the Democrats. The growth of a Negro middle class, in their good homes, their clean suburbs has opened an audience for "Republicanism." Eisenhower has proved a remarkably humane and tolerant President, deft, wise and firm—if not bold—in every area of civil rights. Years of education have developed an entirely new class of young Negro intellectuals, college graduates, who know that Roosevelt is dead, but that Senator Eastland, a Democrat, still thrives, and why vote Democratic any longer? Overwhelmingly, Negroes still occupy the bottom rungs of the economic ladder; but the lash of economic need has been cushioned, and conscience has been pricked by the reports from the South. These are the people waiting to see how the conventions come out, and their vote will be cast as conscience calls regardless of party.

Most Negro politicians still confidently expect an overwhelming Democratic vote in all Northern local and state contests. What they fear is ticket-splitting at the top of the ballot, if the Republicans go all out to win. Willoughby Abner, Education and Political Action Director in Chicago of Walter Reuther's solidly Democratic United Auto Workers, said: "For the Negro, straight-ticket voting is too expensive a luxury this year."

This is the year, many Negroes feel, to pick and choose on the ballot, rewarding friends and punishing enemies, regardless of party label. Los Angeles Negroes in 1954 showed best how ticket-splitting can work. In that year, in 30 solidly Negro precincts of Los Angeles, Democratic candidates rolled up their normal three-to-one margins in all contests except one—for the governorship. For the governor's office, the Republicans had provided that cheerfully positive man, Goodwin J. Knight, one of the nation's most eloquent and ardent exponents of civil rights. And "Goody" split the vote, running his Democratic opponent a neck-and-neck seven-to-eight race in the final count. Any such Negro split-voting in this fall's campaign in New York, Philadelphia, Chicago or Detroit would doom the Democrats' hopes of carrying these states for the national ticket.

At the moment, Republican chances of gain seem best in New York, worst in Detroit, indifferent in Philadelphia, Chicago and Los Angeles.

Republican prospects in New York look good because of a variety of factors. There is, first, the high percentage of middle-class and intellectual Negroes among New Yorkers. Next there is the clever leadership of Republican County Chairman Tom Curran, Tammany's archenemy, whose simple but cutting slogan against Democratic U.S. Senator Herbert Lehman, if he runs again, will be "A Vote for Lehman is a Vote for Eastland." (Curran's chief gripe at the moment seems to be against his own Republican National Committee, which, he thinks, is indifferent to Negro emotions and unwilling to provide resources to get the good message across.) There is, further, the prospect that that energetic and effective liberal Jack Javits, New York State's Republican Attorney General, may carry the Republican senatorial standard at the head of the state ticket, and Javits's pulling power is prodigious. Lastly, there is the turmoil in the mind of Congressman Adam Clayton Powell, Jr., now a Democrat, but willing to go over to the Republicans at the first "emphatic demonstration" that they will push civil rights faster than will his own party.

In Detroit, nothing short of contrived stupidity can lose the Negro vote to the Democrats. The Democratic party of Michigan is one of the most effective political organizations in the nation, and is faced by a singularly inept Republican opposition. If there is a split here, it will be a split away from the residual Republican Negro vote. Even Charles Roxborough, the oldest Negro Republican leader in Michigan, an Eisenhower man, says he guesses he'll have to vote for Governor Williams in Michigan, because "these local Republicans don't want intelligent Negroes."

Philadelphia Negroes will have a contest of loyalties—a Negro Republican is running for Congress in the preponderantly Negro 4th Congressional District against a white Democrat. But Joseph Clark, former mayor and a demigod in Negro thinking, heads the Democratic ticket for Pennsylvania U.S. senator. In Philadelphia, as in Los Angeles and Chicago, there will be a breakaway from the Democrats—but how seriously in all these cities depends entirely on the "ifs" and the behavior of the two great national parties, in convention assembled before us this month.

* * *

IT IS THESE "IFS" and the calculations politicians make of them that will rowel the Democratic party convention on Chicago's South Side. For six months, sensing the distemper of the Northern Negroes, Democratic leaders have been trying privately to weave the party to compromise. Their efforts have been moderately successful and many Southerners seemed resigned to accept the inevitable. Said one Mississippi politician to me: "In 1948, we went to the convention wanting to get kicked out. This time we want to stay. We'll accept almost any resolution so long as it's worded in nice language and so long as we know it doesn't apply to Mississippi." Yet whether or not a preconvention compromise on the resolution heads off open-floor warfare at the convention, the Negro's vote and Negro's attitude will cramp each speech and maneuver. Some Northern Democrats believe it is more important to keep their home base secure by a dramatic appeal

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The Negro voter continued

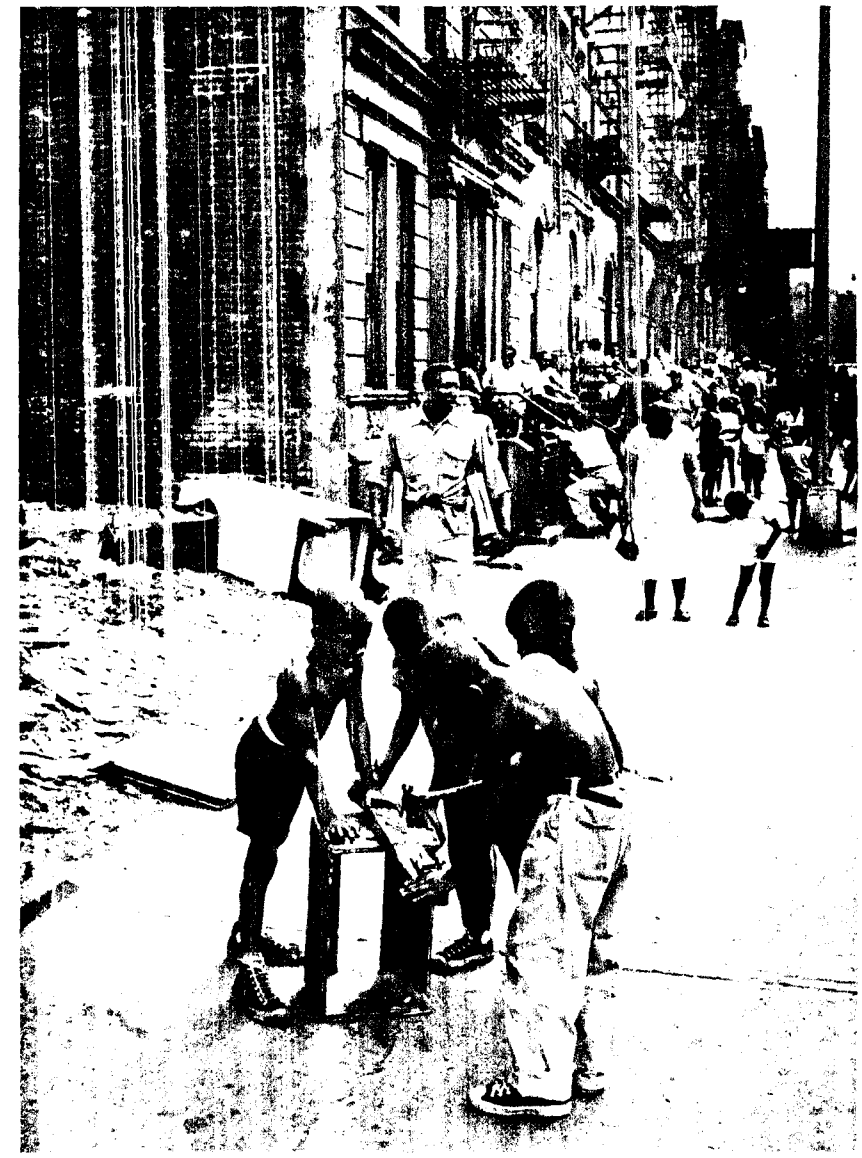
to the city Negroes than to win the Presidency; while still others believe that the Presidency cannot be won without the Negro (said one to me: "We can afford to lose Mississippi and South Carolina and still win; but if we lose the Negroes in the North, we're through.").

The dilemma the Democrats face is stark and of the essence of drama—a truly hot civil rights resolution, with teeth in it, calculated to rivet Negro loyalties to the party can easily drive the white South entirely out of the party. But a mild, nobly moderate resolution can expose them to a flamboyant counterappeal at the Republican convention a week later—or to a White House gesture timed and phrased to rouse maximum Negro support.

Paradoxically, no matter what the Democrats do, the big "if" of the campaign is not up to them but to the Republicans. For if the Republicans choose to make the Negroes Target A from convention through campaign, nothing can protect the Democrats' vulnerable moral flank from a Republican break-through. ("I don't know how we can go about persuading these people that Eastland ain't a Democrat," said one Tammany chieftain to me.)

AT THE MOMENT, however, there is little apparent evidence that the Republicans do consider the Negro Target A—for this is basically a White House decision and Eisenhower has been ill. Eisenhower's behavior, his administration of desegregation in the armed services and the District of Columbia have won him unqualified praise from all Negro groups; but what they have sought and still seek of him is some one bold, unqualified, dramatic gesture jostling the South on the road the laws and the high court have defined. For whatever reasons, medical or political, the President has not, as this is written, made such a decision.

In the absence of a bold stroke from the White House, the Republican play lies in the hands of its state and regional party organizations and its national committees. And although the sagacious Republican National Chairman, Leonard Hall, is planning to rifle-shoot for the election of at least two Negro Republican congressmen running against white Democrats in Philadelphia and Cleveland with all the resources he can throw in, he has



Negro migrants to the Northern cities are learning to use their political power to win equal opportunity. The Harlem scene, above, is typical of teeming metropolitan

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MASON WEYMOUTH

centers. Westchester, N.Y., suburb, top, represents goal of growing middle-income families. The government-financed housing project, bottom, is in San Francisco

been unable to energize the state organizations on a nation-wide basis to mobilize the Negro potential. ("Some Republicans," the candid chairman once said, "have their feet stuck in concrete.") Basically and sociologically, Republican state organizations are unlikely to go out for the predominantly working-class Negro unless flogged into it by the White House.

* * *

WHETHER OR NOT the conventions and campaigns of 1956 deliver to Negro leadership their cherished goals this year, they will mark another milestone toward the inevitable. For with the power and leadership the Northern Negro has accumulated, the surge of the Negro to full equality everywhere can hardly be turned back.

Basically, for the Negro, what is at issue in this campaign is not principle, but timing—which party's candidate will go faster, which will move sooner. Nor are the Negroes themselves insistent on explosive immediacy. "We walk a tightrope," said Roy Wilkins. "We want to move, but there must be no explosion, no bloodshed. If there's bloodshed, our people down South get hurt worst of all. There mustn't be bloodshed. If there's bloodshed, it's disaster, for it wipes out all the middle ground of white good will down South, the very people we need as friends if we're to succeed."

It would be missing part of the enormous drama of American life, if the Negro surge of 1956 were seen only in terms of one campaign. To see its historic meaning one must draw back and see the Negro migrant to the Northern city against the political development of all the migrant groups who have gone before. For the Northern cities of America, with all their squalor and violence, have been radiant centers of freedom and democracy for all the world. Each immigrant group that has found dignity and freedom there has been educated to use its power to give the same values to its folk at home. Thus did the Germans of the 1848 migration work for the freedom of Germany; so did the Irish of Boston, New York and Chicago help to create a free Ireland; so did the Jews of the East Coast help to create a free Israel; indeed, in Pittsburgh in 1917 the Czechs of Pennsylvania actually outlined the structure of the first free Czechoslovakia. Each group has used its vote and power to sway American support for American ideals everywhere in the world. And now the Northern Negro is using his vote and power to do in America what other minority groups have done for their brethren overseas. THE END

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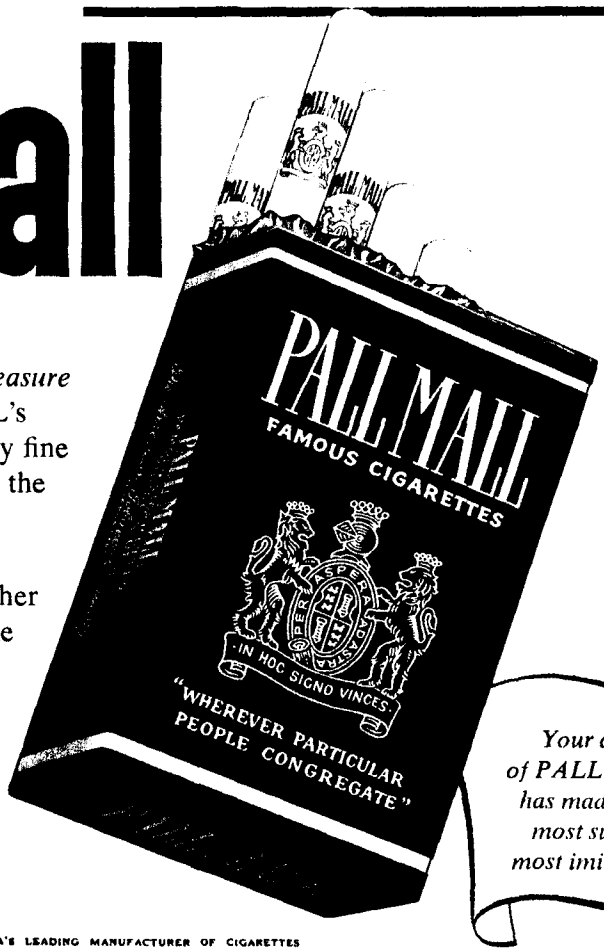

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JAN BALET

About fifty of the maharaja's men were watching the tee-off. Berne was full of his usual confidence, but it didn't last

Berne was a past master at two things: playing golf and deflating egos. But now, on the weirdest golf course in the world, a mysterious maharaja was about to outdo him at both

Wise guys finish last

By ROBERT ZACKS

I HAVE heard some astonishing stories about the wealthy maharajas of India. You know the kind—one of them had a whole tray of diamonds studded into a collar for his dog, at a cost of fifty thousand dollars.

Probably the most astounding maharaja story I ever heard, though, was just the other day—from a sporting-goods salesman in the store where I sometimes trade. It came up when I mentioned something I had read in the papers about the All-America Tournament, being played this month at Tam O'Shanter in Chicago.

The sports writers' choice to win, so the papers said, was Carl Berne—that golf wizard whose personal egotism, unfortunately, has earned him the nickname of Wise Guy Berne.

I happened to mention an item about Berne to this sporting-goods salesman, Paul Stanhope, and I was surprised at the bitterness of his comment. "Wise Guy Berne is nothing but a big bluffing coward," he said.

"Oh, come now," I said to him. "I know Berne isn't exactly an example of modesty—but you must admit he's a darn' good golfer."

Stanhope glared at me. He was slight of build and had warm brown eyes, which right then were hot with contempt. "I hardly consider him representative of golf, or tough competition in *any* form, for that matter," he said.

I shrugged. "I'm afraid most of the golf world disagrees with you, my friend," I said, wondering what was eating him. "In fact, after the All-America this month, Wise Guy Berne is starting out on a world golf tour, and—"

"I'll bet he avoids India," said the fellow grimly. He let out a laugh of such intense glee that it was positively unbalanced. "He'd be afraid to run into the maharaja!"

"Maharaja?" I said, astonished.

"Sure," he said, "the maharaja. There aren't many people who know about that. You can bet your sweet life that Wise Guy Berne isn't telling about it, either."

I didn't know that Paul Stanhope very well—he just waited on me every once in a while—but he'd always struck me as an unassuming kind of chap who wouldn't hurt a fly. I couldn't understand his violent antagonism toward Wise Guy Berne. I've always admired the man's ability myself, and I was curious.

"Say," I said, "you wouldn't care to have a drink with me, would you? I'd like to hear this."

"Delighted," Paul said, a little primly, and as soon as the store closed we sought the nearest bar.

After I'd ordered drinks, Paul started telling me how he loved his job. He had served Jack Dempsey, Ben Hogan, Clark Gable and lots of other big names.

"You know something?" Paul said earnestly, leaning forward. "I discovered something about these big guys—yes, sir! Each and every one is a *nice*

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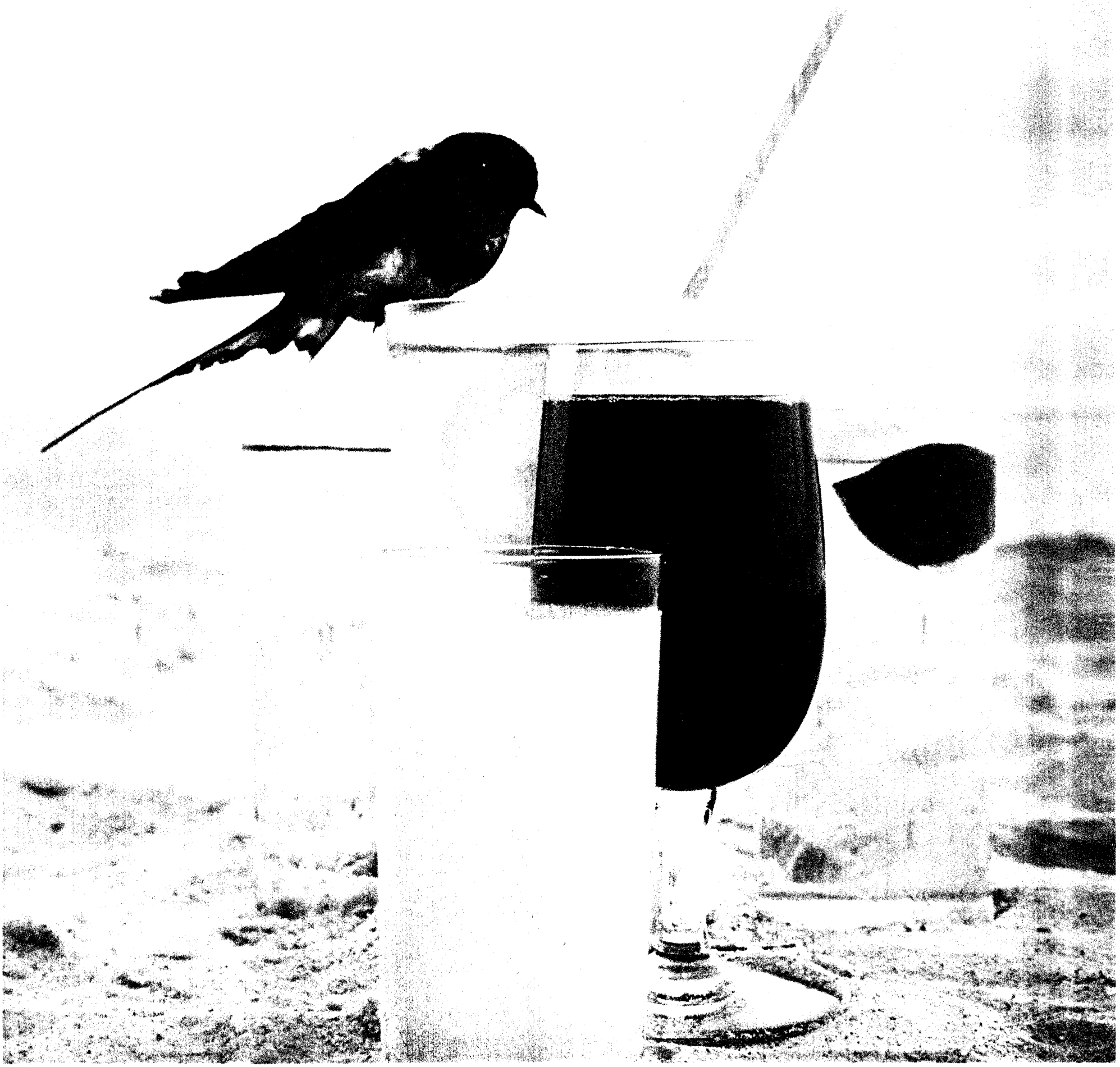

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guy. No airs. See what I mean? A little tired and troubled maybe, but—"

"Yes, yes," I said impatiently. "But what about the maharaja?"

Paul nodded, a slow grin breaking over his face. "Yeah," he said. "The maharaja. I was coming to him."

One day Carl Berne had come in, Paul told me, looking for a mashie niblick. Berne's sarcastic comments on the quality of the clubs Paul showed him convulsed a small group of admirers who had gathered around Berne.

"Where am I?" Wise Guy would say in mock horror, waggling one of the clubs in disapproval. "In the ditchdigging department? Man, I didn't ask for a shovel. You know what a mashie is? Look, I'll explain it to you . . ."

The gathered hangers-on would giggle nervously.

THIS went on for a while, Paul said, until a small dark man wandered in. He was about five feet two inches tall, impeccably dressed; his skin had the dark tinge that resists savage sun, and it had been toughened by the kind of wind that screams around cold mountains. Behind him, hovering at a respectful distance, were two other small men—one of them, with a black mustache under his hawk nose, was dressed in a chauffeur's uniform.

Naturally, neither Paul nor Wise Guy Berne guessed that this was the maharaja who was in town to visit the United Nations Building, the one who'd been written up in the afternoon papers as a famous Rajput warrior from the Rajputana region in northwestern India. Nor did they know that, having lost his rights to rule, though not his income, the maharaja was wandering around the world in a mood to kick somebody's teeth in. He was a man of enormous energy; feuds, revenge and a battle were like breakfast, lunch and supper to him. He was the last man in the world for a jerk like Wise Guy Berne to pick on, as anyone in India could have warned.

So when Paul, in relief, left Wise Guy Berne and went over to the maharaja, who was holding up the business end of an eight iron, examining the loft with the cold eye of a butcher who finds his knife dull, Berne glared after him.

"Can I help you, sir?" said Paul politely to the maharaja.

"You can, indeed," the maharaja said in a clipped Oxford accent. "I have decided to take up golf seriously. Tried it a few times and like it. I'll want a special set of clubs made up."

He looked at Paul, and from the lurking deadliness behind the maharaja's impassive eyes, Paul immediately understood with the fine intuition of a skilled salesman that this was a sensitive and delicate situation. The maharaja was short, and so he would need clubs to fit his height, properly balanced; but if Paul's life was worth more than a divot to him, he'd damn' well never put that five-foot-two-inch height into words of any kind. Also, Paul knew he had something special here because of the enormous diamond clip on the maharaja's necktie. It looked like a locomotive headlight.

"Yes, indeed, *sir!*" Paul said briskly. "Just step this way, please . . ."

"Now wait a minute," said Wise Guy Berne loudly, a sneer on his face. "He hasn't finished serving me, you know."

The maharaja bowed and said with charm and courtesy, "My apologies, sir. I didn't realize . . ."

Whereupon Wise Guy Carl Berne, whose pet motto is, "Whenever you win, rub their noses in," closed in for the kill. He glanced at his small knot of onlookers. "Look, junior," said Wise Guy Berne to the maharaja, "why don't you just go to the children's department and pick up some clubs there?"

The spectators laughed. There was a frozen silence from the maharaja and his party. They stood rigid, like small statues, with only their eyes alive.

"Listen, you," Paul said to Wise Guy Berne, "just because you're a hot-shot professional golfer and win some tournaments doesn't mean you can bring your bad manners here. I refuse to serve you any more. I'd rather serve this customer. I—"

"Ah," said the maharaja politely, his eyes never leaving Wise Guy Berne's face. "So you are a professional golfer? Would you do me the honor of playing against me, sir?"

"Don't be ridiculous," growled Wise Guy Berne. "A midget like you? Why, you'd have to stand on a ladder to hit the ball." . . .

Paul leaned back and looked at me, his eyes far away. "You know," he said soberly, shaking his head in wonder, "most men spend their lives warily treading straight and narrow paths in an effort to avoid trouble, and yet they step into all sorts of pitfalls. On the other hand, there are guys like Wise Guy Berne, who actually seem to beg for a bear trap."

"Well, what happened?" I said. "Did Wise Guy play him a game or not?"

"Oh, he played him a game, all right," Paul said. "But not right away. Not for six months. And he played the maharaja on a course in India." Paul stopped for a moment, remembering. "What a course that was. There never was one like it before—and there'll never be one like it again."

"Look," I said, impatiently, "will you get on with the story?"

As could be imagined, Paul told me, Wise Guy Berne complained to the floor manager about Paul's rudeness and bad service, and Paul was bawled out by the store superintendent himself.

"Service, service, service," Mr. Parkhurst told Paul. "We are one of the largest sporting-goods stores in the world. We have a reputation to maintain. There is no room here for anyone who doesn't realize the customer is always right. I don't care if a customer wearing a strait jacket and a Napoleonic hat walks in and asks you to let him tee off your chest—you do it with a smile. Understand?"

"Yes, sir," Paul said, blushing.

Mr. Parkhurst coughed. "If it will ease you, Mr. Berne, the great professional golfer, told me that I was a bald-headed baboon to allow a man like you to serve the likes of him. I swallowed it, Paul."

They grinned at each other and Paul went out.

THE next day he was called back to the office. Mr. Parkhurst had a strange look on his face, a dazed expression in his eyes. "Paul," he said with respect, "it appears you made a fine impression on the maharaja who visited your department yesterday."

"Maharaja!" Paul exclaimed. Then, staggered, he remembered the dark little man with the glittering eyes. "You mean that little fellow? I thought maharajas all wore turbans or something."

"Sometimes they do, I think," Mr. Parkhurst said vaguely. "I don't know much about India and maharajas, but I know this one is very wealthy and can afford to indulge his whims. How'd you like to go to India?"

"India!" Paul said. "What—"

"That maharaja," said Mr. Parkhurst, running his hand over his forehead distractedly. "He liked your manner. He thinks you'd be useful to him on a new golf course he's building there. He's just given us—credited to your sales record—a terrific order for golf equipment: a hundred each of all the irons, woods, golf bags . . ." Mr. Parkhurst paused, breathed deeply and swallowed. Then he added weakly, "And he wants a diamond embedded at the top of each club, over the grip."

They looked at each other numbly.

"I don't want to go to India," Paul said when he found his voice.

"He'll pay you five hundred a week and all expenses back and forth," said Mr. Parkhurst carefully, "and he only wants you for about a month."

"When do I leave?" asked Paul.

WHEN Paul's plane landed at Bombay he staggered off exhausted, his face a pallid green from airsickness and the violent reaction he'd had to the smallpox and malaria shots he'd had to take. He felt dizzy and feverish and he stared dazedly around the strange airport. A brown-skinned man with penetrating dark eyes and inscrutable expression approached him and asked if he were Mr. Stanhope, and Paul nodded. Just then the ground seemed to tilt, and then it slammed up toward Paul's face. The brown-skinned man caught him before darkness descended on him.

For a while afterward, Paul's world consisted of fragments—being carried, put in bed, carried again with a swaying motion—and time stretched like a queer rubber band.

When he came to, he found himself in a house of tile and stone, and through a large screened window he could see a beach. There were girls in saris giggling under palm trees and the air was clean and sweet. Seated on a rug on the floor near his bed was the man with the penetrating eyes who'd met him at the airport.

"Where am I?" Paul said. "What—"

"You have been ill," the man said in English, in a voice that was all liquid, soft sounds. "My orders were to take you here until you recovered. Then we go to Jaipur."

"Where is this?"

"Trivandrum," said the man. "The beach at Kovalam."

"Where's Trivandrum?" Paul asked.

The man blinked in surprise, but recovered and said politely, "Trivandrum is the capital of Travancore."

Paul gave up. "Oh," he said wearily. "Of course. How stupid of me."

"Not at all." The man smiled faintly. "I imagine I would be confused if I were in New York." He got up, his hands clasped before him. "I will inform your countryman that you are feeling better."

"My which?" Paul muttered, weakly lifting his head.

The man left the room without answering and in a few moments another man walked in, dressed in a light linen summer suit and wearing one of those British sun helmets as if he were Gregory Peck playing an administrator in a Somerset Maugham story. It was Wise Guy Berne.

"Well, I'll be damned," Berne said in astonishment. "It's you. The jerk from the sporting-goods store."

But Berne was no more surprised than Paul, who struggled to his elbows.

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"What are *you* doing here?" said Paul.

"Well," said Wise Guy Berne, licking his lips nervously and shooting a quick look around the room, "I've been hired by a rich Indian to play in a golf tournament. I got a five-thousand-dollar advance against expenses to show my stuff. We were supposed to go to Jaipur, but they said the maharaja's caddie was sick down here and we'd have to . . ." His voice trailed off uncertainly. They stared at each other. Then Wise Guy Berne said a little thickly, "Say, that dark little guy in the sporting-goods store that day, was he by any chance—"

"Yeah," said Paul, who was beginning to feel much better by this time. "Yeah, that was the maharaja. Didn't you know?"

"I didn't know anything," snapped Wise Guy Berne. He began pacing the room like a coyote in a cage. "Say, what's going on here, anyway? Something smells about this deal. And I don't like it."

Paul asked him what he was worrying about—he'd been paid, hadn't he? It was big dough, wasn't it? If a wealthy maharaja wanted to throw around some of his loose cash, what the hell! Paul told Berne about the diamond the maharaja had ordered embedded in each golf club.

"The last time I gave you a raise, Walpole, you ran right out and blew it all on a crystal set"

COLLIER'S — JOHN GALLAGHER

WISE GUY glared at Paul. "Yeah? Well, why didn't they tell me who you were, or let me see you? Why do they have two big guys with turbans on their heads following me all the time? And how come my passport disappeared from my jacket the day I checked into the hotel in Bombay? Tell me that! And while I took a shower, somebody cleaned out all my identification papers from my wallet, not even touching the money. My driver's license, my Social Security card, my Army discharge, my—" He choked, unable to go on.

"Maybe," Paul said, "they're going to adopt you. Maybe they like you so much they don't want to lose you."

From the doorway came the soft voice of the man who'd met Paul at Bombay airport. "No," he said, "you are here for just one reason, to play against the maharaja in your game of golf." The eyes were shining and unblinking as they stared at Wise Guy Berne, and the deadly soft voice continued: "It is a game that will wipe your insult from your foolish mouth, your insult against my master. My master who is a great Rajput warrior, a great hunter with the cold fearlessness of the hunting falcon."

Wise Guy Berne was no fool. He suddenly became aware that he was helpless in a faraway country, and that the maharaja he'd offended could pull so many strings around here it would sound like a skilled hand playing a harp. A harp? Wise Guy Berne shivered at the association.

A faster turnabout has never been seen in international diplomacy. Wise Guy Berne smiled thinly. "Well," he said, "it'll be a pleasure to play the maharaja. I—uh—I wouldn't be surprised if he even beats me, good as I am. Ha, ha, ha!"

"I imagine he will indeed win," said the brown-skinned man, smiling a knife-edge smile. "Since he is most anxious to take the prize set up for the victor."

"Prize?" said Wise Guy Berne falteringly.

"He is matching his ears against your tongue. And I don't think the maharaja wants to lose his ears."

Wise Guy Berne swallowed with difficulty. "Y-you're just trying to scare me," he said loudly.

"After all," the maharaja's representative said mildly, "golf is *your* game, is it not? The maharaja will play fairly." . . .

At this point in his story Paul paused, and so I signaled the waiter, asked for two more drinks. Paul was staring out the window near us, a smile of joy on his face.

"How come he didn't complain to the American consul?" I asked. "Or to the local police?"

"Language trouble," Paul said, still smiling. "Hell, he couldn't find his way around there. He had no local currency, he didn't have a chance to find the American consul. As for the police, if they tried to get an interpreter for him the maharaja's man would just step in and take over. And he wouldn't know an Indian policeman if he saw one. They all look like maharajas to a guy like Wise Guy Berne!"

THE waiter brought in our drinks and Paul sipped his slowly. "Well," I prodded him, "did you get to the golf course?"

Paul looked at me a moment and then laughed uproariously. When he caught his breath, he gasped, "Sorry. I was thinking of the golf course. You see, the golf course was spread out all over India!"

"What?" I said, astonished. Paul nodded gleefully.

"That's right. The first hole was on the edge of a desert in Rajputana country. The second hole was way up in cold mountain country bordering Tibet. When we'd finished playing one hole we'd travel for a couple of weeks to get to the next one." He sighed wistfully. "We only played two holes, though."

"What was the idea?" I asked.

"Did you ever play on a miniature golf course?" said Paul. "You know how they're full of cute little hazards to make up for the small area and the lack of natural hazards? A length of pipe to putt through, or a flat stone to ricochet the ball off at an angle, like in billiards, so you can get around a corner toward the hole? Well, the maharaja had surveyed all of India to set up the holes for this game. It was a golf game designed to test not only mechanical golf skill but courage, nerve and character. Boy, oh, boy . . ."

Paul told me that the desert on that first hole was a hellish furnace. It was the weirdest teeing off he had ever seen. Camels, mules and horses were tethered in separate groups near oddly shaped tents.

When a small bearded man hit a brass plate with a club, making a harsh clang, the maharaja came out of one of the tents. For a moment he glared at Berne, whose brains were half cooked with the heat.

There were about fifty men watching intently. To Paul, their dark, strong faces looked like something out of an ancient painting.

Though Paul was caddying for the maharaja, he had been instructed not to stay too close to the players. He soon found out why.

The flag marking the first hole was a mere hundred yards away. It was shaded by a temporary canvas stretched between high poles. Between the tee and the hole was a series of heavy sand dunes. As Wise Guy Berne studied them nervously, the maharaja selected a club from his golf bag. He carelessly waggled it a few times over the ball, swung and sliced the ball seventy yards toward the right.

"Hah," said Wise Guy scornfully.

Then Wise Guy teed off. His form was perfect—head down, smooth follow-through, the ball rising gently as a homing swallow and neatly descending to roll into the shaded area.

"Well," Wise Guy Berne said to

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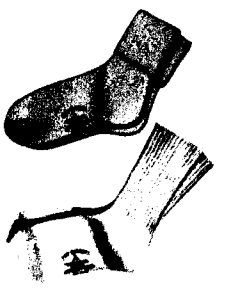

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Paul, glancing at the maharaja, "this is going to be a cinch."

But when they had trudged through the scorching sand to the hole, the fifty watching men, Paul noted, were not looking to see the lie of the ball, but were impassively gazing at Wise Guy Berne's face.

He took one look toward the ball, uttered a choked scream and jumped back in horror. So did Paul.

In the shade, surrounding the hole for ten yards, were a large number of ropelike forms. They stirred sinuously, their backs an ugly yellow-brown, their underbellies pale, marked with an orange patch at the throat. One of them slowly lifted its head, its beady eyes shining flatly. The white ball was near it, apparently had hit it.

"Snakes!" yelled Wise Guy Berne.

"King cobras," the maharaja said. "Pardon me while I play my ball. I'm away."

As Wise Guy Berne stood rooted to the hot sand, the maharaja trudged over to his ball. Using a niblick, he made a beautiful explosion shot. The ball sailed high, landed with a thud on the sandy ground around the hole, rolled slowly between two sleeping cobras and came to rest about three inches from the hole. Nobody uttered a sound. There was just the hissing of the one king cobra, its hood swollen, and the sound the wind made blowing sand across the desert.

THE whole incident was very much like a nightmare to Paul, utterly unreal and horrible. As the maharaja courteously waited for Wise Guy Berne to play his ball, Wise Guy blurted out that he wasn't crazy, and that he sure wasn't going in there with a bunch of poisonous snakes.

"Then you won't mind if I play through and finish first?" said the maharaja courteously.

His eyes watchful, his face tense, the maharaja tiptoed with exquisite care toward his ball, which was about twelve feet from the reared-up, hissing cobra. He stepped over sleeping snakes and a couple of them came awake and began rearing up too. With one swift motion, the maharaja stroked his ball into the cup and leaped backward, just as one of the cobras struck—and missed.

The maharaja drew a trembling breath, wiped the sweat from his brow and said coldly, looking Wise Guy Berne straight in the eye, "Will you play your ball now, please?"

"No," Wise Guy Berne said, his eyes bulging. "No, sir, not me."

"Well, then, you lose this hole," said the maharaja softly. "A pity. You really might make it in two, if you try, and take the hole. This is match play, you know."

"You fool! You insane fool!" screamed Wise Guy Berne. "You can't do this. You—" They threw a blanket over Wise Guy Berne's head and carried him to one of the tents.

"Would you like a cold drink, my friend?" the maharaja said courteously to Paul. "The weather here is rather beastly."

"Make mine a strong one," Paul said. "That was some hole."

"Wait till you see the next one," said the maharaja, smiling.

The trip to the second hole, Paul told me, took a few days. Finally they arrived in the mountainous area bordering Tibet and camped. The next day they started climbing.

Paul had to close his eyes as he and Wise Guy Berne, with ropes tied around their middles, made their way up the precipitous cliffs, led by tribesmen of the area. The maharaja, of course, climbed with his men like a sure-footed mountain goat. As they went higher and higher and the wind became stronger, it seemed that invisible hands were trying to push them over into the deep chasms below.

There was a spot up there where two mountains stood only about fifty yards apart. Through the chasm between screamed a gale that could be resisted only if a man did not stand, but crouched half bent over as if he had a stomach pain. Otherwise he would be blown over and would fall down and down for nearly a mile and smash to bits on the needlelike rocks below.

Along the edge of the cliff on the left ran a ledge, a foothold eighteen inches wide, upon which a man might stand—if he were insane enough to go out upon it and face the incredible wind.

That ledge was the tee-off spot for the second hole. The hole itself was across the chasm on the other mountain, on a sort of plateau.

"Will you tee off first, or shall I?" asked the maharaja, speaking with some difficulty because his lips were nearly frozen by the icy wind.

As everybody stood around huddled together for warmth, Wise Guy Berne, for once in his life, had nothing to say. He was looking far down into the chasm, and the thought of falling had paralyzed him with a sickening fright. The maharaja shrugged, took several golf balls and a driver and crept out onto the eighteen-inch ledge. The wind howled and gripped him and he teetered, straining back on his heels until he could regain his balance.

Then he put the ball down at his feet, moving with infinite care, like a high-wire artist in the circus, setting the ball against a rock so it wouldn't blow away. He stayed bent over, his back against the side of the mountain, and swung his driver; the ball swept out, riding the cliffsides like a skittering white bird.

The maharaja set up another ball. He swung again. The ball nearly reached the flat ground across the chasm, but fell. Two strokes gone. The third landed on the level ground around the hole, but kept rolling and dropped over the other side out of sight. The fourth shot bounced unevenly, then settled a few feet from the flag.

TRIUMPHANTLY the maharaja forgot himself and stood up straight. The wind caught him and he toppled. Waving his arms he fell sideways, frantically scrambling for a grip. His hands caught and held, as the driver fell whirling out of sight below.

"Hang on!" Paul shouted, starting forward.

Strong hands caught Paul, stopping him, preventing him from assisting the maharaja. Their faces stern, the maharaja's men watched. No help was allowed in this game.

The wind screamed with fury, tearing at the maharaja's hands. The rock under his clutching fingers crumpled. He swung to a better grip, and with gigantic effort lifted himself onto the ledge. Almost crawling, he pulled himself across the perilous eighteen inches of stone to safety.

He was gasping and drenched with perspiration despite the freezing wind. But his face was calm. "I'll get a five," he said to Wise Guy Berne. "Not too good. Par ought to be four on this hole. I imagine you can take this one from me."

Wise Guy Berne looked out at the ledge and the chasm, and whimpering sounds came from his throat. Suddenly his knees buckled and he fell to the ground at the maharaja's feet. He clutched at the maharaja's shoes. "Please," he moaned. "Please, let me go home. I apologize. I apologize. Let me go home. Please, sir . . ."

There was such disgust in the eyes of the maharaja's men that Paul couldn't stand it. "Shut up, you sniveling coward!" he yelled at Wise Guy Berne. Wildly he grabbed a driver and shoved some golf balls into his pocket. "I'll play this hole for him," he said to the maharaja. "I don't want you to think that my country is made up of people like him. It's really made up of fine people, strong people—"

And with that Paul went out onto the ledge, teetering against the frigid blast, crouched over and pressing back against the cliff wall. He put the ball down and the wind blew it away. He put another one down the way the maharaja had done, with a rock ahead of it to break the wind. He leaned against the wall and waggled his club, and then he did something that brought a light to the eyes of the maharaja.

He yelled, "Fore!"—and swung.

The ball went up in a loop, way off to the right in a horrible slice, but the wind caught it and carried it right to the hole across the chasm, bouncing it so that it lost force and stayed two inches from the hole. Then Paul, laughing like a maniac, crawled back to safety; and when they seized his arms they saw his fever had returned. His eyes were glazed and he was beginning to go out of his head.

"My friend," said the maharaja as Paul went under waves of darkness, "I concede the hole. The game is a draw. You may have anything you wish before I send you home."

"Okay," whispered Paul wearily. "Let the coward go. He's punished enough. He knows what he is. There's no greater punishment."

That's when he passed out. . . .

I looked across the table at Paul and he looked at me, defiantly.

"That's quite a story," I said.

He got up with dignity. "You asked to hear it," he said, "and I told it to you. I have to go now."

WE WALKED out of the bar in silence and down the street a few blocks, where Paul paused before a car—a long, foreign-built custom job, cream-colored and shining new. I stared at it.

"Can I give you a lift?" he said. I nodded and got in. We pulled away from the curb. I looked over the interior of the car. In the front, pulling out a golden handle, I found a small, well-stocked bar. I looked in the back. There was what appeared to be a chair of some kind, elaborately carved of dark wood set with shining stones.

"That's a throne," Paul said. "This car used to belong to the maharaja. He gave it to me as a going-away present."

I didn't know what to say. I was speechless until he let me off at my apartment. He nodded at me, thanked me for the drinks and drove away without another word. He had a look on his face like that of a man who has told a story a number of times, is never believed, and has given up.

It wasn't until he was out of sight that I thought of getting the license number of his car and checking it. It was too bad I didn't. I have a theory that the car belonged to somebody up at the United Nations, or something like that. It would explain the odd arrangement in the back of the car.

In any case, I don't believe the story at all. There are an awful lot of neurotics floating around with wild imaginations.

But it's funny what occurs to me these days as I read about Carl Berne being picked to win the All-America. If I only had the nerve, I'd go out to Chicago and stand near Berne as he addresses the ball; I'd wear a turban and hold a stuffed cobra over my arm.

I'd like to see if it would affect Mr. Berne's game. —ROBERT ZACKS

"Let me put it another way. If you had to look at Boris Karloff every day, wouldn't you relish an occasional glimpse of Gregory Peck?"

COLLIER'S — BOB CAMPBELL

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CHECK YOUR HAT

You may have doffed your hat to the flat top last year, but if these new experiments work out right —man, you'll really flip your lid!

PHOTOGRAPHED BY THOMAS YEE

The mobile-faced gentleman trying on hats above is Andy Griffith, star of Elia Kazan's forthcoming movie A Face in the Crowd, and his confusion is due to the fact that, having worn only one kind of hat all his life, he is suddenly confronted with a bewildering number of variations—none of which remotely resembles his old favorite. Somewhat the same pleasant confusion has affected many men in this country in recent months. For 30 years, since the demise of the derby, the American male has had to be content with just one kind of hat: the creased-crown soft fedora. Then, in the fall of 1955, a new style suddenly emerged. The crease disappeared, giving way to a level plateau, and the bow on the hatband, which for years had sat on the left of the crown, unexpectedly sidled around to the back. Thousands of men welcomed the change. One hatter, Resistol, reports that 45 per cent of all its sales nowadays are in the new flat top style; encouraged, the company has come up with a number of experimental versions—which brings us back to Mr. Griffith. The hat he's wearing with his back to the camera is the original flat top, which started it all. At the left he sees himself adorned in a beaked semi-Texan Homburg, next in a flat top with a narrow scoop brim, then in a brushed felt affair (actually a fedora) with threaded felt band, and at the far right in a deep-coned dotty Tyrolean. Finally, on the shelf awaiting his pleasure is a sliced pyramid. Which do you like?

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PINKS OF PERFECTION

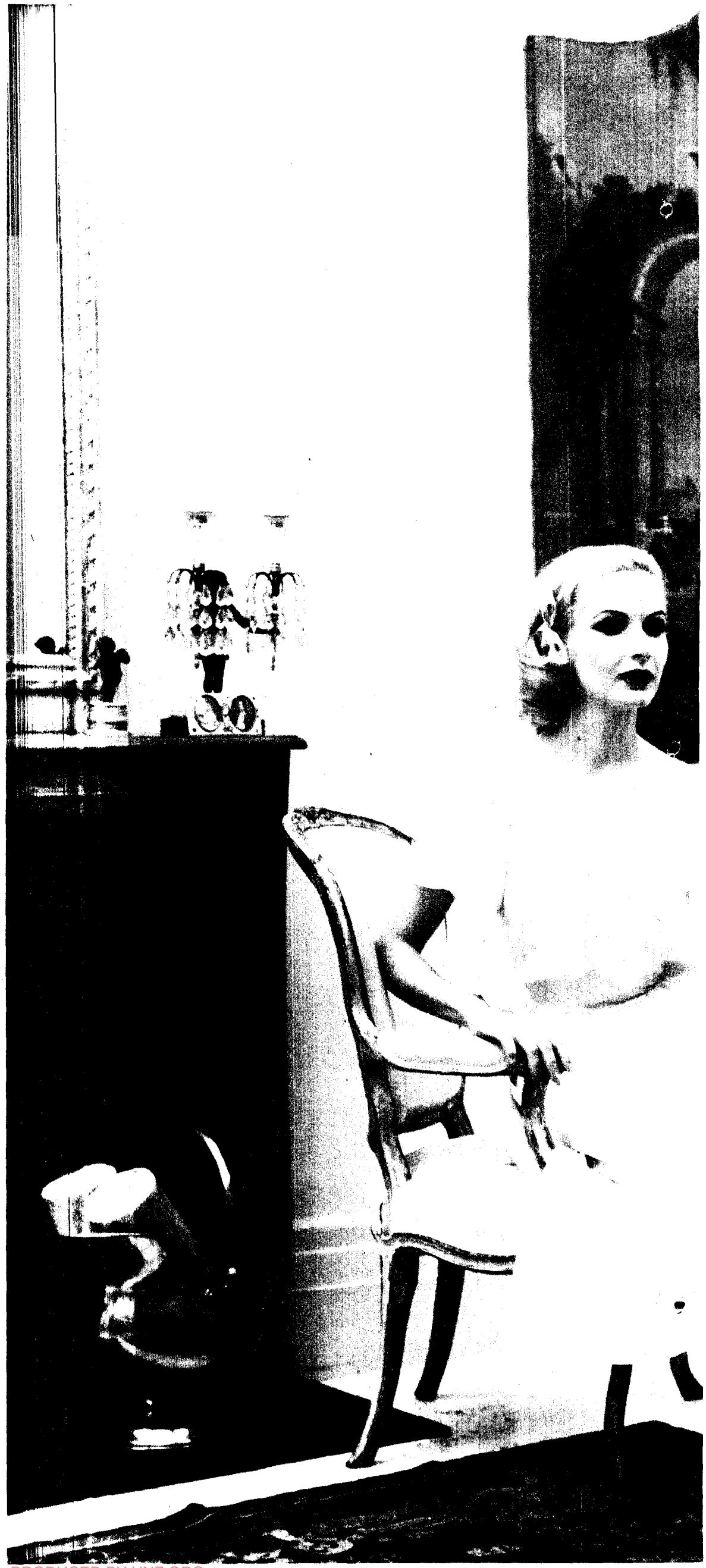
Ladylike lingerie is now back in style as frilly, pretty nighties replace the unromantic little-boy nightshirt

The ladylike revolution that's hitting the lingerie market has a special promise for men—they just might get back the pajama tops their wives and daughters have been swiping to wear as nighties.

Suggesting the end of the little-boy look in nightgear come these four portrait-look gowns designed exclusively for Collier's—all pretty as a picture, all made of nylon tricot and lace that drip-dry perfectly.

Photographed left to right: Gown of eyelet-embroidered white nylon over pale pink, $18; Regency design trimmed with pink and moss-green rose of Venice embroidery, $15; next, a Gainsborough gown, with an ankle-length underskirt—all richly lace-trimmed and embroidered, $30; perched on the settee, a pink cloud of a gown trimmed with imported nylon Alençon lace over satin ribbon, $23. All designed by RoJene and available at Best's, New York; Over Five-Seven Shops and Lane Bryant stores; Lamson Bros., Toledo; G. Fox, Hartford; Franklin Simon, Memphis, Atlanta, Washington, D.C.; Macy's, San Francisco; Pink kid Capezio slippers, $13, Lord & Taylor, New York.

PHOTOGRAPHED BY LOUIS FAURER



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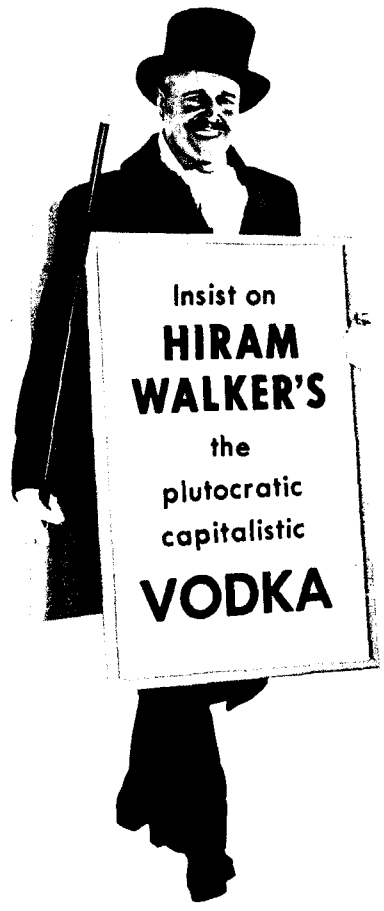

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Surrounded by Collier's roundup of modern silver, stainless steel and pewter, design authority Just Lunning contemplates trends in table service. Some

THE BIG CHANGE

The stark, sharp lines of modern silver, stainless steel and pewter have perhaps startled those of us accustomed to Grandma's traditional flower-decked flatware. But now fancy functional designs have suddenly put in an appearance. The elegant embroidered decoration and variety of textures currently making news everywhere in fashion and home decoration are to be found in tableware as well.

What's going on? To find out, we talked with Just Lunning, general manager of Georg Jensen, Inc., New York's Fifth Avenue silver salon and purveyors of good taste in everything from teaspoons to tables. This amiable Dane, whose father introduced Jensen silver to this country, has been preoccupied with design for most of his 25 business years.

About silver, he says: "We'll see more decoration on modern silver

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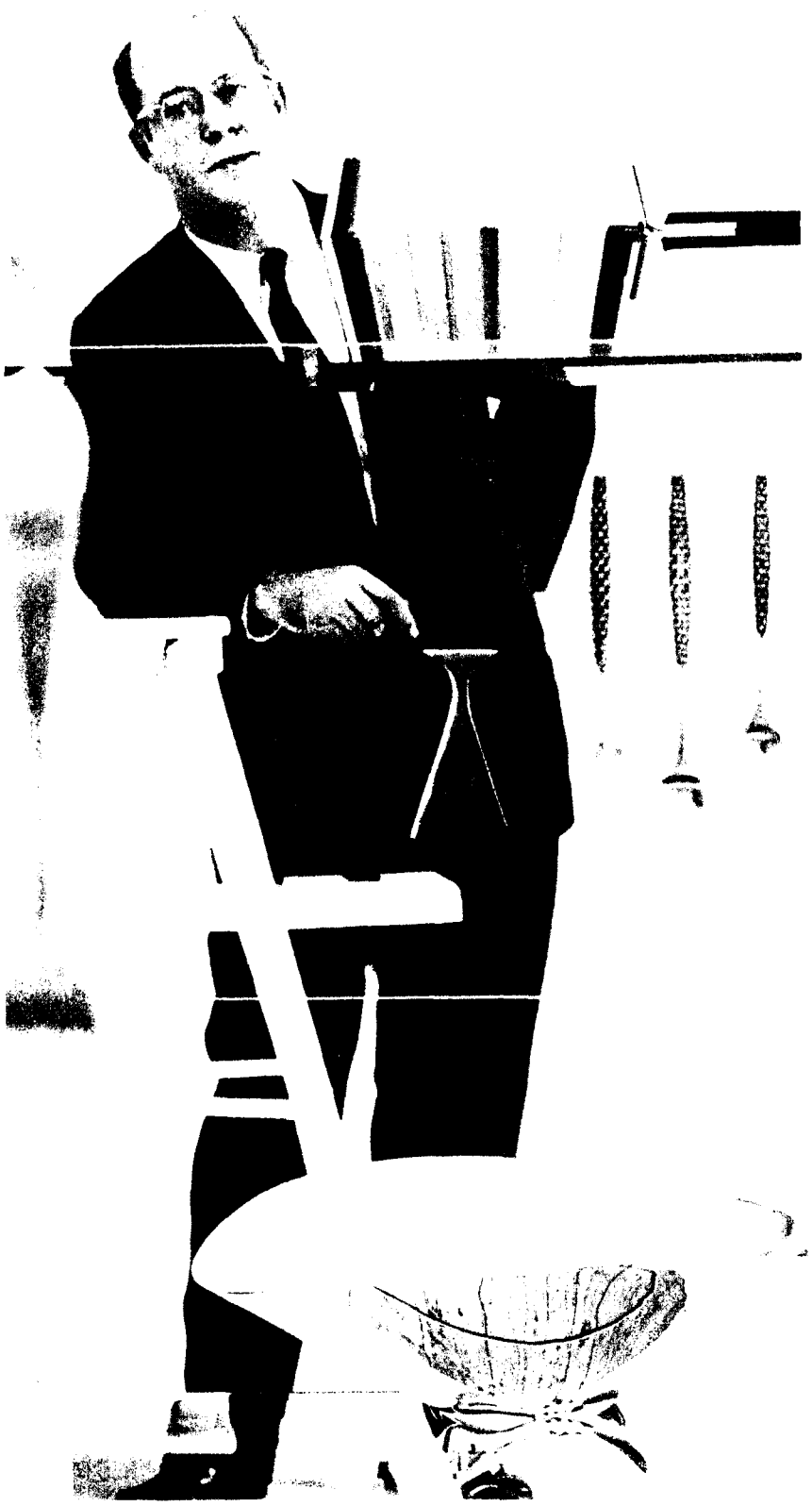

shapes are familiar, some new—all modern in feeling. From Georg Jensen, Dansk, International, America House, H. Nils, Reed & Barton, Raymor, Lunt

IN SILVER

from now on. Designers today want to add ornament to the plain functional shapes they've developed since the twenties. The best design, of course, evolves quite naturally from a basic functional shape.

"People have been surprised of late to discover bright color in the polite, proper gray world of Scandinavian design. The surprising new materials in handles—bright colored enamels, slick black nylon, grainy teak—complement silver and steel and make these designs more interesting. Some modern designs have become a little *too* interesting, but the good ones stay functional even with the added flourishes."

What's coming up? More function-minded refinements like the spoon-shaped, three-pronged fork; more low-priced stainless steel from Japan, and, Lunning hopes, "more romance in functional, modern design."

PHOTOGRAPHED BY THOMAS YEE

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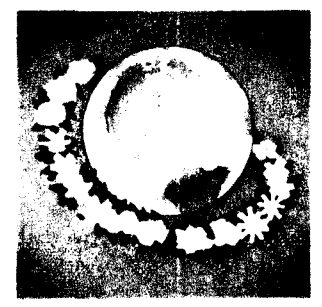

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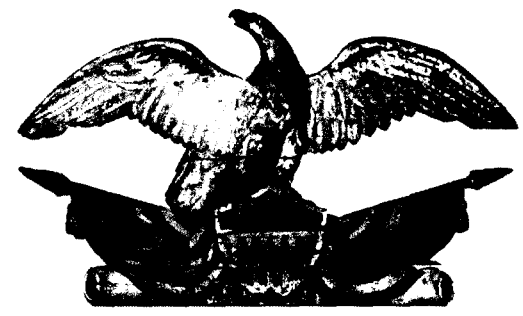
The Battle of Cowpens: *Patriot spirits were low in 1781 when the brilliant Banastre Tarleton led his British veterans into the field against the rough little army of the backwoods general, Daniel Morgan. Then came a stunning hour that aroused all America, rocked the British—and started a sequence that didn't end until Cornwallis offered up his sword at Yorktown*



900 men who shook

By KENNETH ROBERTS

The Revolution in the South, that rich, intemperate, undeveloped land of innumerable rivers, creeks and swamps, was an endless war made up of raids and violence, of dashes in the dark, of desperate ragged men who burst from impenetrable thickets to slash and kill and vanish again into morasses and brush-grown foothills.

Some of the raid leaders were great men, who starved and froze and sickened and died for a cause they considered great. Half of those they led were Loyalists who wished to have their freedom under Great Britain; the other half were rebels against Great Britain's rule, and wished to be free of it.

Toward the end of the war, two of the greatest of these Southern raiders met at close quarters at the Cowpens, in the far northwest corner of South Carolina, and fought it out among the thickets that gave their battle area the name of Thicketty Mountain. The two partisan leaders were the American Daniel Morgan and the British Banastre Tarleton, and although their battle was a small one, involving only about 2,000 men altogether, its importance was not small. That Battle of the Cowpens—or, more simply, the Battle of Cowpens—destroyed the apathy of the people of the North, and awoke them to three significant facts: to a realization of the lengths to which the British would go to separate the South from the North and retain it as a British colony; to the certainty that even the best of British leaders could be overwhelmingly defeated; and to the necessity of supplying their pitiful ghost army in the South with the troops and equipment that eventually made it possible for Cornwallis to be cornered at Yorktown. The Battle of the Cowpens disclosed to the American people some truths about the war—and only the truth, freely told, can arouse any nation to a defense of its liberties.

The fighting in the North had ended late in 1778. The British General Sir Henry Clinton had firmly ensconced himself in New York, where Washington's forces couldn't reach him. Canada had been made safe from attack: the British firmly held Newport; patriot shipping was bot-

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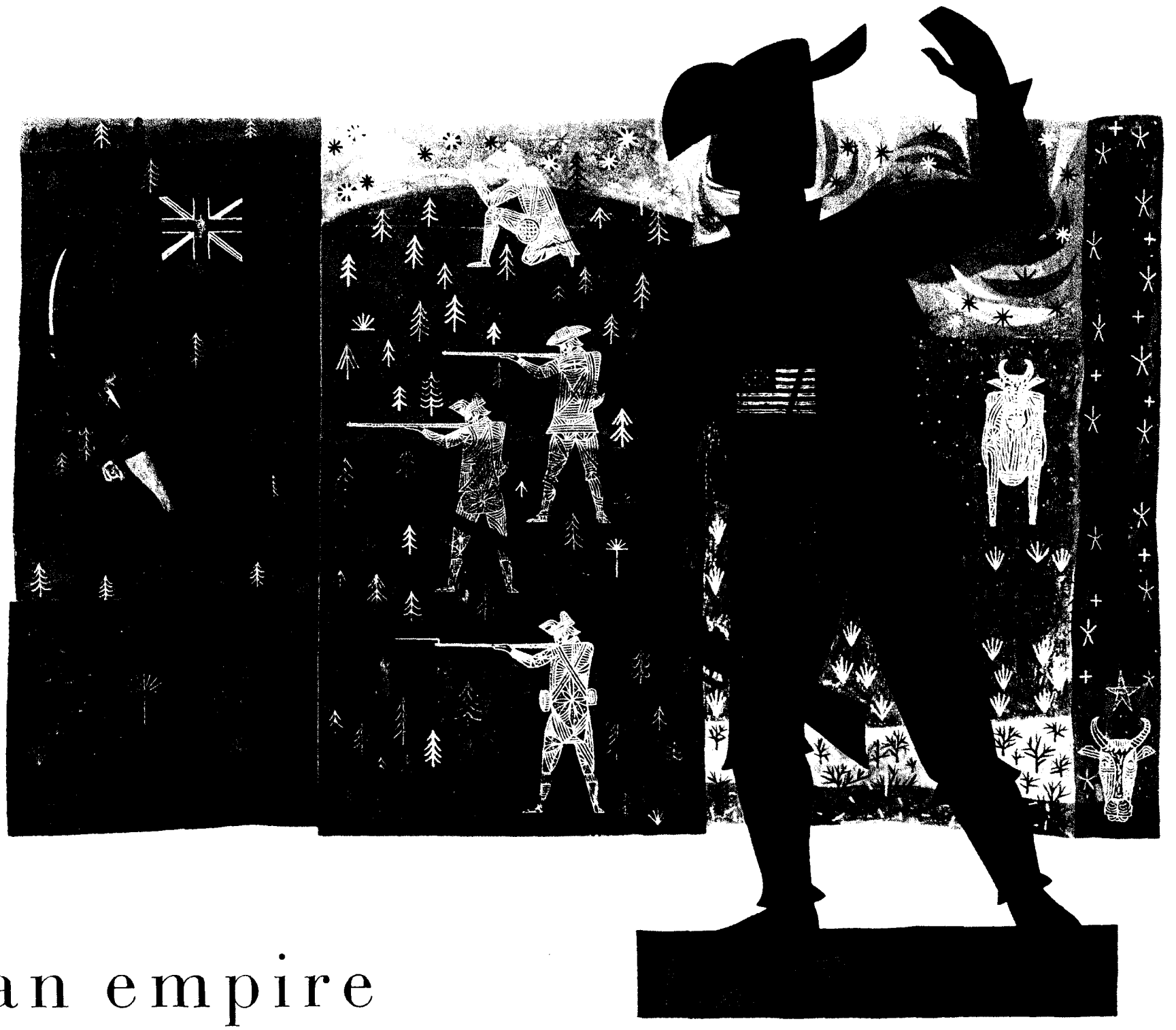

an empire

ILLUSTRATED BY THOMAS VROMAN

tled up and helpless. British raiding forces had inflicted so much damage on Northern ports and patriot military depots that General Washington was as close to despair as any military leader in history. The patriot cause, he told Congress, was in a "ruinous and deplorable condition." Early in 1779, he had gone so far as to warn Congress that he might have to dissolve the army, that he might even be obliged to stop fighting for a year, waiting and resting until the patriot fortunes had recuperated.

So the British considered the North as good as conquered.

The South, however, presented a problem. From the beginning of the Revolution, it had been heavily populated with Loyalists who were forever importuning the British to come to their aid—to give them the leadership that would let them rescue the South from the rebels they so ardently despised and hated. Clinton, brooding in his New York headquarters, decided to move—to separate the South from the North by immobilizing Virginia, chief source of the rebels' food supplies and tobacco, by seizing Savannah and Charleston as bases of operations, and by sending destructive raiding parties in every direction. His new war would be a war of devastation, in which neighbors would murder neighbors, burn homes, destroy crops and livestock, and drive women, children and slaves into Carolina swamps to die of starvation and exposure.

He accomplished the first part of this program. The taking of Savannah and Charleston was achieved during the early months of 1780, and with comparative ease. Then, leaving Lord Cornwallis in command of Charleston to carry out the planned campaign of total destruction, Clinton went back to New York.

The murderous nature of that Southern war which he thus set in motion is almost beyond belief. Even on the strength of the partial records that still remain, the Revolution, after it moved to the South, was one of the dirtiest civil wars ever fought.

It was as blundering as it was dirty, and the blunders committed by both sides would have been laughable if their consequences hadn't been so lamentable. Clinton considered South Carolina the South's key state, so he instructed Lord Cornwallis to hold on to it at all costs. Cornwallis had

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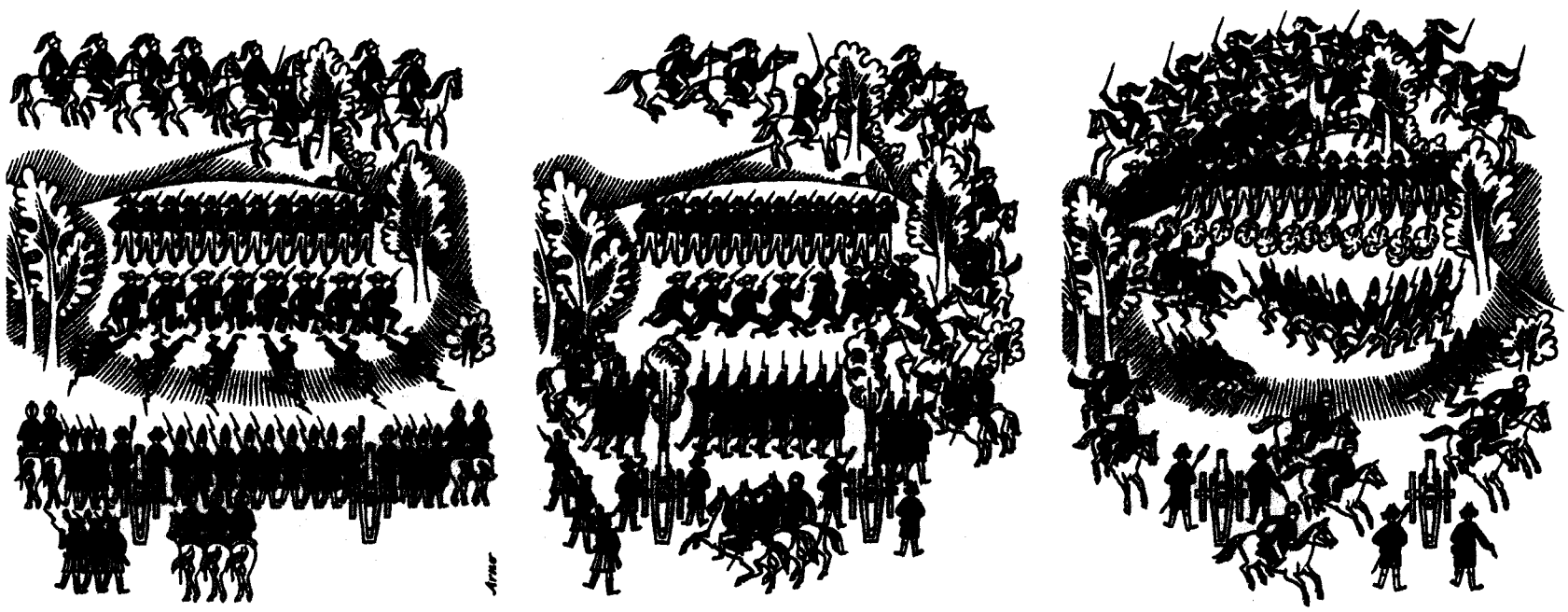

Cowpens was a triumph of superb tactics, luck and improvisation. Morgan placed some of his unsteady but sharpshooting militia in front (l. panel), a second line of militia next, reliable Continentals massed on the hill, cavalry hidden in a swale. At first (center) the fight went like clockwork: the first line fired twice and retired to the second line; the second line fired twice (cutting down as many officers as possible) then filed off the field—and the British, chasing them, caught a smashing volley from the Continentals and a flank attack from the cavalry. But the Continentals were then marched to the rear by error; Morgan, thinking fast, ordered them to wheel suddenly and fire (r.) The British reeled back—as the cavalry and rallied militia swept in from the left to cap the rout

other ideas. Virginia, he thought, was the true heart of the South. So, contrary to his commander in chief's orders, Cornwallis weakened the British beachheads in Charleston and Savannah by sending his army deep into South Carolina, with the intention of crossing the Dan River into North Carolina and then overwhelming Virginia.

He was immeasurably encouraged in this Northern push by General Washington's choice of General Horatio Gates, victor of Saratoga, to oppose Cornwallis with an army of Continentals and militia. Gates's orders were to intercept Cornwallis's northern advance and wipe the British force off the map.

Gates, whose one notable victory had, in fact, been won largely through the efforts of Benedict Arnold and Daniel Morgan, unexpectedly encountered Cornwallis near Camden, South Carolina, before dawn on August 16, 1780—and foolishly attacked. When the British viciously counterattacked, Gates's army, largely made up of North Carolina and Virginia militia, broke and ran.

Banastre Tarleton's cavalry, slashing at the fleeing militia, chased them over 20 miles. "The road," wrote Charles Stedman, the Loyalist historian, "was strewed with the wounded and killed, who had been overtaken by the legion in their pursuit. The number of dead horses, broken wagons and baggage scattered on the road formed a perfect scene of horror and confusion . . ."

So Gates lost his reputation as well as his army, and General Nathanael Greene, Washington's most reliable and far-seeing general, was sent to Carolina to try to collect the fragments of Gates's lost army and stop Cornwallis from his determination to seize and hold all of Georgia, South Carolina, North Carolina and Virginia.

Serving under Greene, as commander of fast and far-ranging cavalry and light troops, would be Brigadier General Daniel Morgan; serving in the same capacity under Lord Cornwallis was Lieutenant Colonel Banastre Tarleton.

Daniel Morgan, born in New Jersey in 1736, had moved at the age of seventeen to Virginia, where he quickly earned a reputation as a rough and unruly young man, handy with his fists and adept at the consumption of rum.

As a wagoner in the French and Indian War, Morgan had knocked out a British officer who had struck him with the flat of his sword; as a consequence, Morgan had been court-martialed and sentenced to receive 499 lashes—enough to kill an ordinary man. Forever after, his back was covered with the welts and scars of that lashing—and his enthusiasm for the British became dim.

By the time he was twenty-seven, he was married and well on his way to respectability. In 1771 he became a captain of Virginia militia, and four years later led a company of riflemen into service in the War of the Revolution.

Morgan was captured in the storming of Quebec in 1775, released in 1776 and—now a colonel—was placed in command of a regiment of Rangers, and assigned to General Gates's command.

Thanks in part to the sharpshooting of this crack unit, and in part to the impetuous leadership of General Benedict Arnold, Burgoyne's invasion of New York from the north was smashed at Saratoga—while Gates slyly took the credit.

In July, 1779, Morgan, having waited long and vainly for a much-deserved promotion to brigadier general, resigned emphatically from the army.

He stayed resigned for 12 full months, until the blundering old Conqueror of Saratoga, General Gates, was ignominiously trounced by Cornwallis, in South Carolina. Now, when asked for help, Morgan said yes—provided he be made a brigadier general. So at last, having by a sort of blackmail achieved the rank to which he had long been entitled, Morgan headed back into service—and to his historic meeting with one of Britain's finest soldiers.

Banastre Tarleton, born in Liverpool on August 21, 1754, was a young man of great personal charm and intelligence. His family was wealthy, his social position excellent; he was educated at Oxford and had chosen the law as his profession when the American Revolution broke out. He was a violent young man—stocky, immensely strong and enormously energetic.

When he heard the news of Concord and Lexington, he characteristically said, "To hell with the law! These miserable Americans must be taught their places!" And, for the express purpose of disciplining the unruly colonists, he used all his influence to obtain a commission in a cavalry regiment that accompanied Lord Cornwallis to America.

Tarleton quickly developed a reputation as a dashing raider—and merciless enemy. Sometimes the dashing Englishman deserved the repu-

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tation, sometimes he didn't. The same thing was true of the patriot leaders in the South.

When Nathanael Greene took command of the patriot forces, he figured that he could hamper Cornwallis in his northward move most effectively by splitting the little American army of 2,000 men, taking half of them around Cornwallis's right flank, and sending the other half around the left flank, under Morgan, as a threat and to prevent Loyalist groups in that area from joining the British.

General Greene's written instructions to Morgan named the units that would be under the Virginian's command on the swing around Cornwallis's left, then said:

"The object of this detachment is to give protection to that part of the country and spirit up the people, to annoy the enemy in that quarter, collect the provisions and forage out of the way of the enemy . . . You will prevent plundering as much as possible, and be as careful of your provisions and forage as may be, giving receipts for whatever you take to all such as are friends to the independence of America . . .

"Confiding in your abilities and activity, I entrust you with this command, being persuaded you will do everything in your power to distress the enemy, and afford protection to the country."

Morgan set out at once, and as his little army curved rapidly across Cornwallis's front, fording river after river, the noble lord sat up and took notice.

Knowing Morgan's reputation as a leader of rangers and sharpshooters, Cornwallis suspected that Morgan, if not stopped, might break around the British left and strike an important garrison at Augusta. If, on the other hand, Cornwallis were to risk sending too many troops to stop Morgan, the chances were excellent that Greene might strike at his weakened side, and even break around the other end of his lines and cut him off from the seaborne supplies upon which his army depended.

He couldn't afford to make the same mistake he had made the preceding summer, when he had sent his other favorite leader of light troops, Major Patrick Ferguson, to round up Loyalist militia in the same area Morgan was now threatening. Ferguson and his entire force of Loyalists had been cornered on Kings Mountain by a force of patriot mountaineers. The resulting massacre of the Tory forces paralyzed, for the time being, Cornwallis's cravings to hammer North Carolina and Virginia into submission.

So Cornwallis, remembering Kings Mountain, was nervous and uncertain and didn't quite know what to do. Morgan helped him make up his mind.

Two weeks after receiving his orders from Greene, Morgan learned from informers that 250 Georgia Loyalists had moved into South Carolina and were destroying the settlements of patriot families there. Morgan immediately sent Lieutenant Colonel William Washington's cavalry and Major Richard McCall's mounted militia with orders to teach a lesson to all Loyalists who might entertain similar thoughts.

The patriot horsemen were infuriated at the outrageous treatment inflicted on the settlements through which they rode, and when they caught up with the Loyalists at a place known as Hammond's Store, they struck as hard as Tarleton's Legion had ever struck.

The Loyalist commander and 60 of his men somehow escaped. One hundred and fifty were hacked to death or fearfully mutilated. Forty, by some unexplained circumstance, were taken prisoner. By hard riding, Washington and his entire force rejoined Morgan without the loss of a man.

This was a severe blow to Cornwallis, who feared—and rightly—that this slaughter would dampen the enthusiasm of the many Carolina Loyalists who were contemplating fighting with the British.

So Cornwallis sent Tarleton after Morgan. "Wipe him out," Cornwallis told him. "Catch him and smash him!"

Both North and South Carolina were hotbeds of spies and informers, but so lightninglike was Tarleton's dash after Morgan that Morgan didn't learn about it until two days before the Cowpens battle. In a troubled letter, the American commander told Greene the news, adding that food was scarce and he didn't like the fighting qualities of his untrained militia. He referred to the militia's "fatal mode of going to war," mentioned the shortage of forage for his animals and said finally:

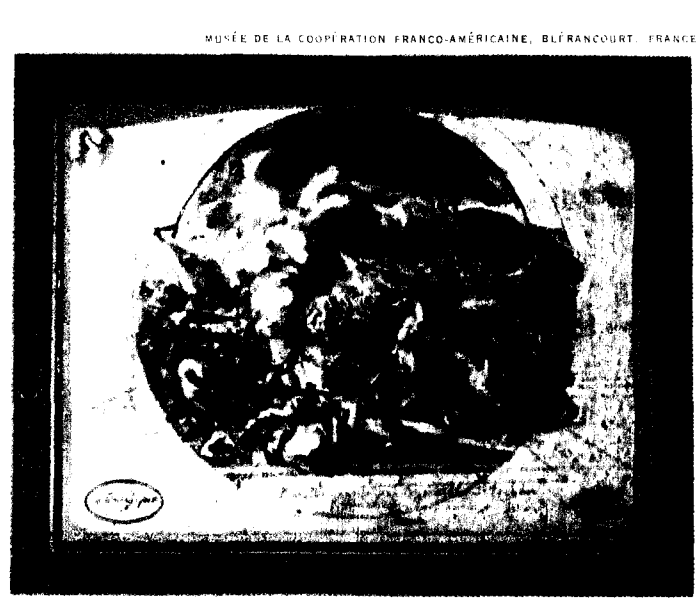
"My force is inadequate . . . I have now with me [in addition, of course, to his two hundred and ninety Maryland regulars, his Virginia militia and Washington's cavalry] only two hundred South Carolina and Georgia, and one hundred and forty North Carolina, volunteers. Nor do I expect to have more than two thirds of these to assist me, should I be attacked, for it is impossible to keep them collected."

If he were forced to fight, he would have to evolve some way to do the impossible—to keep his militia "collected."

Tarleton's forces, pressing hard in Morgan's rear, consisted of his own Legion, about 350 men, partly dragoons and partly mounted infantry, a contingent of Royal Artillery with two three-pounders, and three battalions from British Regular regiments—the Seventh Foot, the Seventeenth Light Dragoons and Fraser's Seventy-first Highlanders.

These men were trained troops, veterans of successful campaigns, well fed, well equipped and beautifully uniformed. They had colors, trumpeters, drummers, music and Negro servants—and, most of all, pride in their regimental traditions.

In contrast, Morgan's troops—apart from his Continentals—were badly fed, wretchedly clothed and mostly without uniforms. They were militia, and militia were strong adherents of hit-and-run tactics; but as militia went, these contingents under Morgan, especially the Virginians, were as good as could be found. They had fought before, they were expert shots, and they were well aware that if Tarleton captured them, they would be roughly treated: probably sabered without mercy. In all, Morgan had 900 men.



MUSÉE DE LA COOPÉRATION FRANCO-AMÉRICAINE, BLÉRANCOURT, FRANCE

The delighted Continental Congress ordered a medal for Morgan after Cowpens. This design for it is by the French artist Augustin Dupré

Morgan's general idea was to get out of Tarleton's way as rapidly as possible. If he could reach Greene, Morgan knew, their combined strength would be too much for Tarleton. But Tarleton lived up to his reputation as a lightning-fast attacker, for at dawn on January 16th, Morgan's scouts galloped from the dark forests with the news that Tarleton was only five miles away. Morgan ordered the entire detachment to get forward, without breakfast.

He bawled at his officers, in his mule-skinner's voice, and his officers bawled at their men. The men raced for their horses, the baggage wagons were loaded; after a half hour of tumult and confusion, the troops fell into a sort of order; Colonel Washington's dragoons herding them along; Major McCall's dragoons scouting ahead of the baggage wagons; Maryland Continentals crowding close on the heels of the Virginia and Georgia militia; all of them, cavalry and foot soldiers alike, chewing their half-cooked bacon and smearing their faces and their accouterments with dribblings of corn-meal cakes.

Morgan didn't know whether he could do it; but he hoped at the beginning of the day to reach safety beyond Broad River, which meant that he and all his men and wagons would have to cross it before the

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fast-moving Tarleton could catch up with the Americans and set his deadly dragoons to work.

Early on the morning of January 16th, however, Morgan knew the worst. Tarleton was five miles behind him, and the existence of half the patriot forces in the South was threatened. There was no question about it: Morgan and his army were running for dear life, and the one certain thing that Morgan couldn't risk was having Tarleton's cavalry catch him in the act of running. All through the sixteenth, Morgan weighed his chances. Sometime in the afternoon a messenger from Colonel Andrew Pickens reached him. Pickens had rounded up a contingent of mounted infantry, had crossed Broad River, and was on his way to meet Morgan. Meet him where? Pickens didn't say, and Morgan had to know.

Other messengers rode in to report that small detachments of mounted patriots, rounded up by Pickens but traveling by different trails, also were heading for Morgan. They hadn't been told where to meet him, and Morgan had to have them.

At the same time the spies who had been watching Tarleton's advance came in to report that Tarleton had pressed forward and thrown out fast-moving patrols to make sure of Morgan's course.

Now there was one place in that wild country that was known to every

Near the battle's end, Lt. Col. William Washington—Gen. Washington's kinsman and Morgan's cavalry leader—clashed with Tarleton himself (foreground, in red tunic).

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patriot guide in both Carolinas. This was the Cowpens, and it was well known because the 3,000 backwoodsmen who had assembled the preceding October to trap Ferguson and his Loyalist force had first assembled at the Cowpens, and from there marched to Kings Mountain. Pickens knew the place well. All the patriot militia knew it.

Morgan had to have a place of assembly that Pickens couldn't miss, even on the darkest night, a place to fight, a place for forage—and the

COURTESY CHICAGO HISTORICAL SOCIETY

The climax of the battle, as depicted by an anonymous painter: Flags high, the American forces, mounted and afoot, drive the shattered British from the field

COURTESY OF [illegible] EW [illegible]

Legend has it that Washington's life was saved by the action of his Negro servant (also seen at the right edge of the picture above). This painting is by William Ranney

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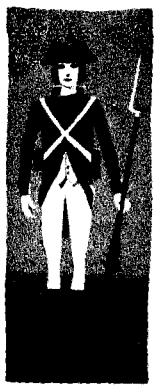
only place that answered these requirements was the Cowpens. There would certainly be forage there; the Cowpens got its name because Carolina farmers grazed their cattle on the coarse wild grass that grew luxuriantly there both summer and winter.

The Cowpens, too, was high, rolling country, sparsely forested, free of the swamps that covered the lower areas. Morgan had no use for swamps if he was in command of militia and the militia was hard pressed; for they had an almost uncontrollable determination to get into the swamps and thus elude pursuit. And as the day grew older it was increasingly apparent to Morgan and all his officers that Tarleton's cavalry patrols were stalking them so closely that they would never be able to reach and cross Broad River before Tarleton struck with his usual ferocity.

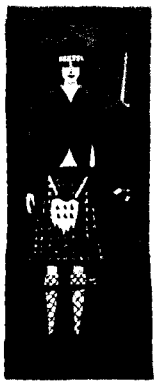


Maryland Continentals

By midafternoon Broad River was almost 10 miles ahead as well as 10 miles to the side of Morgan's column. His men might have reached it; they never could have crossed it unattacked, because it was unfordable and they lacked boats. So Morgan made up his mind. "We'll go to the Cowpens," he said. "We'll be five miles nearer the river, and everyone knows where it is." The messengers from Pickens and the groups of mounted riflemen were instructed to hurry back to their detachments with orders to press on to the Cowpens at the double, and the column turned toward Thicketty Creek, which led to the Cowpens.

Tarleton learned of Morgan's change of direction almost immediately.

"Patroles and spies," wrote Tarleton, "were immediately dispatched to observe the Americans . . . Early in the night the patroles reported that General Morgan had struck into byways, tending towards Thickelle [Thicketty] creek . . ."



Fraser's 71st Highlanders

Having decided to make a stand at the Cowpens, Morgan and his best officers and guides moved out ahead of the column and reached their destination late in the afternoon. They saw before them a long, wide, tree-dotted opening, sloping gently upward for the length of a pistol shot. There the ground dipped, then rose upward to an even higher ridge. Behind this higher ridge was a grassy swale, deep enough so that men on horseback, in the swale, would be protected from enemy bullets; but by standing in their stirrups they could look down across the entire wooded meadow to the encircling forest from which Morgan had emerged.

In the fading light of that winter day, Morgan rode the length and width of the opening, and all around it, examining the lay of the land. What he saw, he liked, and his comments to his officers are not difficult to reconstruct. "We can trap 'em," Morgan told them. "We can lead 'em on and lead 'em on, and when we've led 'em far enough, we'll hit 'em with everything we've got!

"Look here: we'll make camp in the valley at the upper end of the opening, behind the ridge. In the morning we'll send the baggage to the rear, toward the river, and then we'll make three lines. We'll put a line of sharpshooters at the lower end of the slope. That's where Tarleton'll break cover. We'll put a second line of militia a hundred yards behind the sharpshooters, and on the high land behind the militia we'll put Colonel Howard's Maryland line. In the valley behind the high ridge we'll have Colonel Washington waiting with his cavalry. It's a trap!"

When his officers protested that with such an arrangement the militia would surely break and run before the attack of regulars, Morgan laughed at them. "I'll *tell* 'em to run," he said. "The sharpshooters can run back through the main line of militia. Then the militia can fire and run to the shelter of the Marylanders. If they're running on orders, they won't panic."

The objection was raised that such a disposition of troops would leave both flanks hanging—a criminal offense in military circles—but Morgan waved the objections aside.

"You know how Tarleton attacks as well as I do! He's been chasing us all day. He'll rest his men tonight so they can get a little food and sleep. Then he'll start 'em moving at three o'clock tomorrow morning, same as he always does. It'll take him four hours to catch up with us. He won't shilly-shally around! He won't bother about his own flanks, even! He'll attack, that's what he'll do, and he'll go straight for our center! Why wouldn't he? He's got us outnumbered, and his troops are the best light troops in the British Army. All we got to do is hit 'em quick and low! They'll fall just as hard as the best ones did at Saratoga!"

17th Light Dragoons

He laughed that bellowing teamster's laugh of his, and his officers were filled with confidence—the same sort of confidence that inspired his riflemen on the march to Quebec, when they responded to his taunts and bellowings by shouldering their seven leaden bateaux across the backbreaking five-mile blow-downs, crags and forests of the Height of Land.

Morgan's men and baggage wagons straggled noisily in through the darkness on that night of the sixteenth, and were herded into the long deep swale at the upper end of the sloping meadow. Along the length of the swale the campfires burned, food was distributed from the wagons, and the horses of the cavalry and mounted infantry stamped, whickered and rolled white eyes from their picket lines between the trees on the far edge of the swale.

The Cowpens, most of that night, was a scene of tumult and confusion. Mounted patrols moved in and out to report; Andrew Pickens, while the night was still young, rode in with 150 mounted riflemen; and small detachments followed him at intervals, all of them noisy after the fashion of militia. Morgan, half crippled with the rheumatic pains that had bothered him since the beginning of his hard campaign in the Carolinas, went tirelessly on a constant round of his detachments. They had to know what they were expected to do, he insisted.

Morgan was no orator, even though he was later elected to Congress; but he had a remarkable knack of making men mad—and always, in physique as well as at heart, he was as rough a backwoodsman as any of the obstreperous, violent countrymen who made up his almost uncontrollable mounted militia. Thus they liked and trusted him.

"Give these dragoons a chance at you," Morgan told them, "and they'll hack you and hang you!" To his aide he said, "Here, Major, pull up my shirt! I want 'em to see what the British did to my back! They'll never get another chance at me!"

They crowded around him, in the light of the campfires, staring at the purple weals and ridges with which his back was scored.

Morgan tucked in his shirt. "I'm going to put a line of North Carolina men 'way down front," he told them, "and right alongside 'em I'll put the same number of South Carolina men. You're always blowing about how you can outshoot everyone else. All right! Here's your chance to prove it, and the rest of us'll be looking right down at you! Let's see you get mad and shoot straight. These damned British have burned your houses and killed your cattle and stolen your chickens and scared hell out of your womenfolks, and right here's the place to do something about it!"

Washington's Dragoons

The men muttered and grumbled at his derisive laughter.

"All we need from you," Morgan shouted at them, "is two shots apiece. That'll be plenty! You're to hold your fire till they're fifty paces from you. Then let 'em have it! There ain't one of you that doesn't claim to be able to hit just one little bitty squirrel at fifty paces, and you could pack ten squirrels into Tarleton's helmet! Get behind trees if you want to, or rest your rifles on anything you can find. Lie down if you can shoot better, but make damn sure you hit what you aim at! Fire twice: then get up and run! Run straight back to Colonel Pickens's line. He'll be right behind you, and he'll hold his fire till you're through his line, so retire in good order. We

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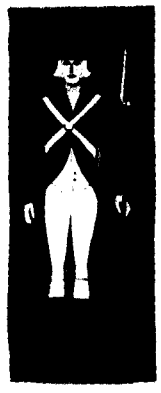
don't want to have to shoot any of you for being too slow—or too fast!"

Morgan shook his fist at them; they dug one another in the ribs and talked big talk, while Morgan moved on to show his scarred back to other detachments.

He was rough with them. "You want to be careful about your running! Don't run any farther than you're told! Broad River's right behind us, and if Tarleton chases you into it, you'll get wet!"

As a matter of fact, Broad River was over five miles behind Morgan's line of battle, though Morgan, to keep up the morale of his shaky militiamen, persisted in saying that the river was close to their rear. How close it actually was is shown by the fact that before the battle Morgan sent his wagons and supplies five miles to the rear.



British 7th Foot

His hearers bawled rudely and encouragingly at him.

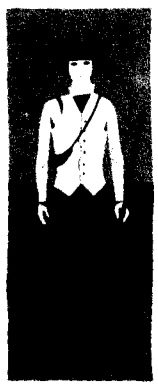
"Look for the epaulets," he told them, and the word went around among those who overhauled their long rifles and their sorry accouterments, sharpened their sabers with files, and did what they could to ease their broken shoes: "Look for the epaulets! Pick off the epaulets! Get rid of the epaulets!"

They told one another how Morgan's riflemen, at Saratoga, had climbed trees and picked off the British wearers of epaulets. Deprived of their officers at Saratoga, the British broke and ran—and Gates, who wasn't on the field, had claimed the credit.

All through the early night, Morgan explained his plans to the men and developed those plans with his officers. Long after the fires had died down and the men were rolled in their blankets, Morgan sat waiting for his informers, his patrols, to come to him and explain, by scratching with sticks in the ashes of his fire, that Tarleton was closer—closer—his advance scouts had reached Thicketty Creek. . . .

"I believe," wrote one of Morgan's officers, "that Morgan didn't get a moment's sleep all that night."

Tarleton himself tried ineffectually to describe his own night: "The ground which the Americans had passed being broken, and much intersected by creeks and ravines, the march of the British troops during the darkness was exceedingly slow, on account of the time employed in examining the front and flanks as they proceeded. Before dawn, Thickelle [Thicketty] creek was passed, when an advanced guard of cavalry was ordered to the front. The enemy's patrole approaching, was pursued and overtaken: two troops of dragoons, under Captain Ogilvie, of the legion, were then ordered to reinforce the advanced guard, and to harass the rear of the enemy. The march had not continued long in this manner, before the commanding officer in front reported that the American troops were halted and forming."



Colonial Militia

"*The march during the darkness was exceedingly slow.*" . . . Tarleton's men had stumbled through creeks, up and down ravines, for four long, dark hours. They were tired, dog tired, wet, footsore, but they were eager to put an end to Morgan and his pestiferous tactics, his hurrying here and hurrying there with his ghost of an army. Tarleton commented on "the animation of the officers and the alacrity of the soldiers." In the words of other generations, they were raring to go.

The sun rose on January 17, 1781, a few minutes after seven. An hour before that, in the gray dawn, all of Morgan's men were on the move, eating breakfasts cooked the night before, piling their belongings on the baggage wagons, and forming with the commotion peculiar to militia regiments. The baggage wagons jolted off to the rear and vanished among the trees. The mounted militia tied their horses in the places vacated by the wagons, and Washington's cavalry lined up in the swale behind the hill on which Morgan had already taken post with his aide and his other mounted officers.

"Move fast," Morgan urged them hoarsely. "Our pickets are driven in! Move out on the double! Get yourself into position!" The Cowpens was noisy with the shouts of officers.

The two groups of Georgia and South Carolina sharpshooters, 150 in all, ran out from the swale and down to the far bottom of the first slope, where the men seemed to vanish in the dim light as they hid themselves as best they could in the rough grass and behind scattered trees.

In front of Morgan, a little downhill from him, was his main line of 290 reliable Marylanders, buttressed on the right by 140 Virginia and Georgia militia.

Between the main line and the advanced group of unseen sharpshooters, and spread out in open order on the lower of the two hills, were Colonel Pickens's South Carolina volunteers, all infantrymen no longer mounted, all deadly with rifles.

With the lines thus formed, the whole of that long meadow was silent, watchful, cold beneath the yellow light in the east. . . .

Quarter of an hour before sunrise there was movement at the lower end of the meadow. Horsemen in green uniforms and brass helmets moved from the trees and stood at the bottom of the long slope. They went back into the woods; they came out again accompanied by mounted men in scarlet jackets. They clustered together. Long lines of infantry in scarlet and white poured out of the woods to stretch out across the bottom of the meadow. They were followed by a detachment in kilts and scarlet jackets and more horsemen in green.

A group of green-jacketed horsemen moved out slowly to investigate the half-seen lines in the meadow. There were spurts of white smoke and a spotty scattering of shots from the hidden sharpshooters, on which the horsemen wheeled and hurried back to the long scarlet lines behind them. Those British lines had grown, had taken on solidity and bulk. Among them were two groups in blue—Royal Artillerymen—with two guns.

Fifty green-jacketed cavalrymen moved out in front of those lines, spread out widely and pounded up the meadow toward the sharpshooters' position. More ragged puffs of smoke rose from the grass. A cavalryman fell from his horse; another horse rolled over and over; three more cavalrymen pitched from their saddles; half a dozen riderless horses cantered nakedly across the front of the riders. There were 12 cavalrymen down; 15. The sharpshooters rose from the grass; the cavalry group halted and wheeled. As they cantered back, men swung down from their saddles to catch horses and help those who had been shot.

The sharpshooters got to their feet and ran heavily up the slope and into the ranks of Pickens's Carolinians.

Now the long, colorful line of British started forward, bright with scarlet, blue, green and white. The newly risen sun flashed golden from the brass helmets of the dragoons on each end of the line.

Morgan rode through the lines of his Maryland troops and forward to the right end of the long irregular line of the Carolina militia. His rasping voice repeated the instructions they had already had a score of times from Pickens and their captains. "Hold your fire till they're a hundred paces away. Give 'em two shots! Just two shots! Don't fire over their heads.

"Get the epaulets and the sergeants. Hit their middles. Then you can move off to the left, the way I'm moving. Move off and get around behind the hill, where you can straighten yourselves out! Don't shoot till they're within a hundred paces of you! A hundred paces! Two shots right in the gizzard. Hit 'em in the head if it's easier! Same as shooting turkeys! Then move off to the left, same as I am! Hold your fire . . . hold your fire . . . epaulets and sergeants . . ."

Colonial Militia

As the British line hurried up the slope toward the Carolina troops, they were a handsome sight, not even marred by the firing of their muskets. "A fire from some of the recruits of the 7th Regiment," Tarleton wrote, "was suppressed, and the troops moved on in as good a line as troops could move in open files."

The magnificent regularity of this advance came to an end when they were a hundred paces from the Carolina militia. Carolina officers screamed, "Fire! Fire!" Their men let go with a volley in which they were

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COURTESY OF THE TRUSTEES OF THE NATIONAL GALLERY, LONDON

Lt. Col. Banastre Tarleton, as painted by the famous Sir Joshua Reynolds

helped by the sharpshooters who had joined them after running up the slope from their advanced positions. That volley was concentrated on men wearing epaulets. The British halted, set up an angry shout, moved uncertainly, fired their muskets.

Morgan's riflemen were trained to reload while running across a broken field, and to hit a saucer at a distance of 100 paces while so doing. The British, however, had to come to a stop in order to reload. So while they reloaded, standing still, the Carolinians hit them again.

Half the British officers were down. Those that remained urged their men forward; and the Carolinians, having fired twice, as Morgan had requested, took to their heels, moving to their left to circle the hill on which Morgan stood and gain the safety of the swale behind the hill.

This militia movement looked to the British line, to the troop of cavalry advancing abreast of the running militia, like a panic, to be expected from militia. The cavalry troop put spurs to their horses and galloped after the retreating militia, who increased their speed.

The two fieldpieces in the center of the British line thereupon opened on the Maryland and Virginia troops on the hilltop, and the soldiers of the half-officered British line, screaming encouragement to one another, ran helter-skelter up the hill to bayonet the remainder of the Americans.

Morgan and the other patriot officers, waiting until the militia were safely out of their line of fire, bellowed the word for which the regulars waited.

The sudden fire put an end to the British intentions of using their bayonets. They came to an abrupt halt, and for 10 minutes the British line exchanged a thunderous fire with the Marylanders and the adjoining Virginians.

Tarleton, seeing the British line waver and stop, knew they were in trouble and instantly called on his reserve. He hurried Fraser's Highlanders forward to hit the weak Virginia militia who were fighting beside the Maryland Continentals, while he himself, leading his dragoons, made a wide circle around the Highlanders so as to flank the American line and squeeze it to death between the Highlanders and himself.

When the advanced squadron of dragoons had charged the militiamen, who were retreating as ordered, watchful Washington had put his cavalry into motion, had galloped out of the swale and had hit the British dragoons head on, sending them flying. He had then turned his troops and galloped back into the swale. Streaming behind him came the fleeing militia.

In the swale, Pickens, assisted by Morgan and Washington, brought the militia to a stop, re-formed them into companies, bawling reassurances at them until their anger against the British and their confidence in their own prowess were again restored.

The occurrences of the following quarter hour were rapid, violent, unexpected and—to Tarleton—catastrophic.

The Maryland Continentals, with the Virginia militia on their right, were on the slope of the larger hill when Fraser's Highlanders were ordered forward to strike their right flank. Colonel John E. Howard commanded both Marylanders and Virginians. To protect himself, Howard sent word to the Virginians to turn at right angles to the line, so as to face the Highlanders. The order required the Virginians to turn completely around, so that they faced to the rear, then to wheel in a quarter circle so that they faced left.

Instead of that, the Virginians mistook their orders, about-faced and started straight for the rear.

The Continentals, seeing this movement, thought the Virginians were carrying out an order to retreat to a second higher position marked by Morgan the night before.

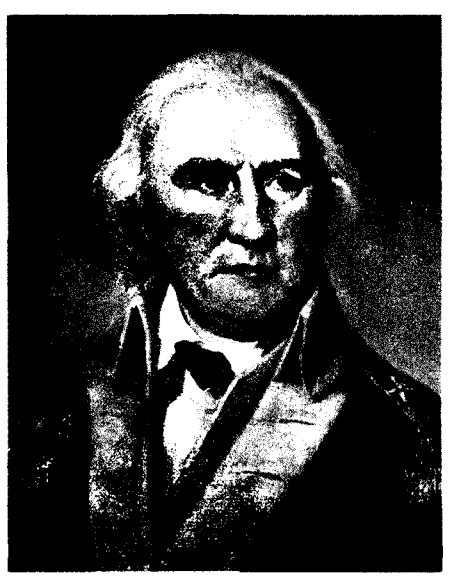
So the Continentals about-faced as well and also marched to the rear, abreast of the Virginians. Both Howard and Morgan thought the other had ordered the move. It looked valuable, so Morgan let it continue, galloped across the front of the line, warning all officers to have their men prepared to wheel, turn and fire instantly when the order was given.

At the same time Washington, seeing Tarleton pelting toward the retreating troops, charged out from his protective swale, slashed his way through Tarleton's oncoming horsemen, and at once turned and hit them again from the rear.

If Fraser's Highlanders and the partially recovered British line could have come to grips with the Continentals and the Virginians, if Tarleton's cavalry could have hit the Continental right wing as Tarleton anticipated, Morgan would have lost the battle.

Indeed, the British thought that all Morgan's infantry were in full flight, and so the Highlanders and the officerless line ran uphill after the retreating Continentals without order, little more than a mob, yelling, confident, all flushed and sweaty over their long-anticipated victory over Morgan's hated raiders. The British line, the Highlanders, flags waving, bayonets at the charge, were at the very heels of the retreating Marylanders and Virginians when Morgan's stentorian voice gave the order to halt, to turn, to fire.

The Continentals and Virginians obeyed like clockwork. The opposing forces were at point-blank range, a scant 30 paces apart. The Continentals and the Virginia militiamen never even raised their rifles to their shoulders. They just fired from the hip and ran with their



COURTESY INDEPENDENCE HALL, PHILADELPHIA

Daniel Morgan, by Charles Willson Peale

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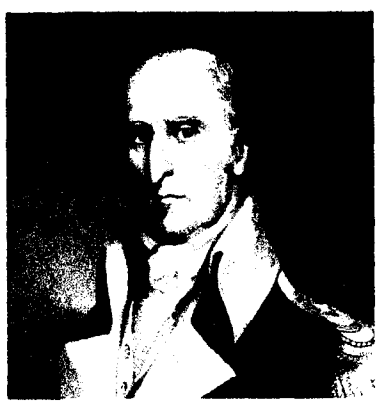
bayonets into the British. In the same moment, Pickens's South Carolina militia, re-formed, rested, their rifles reloaded, pelted at the double from the swale into which they had retreated.

Tarleton tried to save the day. He describes it as well as anyone could describe such a sudden and overwhelming reversal: "Upon the advance of the 71st [the Highlanders], all the infantry again moved on: The continentals and backwoodsmen gave ground: The British rushed forwards: An order was dispatched to the cavalry to charge: An unexpected fire at this instant from the Americans, who came about as they were retreating, stopped the British, and threw them into confusion. Exertions to make them advance were useless. The part of the cavalry which had not been engaged fell likewise into disorder, and an unaccountable panic extended itself along the whole line.

"The Americans, who before thought they had lost the action, taking advantage of the present situation, advanced upon the British troops, and augmented their astonishment. A general flight ensued. Tarleton [in his memoirs Tarleton always refers to himself in the third person] sent directions to his cavalry to form about four hundred yards to the right of the enemy, in order to check them, whilst he endeavoured to rally the infantry to protect the guns. The cavalry did not comply with the order, and the effort to collect the infantry was ineffectual: Neither promises nor threats could gain their attention; they surrendered or dispersed, and abandoned the guns to the artillerymen, who defended them for some time with exemplary resolution."



Col. Andrew Pickens

Col. John E. Howard

The tumult on that hilltop of the Cowpens must have been ferocious and terrible. The blue-coated Royal Artillerymen were bayoneted, sabered or shot to the last man. "Neither promises nor threats" could stop the infantry, the Highlanders, the brass-helmeted legionnaires, the dragoons—all were uncontrollable, in spite of their screaming, sword-swinging, frantic officers.

The entire battle had been fought in an hour, and in that time Tarleton, according to Morgan, lost 110 killed, 200 wounded and over 500 prisoners.

Tarleton, with his few faithful cavalrymen, burned as much of his baggage as he could; but even so Morgan's men captured 800 muskets, two 3-pound cannon, 60 Negro servants, 100 cavalry horses, 35 wagons with all the baggage and colors of the 7th Regiment, one traveling forge, and—singular bit of impedimenta to be hauled through the Carolina wilderness—"all the enemy's music."

I have always been baffled by the interpretations put upon historical events by historians of high repute. To one historian, the Cowpens "gave a deathblow to Tarleton's reputation as a military leader." I find no evidence to support this statement.

Cornwallis, after the Cowpens battle, burned his heavy baggage and transformed his entire army into light troops, so that he could set out at top speed to overhaul and destroy both Morgan and Greene. Tarleton, having re-formed his British Legion, continued to be Cornwallis's eyes and ears in this race across North Carolina and into Virginia.

On February 1st, only two weeks after the Cowpens, Tarleton led his Legion in a dash against a concentration of 500 North Carolina militia. "Remember the Cowpens!" he shouted as he waved them on. His troops "killed 50 on the spot, wounded many more, dispersed the rest" and "diffused such a terror among the inhabitants that the King's troops passed through the most hostile part of North Carolina without a shot from the militia."

At the battle of Guilford Court House (March 15th) Tarleton led his Legion in the charge that turned the American right flank and put an end to their resistance.

He led the dramatic June dash of 70 miles in 24 hours to break up and capture, if possible, the Virginia assembly gathered in Charlottesville, along with Governor Thomas Jefferson. (He caught seven assemblymen, though he missed the governor.)

Two weeks after Cowpens, Cornwallis wrote Tarleton, "You have forfeited no part of my esteem as an officer by the unfortunate event of the action of the 17th; the means you used to bring the enemy to action were able and masterly, and must ever do you honour. Your disposition was unexceptionable: the total misbehavior of the troops could alone have deprived you of the glory which was so justly your due."

No, the Cowpens was no deathblow to Tarleton's reputation as a cavalry leader. It merely gave other jealous officers an opportunity to attack him.

Morgan, too, was violently attacked for his choice of the Cowpens; and his enemies repeatedly charged that when he retired from the army, 23 days after the Cowpens, he did so because of pique at Greene. Nothing could have been farther from the truth. He resigned because of an insupportable combination of sciatica, rheumatism and malaria. A week after Cowpens, Morgan wrote Greene:

"I should be exceedingly glad to make a descent into Georgia, but am so emaciated that I can't undertake it. I grow worse every hour. I can't ride out of a walk."

Other historians insist that Morgan's victory at the Cowpens instilled courage into Southern patriot militia, so that they fought like demons. It isn't so. Greene had to beg the North Carolinians to fight. To Colonel Locke, only 14 days after the Cowpens, he wrote: "The backwardness of the people is unaccountable. Providence has blessed the American arms with signal success in the defeat of Tarleton . . . Let me conjure you, my countrymen, to fly to arms . . . You have everything that is dear and valuable at stake: If you will not face the approaching danger, your country is inevitably lost . . ."

Again Greene, after his severe defeat at Guilford Court House two months later, wrote an account of the battle to Morgan. "The conflict," he wrote, "was bloody and severe, and had the North Carolina militia done their duty, victory would have been certain and early. But they deserted the most advantageous post I ever saw, and without scarcely firing a gun. The Virginia militia behaved with great gallantry, and the fate of the day was long and doubtful. But finally we were obliged to give up the ground; and as all our artillery horses were killed before the retreat began, we were obliged to leave our artillery on the ground."

The true value of Morgan's victory at the Cowpens was its enormous effect on Northern morale, and its awakening of public opinion in the North to the need of giving Greene the military assistance he so richly deserved.

Morgan's victory was dramatic and masterful: the method of fighting which he initiated there, though a blunder, was repeatedly used by Greene in later battles. Greene's retreat before Cornwallis's pursuit was magnificent—but blundering, as Greene admitted—and so was Cornwallis's pursuit of Greene: a succession of magnificent and heroic blunders.

If the North had remained apathetic to Cornwallis's close approach to success in regaining the Carolinas, Virginia and Georgia for the British Crown, the regiments that cornered Cornwallis at Yorktown might never have reached the South in time—and there never would have been a Yorktown if Cornwallis had done as Clinton ordered him to do: hung onto South Carolina at all costs.

THE END

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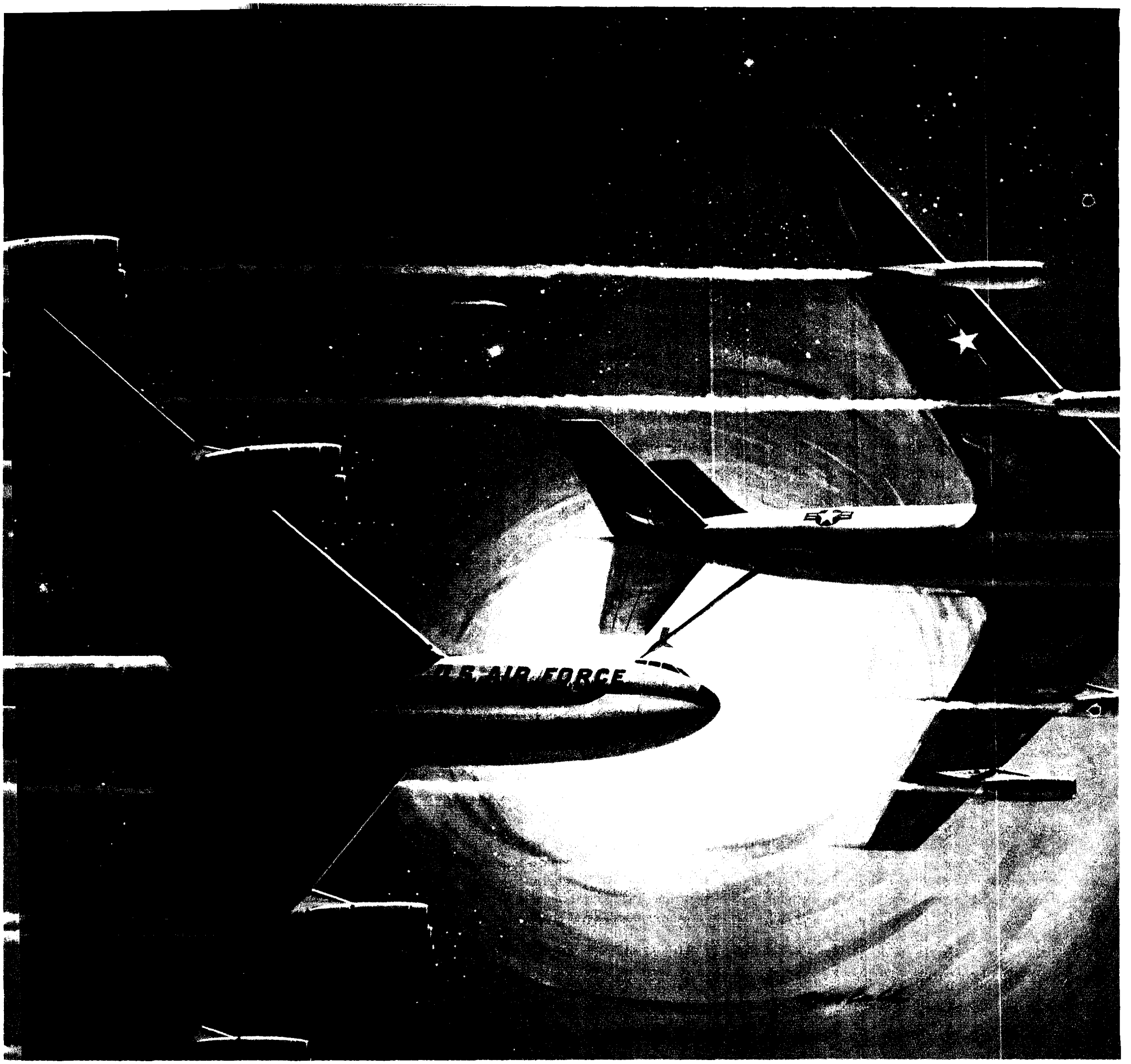

AERIAL REFUELING gives multi-jet bombers global range. Here the Boeing B-52, world's most advanced bomber, is refueled by its tanker partner, the KC-135. Jet engines in both are Pratt & Whitney J-57s. Medium bomber overhead is a Boeing B-47, with General Electric J-47 engines.

How Can America Continue to Have
Air Force Aircraft Second to None

The availability of nuclear weapons carried by long-range aircraft makes it possible for an aggressor to strike suddenly and with devastating results. But in the hands of peace loving nations, these weapons are a strong deterrent to war.

Today the U. S. Air Force, Navy, Marines, and the Army have aircraft second to none. But this leadership—so hard to gain—can easily be lost. Vigorous programs of aviation research, development, and production must be maintained if America is to continue to have aircraft second to none.

The enormous strides made in U. S. military aircraft in the past few years are illustrated by Air Force aircraft, a few of which are shown here. Today, virtually all first-line U. S. combat aircraft are jet powered and are twice as fast as their World War II predecessors. But the demands of the future are so great that tomorrow's aircraft must fly even faster and higher. If America is to remain free, United States military air power must continue to advance, through uninterrupted programs of research, development, and production.

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How Yesterday's Research and Development is Paying Off Today

The many and exacting missions assigned to the Air Force place a greater burden than ever on research and development. Primarily, the Air Force must be ready to conduct global strategic air operations, to keep control of the air, to support ground forces, and to maintain a strong air defense.

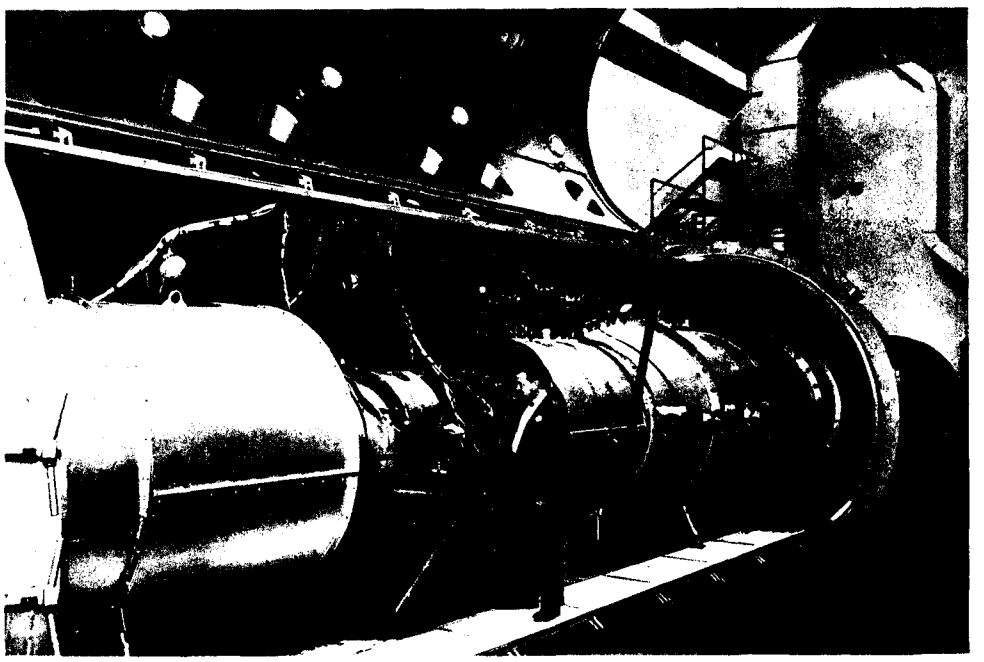
To help the Air Force carry out its global mission, many years of research and development have been spent in creating fighters, bombers, support aircraft, and guided missiles of the highest possible performance. An example is the B-52 *Stratofortress,* world's fastest and most advanced bomber. It flies at more than 600 mph, faster than most jet fighters in Korean combat. Built by Boeing, the B-52 is powered by eight Pratt & Whitney Aircraft J-57 turbojet engines. Years of intensive work, involving literally tens of millions of man-hours, were spent on the design and development of the giant airframe, its engines and its complex equipment before the first experimental B-52 took to the air. Today, B-52s are flying in the Strategic Air Command—paying off the long years of research and development.

How Today's Research and Development Can Pay Off Tomorrow

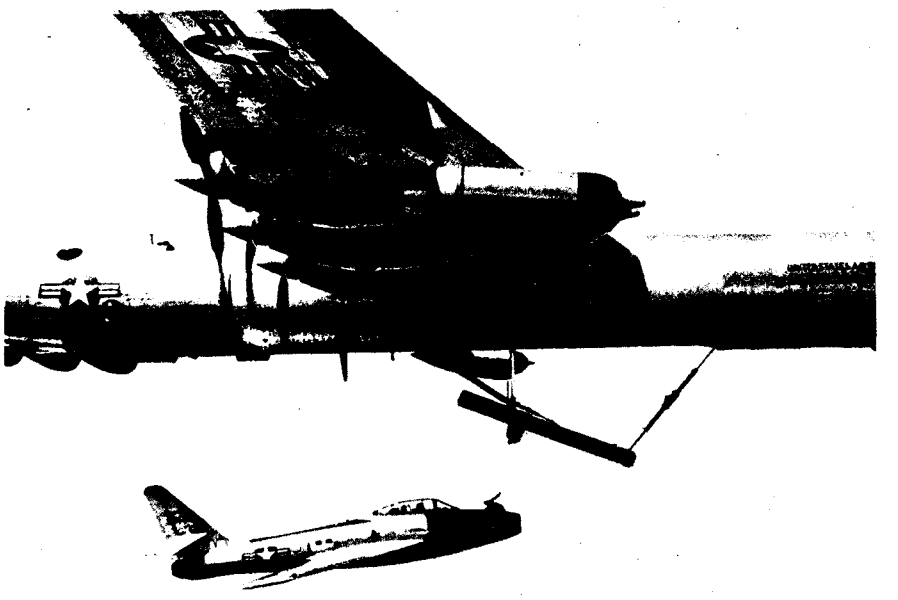
Aircraft and equipment for tomorrow's Air Force are today on drawing boards, at flight test centers, and in engine test cells. Some of tomorrow's combat aircraft will fly at twice the speed of sound. Some may fly without pilots. Even atomic aircraft engines are being developed.

Current experiments point to the future. Today, for example, research aircraft fly at speeds nearing 2000-mph—Bell's X-1A reached 1650 mph in 1953—and to altitudes approaching 20 miles. These and scores of other research projects are giving America's science and industry the vast amount of information needed to design and build more highly advanced aircraft.

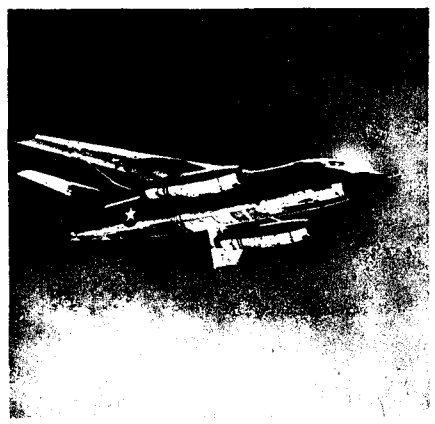
Only by such continuous and uninterrupted programs of research, development and production can America continue to have Air Force aircraft second to none.



TOMORROW'S JET ENGINES, heart of future aircraft, operate today in engine test cells. Millions of man-hours already lie behind them in the continuous engineering struggle to give airplanes higher, faster, and more efficient performance. Pratt & Whitney Aircraft is flight testing the advanced J-75 jet engine, and developing other aircraft propulsion projects, using even atomic power.

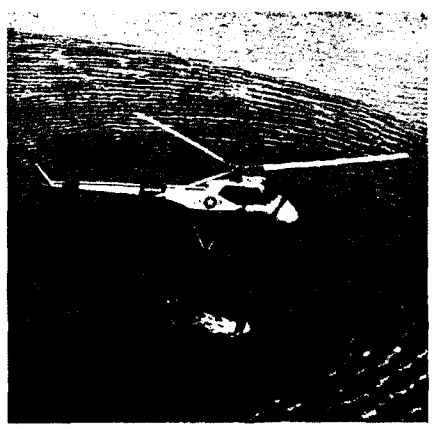


BOMBER CARRIES FIGHTER on long-range missions. Huge Convair RB-36 can launch and recover Republic F-84F. Extreme 10,000-mile range of the multi-engined bomber plus 650-mph speed of jet fighter gives great versatility, especially useful for photo survey.

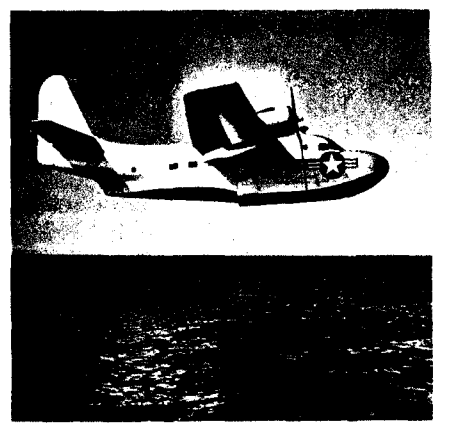


LIGHTNING-FAST reconnaissance is possible with the 600-700 mph speed of the RB-66 light bomber, made by Douglas. Carrying latest photo equipment, the RB-66 has twin Allison J-71 turbojets.

FLYING AT VERY HIGH SPEEDS and altitudes, highly maneuverable Martin B-57 tactical bomber specializes as a night intruder. Current model flies with two Wright J-65 jet engines.



SAVING LIVES in war and peace, the helicopter has earned the affectionate nickname "Guardian Angel." Sikorsky H-19s are the standby of the Air Rescue Service. They have rescued over 10,000 people.



SEARCH AND RESCUE teams of the Air Force rely on amphibian Grumman SA-16s. Hundreds of rescues have been made possible by development of the SA-16, which can land and take-off from the open sea.

YOUNG MEN—The U. S. Air Force offers rewarding careers in dozens of interesting fields. Ask any Air Force recruiting officer to explain the advantages of an Air Force career.

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Poirot said accusingly, "Madame, you know who killed Hattie Stubbs and perhaps where the body lies." Mrs. Folliat gasped, "No—oh, no"

Dead man's folly

Hercule Poirot did not really believe that Mrs. Folliat was guilty, but he was convinced she knew far more than she was telling. He had to make her confide in him, because the killer might soon strike again: murders usually come in threes

By AGATHA CHRISTIE

THE STORY: HERCULE POIROT, the famous detective, was summoned to Nasse, a country estate west of London, by ARIADNE OLIVER, a noted mystery writer. Mrs. Oliver, who had been asked to arrange a "murder hunt"—along the lines of a treasure hunt—for a local fete the following day, believed something sinister was going on at Nasse. Those involved with the fete were SIR GEORGE STUBBS, the rich, self-titled owner of Nasse; his beautiful but vague young wife, HATTIE; his secretary, AMANDA BREWIS; summer residents ALEC LEGGE, a moody, radical young man, and his wife, PEGGY; MICHAEL WEYMAN, a young architect working for Sir George; and AMY FOLLIAT, last of the original owners of Nasse, who now rented a cottage on the grounds. Mrs. Folliat told Poirot she had been Lady Stubbs's guardian. When Hattie's family and fortune, in the West Indies, were lost, Mrs. Folliat arranged the girl's marriage to George Stubbs; and after her two sons were killed in the war, Mrs. Folliat sold Nasse to Sir George. The afternoon of the fete, ETIENNE DE SOUSA, Lady Stubbs's cousin whom she had not seen since childhood, arrived at Nasse by yacht. Lady Stubbs had got word of his coming only that morning and seemed disturbed by the news; when De Sousa arrived, she could not be found. That same day a local teen-ager named MARLENE TUCKER—who was acting the "victim" in the murder hunt—was killed, just as in Mrs. Oliver's script. Poirot worked with POLICE INSPECTOR BLAND in questioning the inmates of Nasse. Among all the conflicting statements offered, one fact emerged: the disappearance—and possible murder—of Lady Stubbs tied in somehow with murder of Marlene Tucker.

The Last of Three Parts

INSPECTOR BLAND sat in the Helmmouth Police Station with Superintendent Baldwin. On a table between the two men was a black sodden mass. "That's Lady Stubbs's hat all right," Bland said. "She fancied that big coolie shape, so her maid told me, and yesterday she was wearing a black one. And you fished it out of the river? That makes it look as though it's the way we think it is."

"No certainty yet," said Baldwin. "After all, anyone could throw a hat into the river."

"Yes," said Bland, "they could throw it in from the boathouse, or they could throw it in off a yacht."

"We're watching De Sousa's yacht," said Baldwin. "If she's there, alive or dead, she's still there."

Inspector Bland glanced at the clock. "Almost time to go aboard," he said.

"Think you'll find her?" asked Baldwin.

"I wouldn't bank on it," said Bland. "I've got the feeling that De Sousa's a clever devil. What about the body—if there was a body?"

"I checked with the Coast Guard this morning on tides and currents," Baldwin said. "About the time the lady went into the river, if she *did* go in, the tide was just on the ebb. There is a full moon now and it would be flowing swiftly. Reckon she'd be carried out to sea and the current would take her toward the Cornish coast. But there's no certainty where the body would wash up—or if it would wash up at all."

"If it doesn't, it's going to be difficult," said Bland. (*Continued on page* 72)

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Beer has a very special way of saying...

"Have a good time"

Summer's a season made for fun
and relaxation. And when it gets warm,
does *anything* ever quite match the
refreshment you get from a glass of
beer or ale on a summer day?

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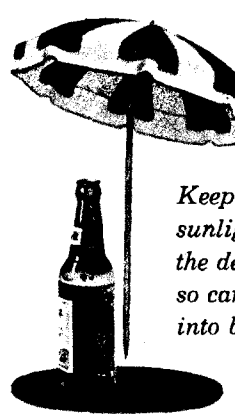

Keep the bottle out of sunlight—to protect the delicate flavor so carefully brewed into beer.

Beer Belongs—*Enjoy it!*

AMERICA'S BEVERAGE OF MODERATION

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(*Continued from page* 70) "You feel certain that the body is in the river?"

"I don't see where else it *can* be," said Inspector Bland somberly. "We've checked up, you know, on the buses and the trains. This place is a cul-de-sac. Lady Stubbs was wearing conspicuous clothes and she didn't take any others with her. So I say she never left Nasse. Either her body was thrown into the river or else it's hidden somewhere on the property. What I want now," he went on heavily, "is *motive*. And the body of course."

"What about murder of the Tucker girl? What's the motive there?"

"She saw what happened to Lady Stubbs—or she saw *something*."

Baldwin looked at the clock. "Time to go," he said.

The two police officers were received on board the yacht Esperance with all Etienne de Sousa's charming courtesy. "You are further forward with your inquiries regarding the death of this young girl?" De Sousa asked.

"We're progressing," Inspector Bland told him, and then stated delicately the object of their visit.

"You would like to search the Esperance?" De Sousa seemed rather amused. "You think I conceal the murderer, or perhaps I am the murderer myself?"

"It's necessary, Mr. de Sousa. A search warrant—"

De Sousa raised his hands. "But I am anxious to co-operate—eager! You are welcome to search where you will. You think perhaps that I have here my cousin, Lady Stubbs? You think she has run away from her husband and taken shelter with me? Search, gentlemen, by all means search."

The search was duly undertaken. It was a thorough one. In the end, striving to conceal their chagrin, the two police officers took their leave. De Sousa accompanied them to where their boat lay alongside. "I am free to depart now?" he asked. "I should like very much to proceed to Plymouth."

"Would you be kind enough, sir, to remain here for the inquest tomorrow?"

"Why, certainly. But after that?"

"After that, sir," said Superintendent Baldwin, his face wooden, "you are of course at liberty to go."

THE inquest into the death of Marlene Tucker was almost painfully devoid of interest. Apart from the medical evidence and evidence of identity, there was little to feed the curiosity of the spectators. An adjournment was asked for and granted.

Inspector Bland spent the afternoon taking a trip upriver from Helmmouth in that well-known pleasure steamer, the Devon Belle. There were about two hundred and thirty people on board besides Bland. He sat on the starboard side of the boat, scanning the wooded shore. When they passed the isolated gray-tiled boathouse that belonged to Hoodown Park, the youth hostel adjacent to Nasse, the inspector looked surreptitiously at his watch. It was just quarter past four. They were coming now close beside the Nasse boathouse. It nestled among the trees with its small quay below. There was no sign that there was anyone inside the boathouse, though as a matter of fact there *was* someone there: Police Constable Hoskins, acting on orders from Inspector Bland himself.

Not far from the boathouse steps was a small motor launch. In it were a man and girl, indulging in what seemed to be rather rough horseplay. The girl was screaming, and the man was playfully pretending he was going to toss her overboard.

At that same moment a stentorian voice spoke through a megaphone. "Ladies and gentlemen," it boomed, "you are now approaching the famous village of Gitcham . . . On your right are the grounds of Nasse House. Originally the home of Sir Gervase Folliat, who sailed with Sir Francis Drake, Nasse is now the property of Sir George Stubbs. On your left is the famous Gooseacre Rock. There, ladies and gentlemen, it was the habit to deposit scolding wives at low tide and to leave them there until the water came up to their necks."

Everybody on the Devon Belle stared with fascinated interest at the Gooseacre Rock. There were many shrill giggles and guffaws.

While this was happening, the man in the motorboat, with a final scuffle, did push his lady friend overboard and held her in the water, laughing.

Nobody, however, observed this incident, with the exception of Inspector Bland. Everyone was listening to the megaphone, staring at the sights the guide was describing.

The man in the boat released the girl, she sank under water and a few moments later reappeared on the other side of the boat. She swam to it and got in, heaving herself over the side with practiced skill. Policewoman Alice Jones was an accomplished swimmer.

Inspector Bland went ashore at Gitcham with the other passengers. He said to himself as he did so: So it *could* be done, and no one would notice!

While Inspector Bland was doing his experiment on the River Helm, Hercule Poirot was experimenting with a tent on the lawn at Nasse House—the same tent where Peggy Legge had told fortunes during the fete. When the rest of the marquees and stands had been dismantled Poirot had asked for this to remain behind.

He went into it now, closed the flaps and went to the back of it. Deftly he unlaced the flaps there, slipped out, relaced them, and plunged into the hedge of rhododendron that immediately backed the tent. Slipping between a couple of bushes, he soon reached a small summerhouse, almost entirely closed in by the rhododendrons.

Inside was a box with croquet balls in it, and some old rusted hoops. There were one or two broken hockey sticks, a good many spiders, and a round irregular mark in the dust on the floor. At this Poirot looked for some time. He knelt down and, taking a little measuring tape from his pocket, he checked its dimensions carefully. Then he nodded his head in a satisfied fashion.

He slipped out quietly, and pursuing an oblique course through the rhododendron bushes he came out on the path that led to the boathouse. He walked quickly down the path. He had the boathouse key with him and he opened the door and went in.

"It's simple economics, George. All I want is enough money to spend"

COLLIER'S KATE OSANN

Except for the removal of the body, and of the tea tray with its glass and plate, it was just as he remembered it. The police had noted and photographed all that it contained. He went over now to the small table. The comic books that had been provided to amuse Marlene Tucker during the murder hunt were still there. Poirot turned them over, noting, as Inspector Bland had done, the words Marlene had scribbled in the margins before she died: *Peter pinches girls at the pictures. . . . Georgie Porgie kisses hikers in the wood. . . . Albert goes with Doreen. . . .*

He found the remarks pathetic in their young crudity. He remembered Marlene's plain, rather splotchy face. He suspected that boys had not pinched Marlene at the pictures, and that she had got a vicarious thrill by peering at her young contemporaries. She had spied on people, she had snooped, and she had seen things. Things that she was not meant to see—usually of small importance, but on one occasion perhaps something of more importance. . . .

It was all conjecture, and Poirot shook his head doubtfully. He replaced the pile of comics neatly on the table. As he did so, he was suddenly assailed with the feeling of something missing, something that *ought* to have been there. He shook his head as the elusive impression faded.

He went slowly out of the boathouse, unhappy and displeased with himself. He, Hercule Poirot, had been summoned here to prevent a murder, and he had not prevented it. What was even more humiliating was that he had no real ideas even now as to what had really happened. It was ignominious. And tomorrow he must return to London, defeated.

IT WAS a fortnight later that Inspector Bland had a long and unsatisfying interview with Major Merrall, the chief constable of the county. Major Merrall had heavy tufted eyebrows and looked rather like an irritable terrier. But his men liked him and respected his judgment.

"Well, well, well," said the major, "What have we got? Nothing that we can act on. This fellow De Sousa, now—we can't connect him in any way with the Tucker girl. If Lady Stubbs's body had turned up, that would have been different." He glared at Bland. "You think there *is* a body, don't you?"

"What do you think, sir?"

"Oh, I agree with you. Otherwise, we'd have traced her by now. Unless, of course, she'd made her plans very carefully. And I don't see the least indication of that. She'd no money, you know. Sir George made her a very generous allowance, but she's not got a stiver of her own. And there's no trace of a lover."

Major Merrall took a turn up and down the floor. "The plain fact of it is that we don't know. We *think* De Sousa, for some reason of his own, made away with his cousin. The most probable thing is that he got her to meet him down at the boathouse, took her aboard the launch and pushed her overboard. You've tested that that could happen?"

"Good Lord, sir, you could drown a whole boatful of people in the river during holiday time. Nobody'd even notice. But the thing De Sousa *didn't* know about was that the girl was in the boathouse, bored to death with nothing to do, and ten to one was looking out the window."

"Hoskins looked out the window and watched the performance you put up, and you didn't see him?"

"No, sir. You'd have no idea anyone was in that boathouse unless they came out onto the balcony—"

"Perhaps the girl did come out on the balcony. De Sousa realizes she's seen what he's doing, so he comes ashore and gets her to let him into the boathouse by asking her what she's doing there. She tells him, pleased with her part in the murder hunt, he puts the cord round her neck in a playful manner, and *whoooosh*—that's that! Okay, let's say that's how it happened. But we haven't got evidence. We haven't got a body, and if we attempted to detain De Sousa in this country we'd have a hornets' nest about our ears. We'll have to let him go."

"*Is* he going, sir?"

"A week from now. Going back to the West Indies."

"So we haven't got much time," said Inspector Bland.

"There are other possibilities?"

"Oh, yes, sir, there are several *possibilities*. I still hold to it that she must have been murdered by somebody who

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was in on the facts of the murder hunt. We can clear three people completely—Sir George Stubbs; Mrs. Masterton, the Member of Parliament's wife; and Captain Warburton, the Mastertons' overseer. They were helping with the fete the entire afternoon."

"Who else is there?"

"There's Mrs. Oliver," said Bland. "She devised the murder hunt. She's rather eccentric and she was away on her own for most of the afternoon. Then there's Alec Legge."

"Fellow renting the Mill Cottage?"

"Yes. He left the show fairly early on, or he wasn't seen there. He says he got fed up with it and walked back to his cottage. On the other hand, old Merdell—that's the old boy down at the quay who looks after the boats—he says Alec Legge passed him going back to the cottage about five o'clock. Not earlier. That leaves about an hour of Legge's time unaccounted for. Legge says, of course, that Merdell has no idea of time and was quite wrong as to when he saw him. And after all, the old man *is* ninety-two."

"Rather unsatisfactory," said Major Merrall. "No motive or anything of that kind to tie him in?"

"He might have been having an affair with Lady Stubbs," said Bland, doubtfully, "and she might have been threatening to tell his wife, and he might have done her in, and the Tucker girl might have seen it happen—"

"And he concealed Lady Stubbs's body somewhere?"

"Yes. But I'm blessed if I know how or where. My men have rooted under every bush there is! Still, say Alec Legge *did* manage to hide the body, he could have thrown her hat into the river as a blind, and Marlene Tucker could have seen him and so he disposed of her too." Inspector Bland paused. "Then, of course, there's Mrs. Legge."

"What have we got on her?"

"She wasn't in the tea tent from four to half past as she says she was," said Inspector Bland slowly. "And that's the particular, vital half hour." Again he paused. "Then there's the architect, young Michael Weyman, though it's difficult to tie him up with it. . . ."

"How does he account for his movements?"

"Very vague, sir. Very vague indeed. Doesn't know where he was or when and there's nobody who seems to have seen him. Then there's the secretary, Miss Brewis—" Bland broke off, deep in thought.

Major Merrall eyed his subordinate keenly. "Well, what about her?"

"She admits quite openly that she was in the boathouse at about the time the murder was committed."

"Would she do that if she were guilty?"

INSPECTOR BLAND said slowly, "She might. Actually, it's the best thing she could do. You see, if she tells everyone she's taking some refreshments down to the girl in the boathouse—well, then, her presence is accounted for. She goes there and comes back and says the girl was alive at that time. We've taken her word for it. But if you look again at the medical evidence, the time of death was between four o'clock and quarter to five. We've only Miss Brewis's word for it that Marlene was alive at a quarter past four.

"And there's one curious point that came up in Miss Brewis's testimony," the inspector went on. "She told me that it was Lady Stubbs who told her to take the refreshments to Marlene. But Mr. Weyman said quite definitely that that wasn't the sort of thing Lady Stubbs would think of—and I believe he's right. Lady Stubbs was a dumb beauty, wrapped up in herself and her own appearance. She never seems to have ordered meals or taken an interest in household management or thought of anybody at all except herself."

"You know, Bland," said Merrall, "you've got something there. But what's Miss Brewis's motive, if so?"

"No motive for killing the girl," said Bland, "but I do think she might have a motive for killing Lady Stubbs. According to M. Poirot, she's head over heels in love with Sir George. Supposing that she followed Lady Stubbs into the woods and killed her and that Marlene Tucker came out of the boathouse and happened to see it? Then of course she'd have to kill Marlene too. What would she do next? Put the girl's body in the boathouse, come back to the house, fetch the tray and go down to the boathouse again. Then she's covered her own absence from the fete and we've got *her* testimony that Marlene was alive at a quarter past four."

"What did she do with Lady Stubbs's body?"

"Hid it, buried it or threw it into the river. That is, of course, if she did it at all," added Inspector Bland as an afterthought. "Actually, sir, I stick to De Sousa."

MAJOR MERRALL had been noting down points on a pad. He looked up now, clearing his throat. "It comes to this, then: we've got five or six people who *could* have killed Marlene Tucker. Some of them are more likely than others. In a general way, we know *why* she was killed: because she saw something. But until we know what she saw, we don't know who killed her."

"Put like that, you make it sound a bit difficult, sir."

"Oh, it *is* difficult. But we shall get there."

"And meantime that De Sousa chap will have left England—having got away with two murders."

"You're fairly sure about him, aren't you? I don't say you're wrong. . . ." The chief constable was silent for a moment or two, and then he said: "Anyway, it's better than having one of these psychopathic killers. We'd probably be having a third murder on our hands by now."

"They do say things go in threes," said the inspector gloomily.

He repeated that remark the following morning when he heard that old Merdell, returning home from a visit to his favorite pub across the river must have exceeded his usual potations and

GARRY WINOGRAND

Garett Dillenback takes some time out after completing radio-telephone hookup between a GI in Greenland and his girl friend in U.S.

GIs' LINK WITH HOME

■ To most of his neighbors in Slingerlands, New York, Garett Dillenback is a shy, retiring man who runs a small electronics business at his Victorian-style home on the town's main street. But to the men of the U.S. Air Force on Greenland he is a treasured link with home and fireside.

An hour or so after sunrise, often seven days a week, the fifty-three-year-old Dillenback climbs the stairs to his cluttered workshop in the attic of the carriage house behind his home and turns on a radio transmitter and receiver. From then until contact is lost—usually about 9:00 P.M. or thereabouts—he huddles close to the set picking up intermittent messages from servicemen on Greenland. The messages are transmitted by MARS (Military Amateur Radio System) stations at Thule and two more southerly bases at Sondrestrom and Narsarssuaq.

An amateur short-wave radio operator with a self-appointed mission, Dillenback sometimes relays the messages by collect telegram and cable to families scattered around the world. But more and more in recent months he has been setting up unique two-way radio-telephone conversations between the airmen and their loved ones in the United States.

When he gets word that a serviceman at Thule wants to talk with, say, his wife in Seattle, Dillenback asks the nearby Albany telephone exchange to place a collect long-distance call to her home. Once the wife is on the phone, Dillenback explains to her that the Greenland radio circuit is one-way—that only one person can speak at a time, and that the signal for the other party to speak is the word, "Over."

What follows is unlike any ordinary long-distance telephone conversation. In a small soundproof room at Station AJ9BO in Thule, the serviceman nervously holds a microphone to his mouth, and says: "Hello, darling! How is everything going? Over." The Thule operator flicks down a switch on his set; Dillenback in his attic station AF2LXP flips up a switch on his—and in Seattle the wife answers excitedly into her phone: "Fine, darling, how are you? Over." And so on for the six-minute limit of each call.

Dillenback, affectionately shortened to DL by servicemen in the frozen north, handles an average of 22 such radio-telephone calls a day, and during last December dealt with a record 776. Most afternoons, his wife Marion spells him for an hour or two, and at night Ted Leighton, a neighbor, drops in regularly to help out. But the rest of the time DL keeps his humanitarian vigil in the attic alone. And he receives no reward except the heartfelt appreciation of the servicemen and their families. With no commercial means of vocal communication available between Greenland and the United States, the men stationed in the arctic are lavish in their praise of Dillenback's work.

"You don't know how much the sound of voices at home means to us," one grateful airman told him. Another added: "What our folks say doesn't matter, just so long as we can hear them." Officers say the calls are great morale builders, and in recognition of his work the Air Force flew Dillenback to Thule in 1954 and presented him with an official Scroll of Appreciation.

"Nobody really wants this job," DL tells his occasional visitors. "But my equipment is especially arranged for work into the arctic. Anyway, if something goes wrong here, somebody else could take over."

"But no one else will, so long as DL is around," part-time helper Leighton says. "He won't say so, but he really loves what he's doing."

And if the cards and letters that lie cluttered all over the attic are any indication, the men of the Air Force love it too. —CHRISTOPHER CARTER

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fallen in the river when boarding the quay. His boat was found adrift, and the old man's body was recovered that evening.

The inquest was short and simple. The night had been dark and overcast, old Merdell had had three pints of beer and, after all, he was ninety-two.

The verdict brought in was accidental death.

HERCULE POIROT sat in a chair in front of the fireplace in his London flat, doing a jigsaw puzzle. His fingers deftly picked up an improbable piece of dark gray and fitted it into a blue sky. It was, he now perceived, part of an airplane.

"Yes," murmured Poirot aloud, "that is what one must do. The unlikely piece here, the improbable piece there, and once they are put in place, all is clear. All is, as they say nowadays, in the picture. If one knew what to look for, it would be so easy. But one looks in the wrong places or for the wrong things."

His eyes strayed from the jigsaw puzzle to the chair on the other side of the fireplace. There, not half an hour ago, Inspector Bland had sat, talking sadly. He had had to come to London on police business, and, that accomplished, he had come to call upon M. Poirot. He had wondered, he said, whether M. Poirot had any further ideas.

It was now a month, nearly five weeks, since the occurrences at Nasse House. It had been five weeks of stagnation and negation. Lady Stubbs's body had not been recovered. Lady Stubbs, if living, had not been traced. The odds, Inspector Bland pointed out, were strongly against her being alive. Poirot agreed with him.

"Of course," said Bland, "the body might not have been washed up. It may show up yet."

"There is a third possibility," Poirot pointed out.

Bland nodded. "Yes," he said. "You mean the body's there—at Nasse—hidden somewhere where we've never thought of looking. With an old house, and with grounds like that, there are places you'd never think of, that you'd never know were there." He paused a moment, and then said: "I don't suppose there's a priest hole or anything of that kind?"

"Hardly. Not at that period."

"That's what Mr. Weyman says—he says the house was built about seventeen ninety or thereabouts. No reason for priests to hide themselves by that date. All the same, you know, there might be, somewhere, some alteration in the structure—something that one of the family might know about. What do you think, Mr. Poirot?"

"It is possible, yes," said Poirot. "And if one accepts the possibility, then the next thing is—who would know about it? Anyone staying in the house *might* know, I suppose."

"Yes. Of course it would let out De Sousa." The inspector looked disappointed; De Sousa was still his preferred suspect.

"The person who would certainly know about such a thing would be Mrs. Folliat," said Poirot.

Mrs. Folliat, he thought, knew all there was to know about Nasse House. Mrs. Folliat knew a great deal. . . . Mrs. Folliat had known straightaway that Hattie Stubbs was dead. Mrs. Folliat knew, before Marlene and Hattie Stubbs died, that it was a very wicked world and that there were very wicked people in it. Mrs. Folliat, thought Poirot vexedly, was the key to the whole business—but a key that would not easily turn in the lock. . . .

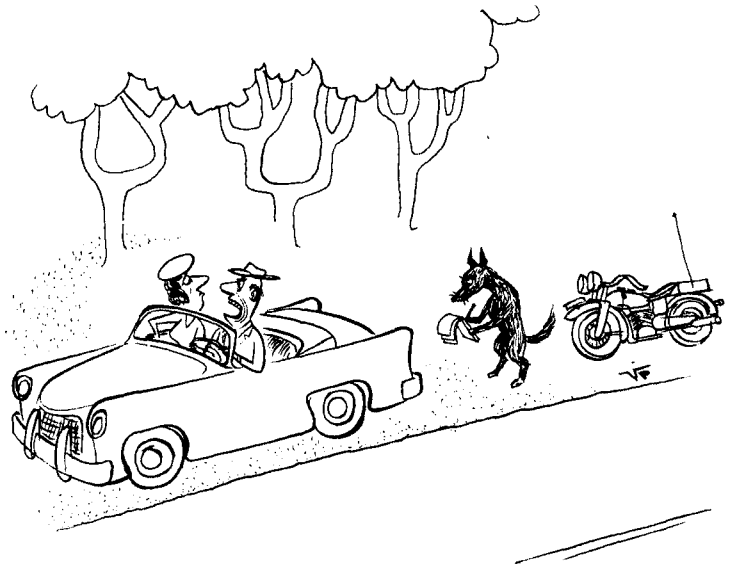
The inspector had finished his tea, and sighed and gone, and Poirot had got out his jigsaw puzzle to alleviate his mounting exasperation. He was in a fog, in the type of fog where there are from time to time baffling gleams of light. Every now and then, or so it seemed to him, he had had one of those glimpses. And each time he had failed to penetrate farther.

Finally, Poirot took a notebook from his pocket and wrote in small neat characters: *Etienne de Sousa, Amanda Brewis, Alec Legge, Peggy Legge, Michael Weyman.* Sir George, Mrs. Masterton and Captain Warburton had been in full view on the lawn during the fete, so it was physically impossible for any one of them to have killed Marlene Tucker; since it was not physically impossible for Mrs. Oliver to have done so, he added her name to the list of suspects. He also put down *Boy in turtle shirt* with a question mark after it. Then he smiled, shook his head, took a pin from the lapel of his jacket, shut his eyes and stabbed with it. It was as good a way as any other, he thought.

He turned a page of his notebook and wrote: *Did Lady Stubbs ask Miss Brewis to take tea to Marlene? If not, why does Miss Brewis say that she did?* He considered the point. Would Miss Brewis have lied because, on arriving at the boathouse, *she had found Marlene dead?* Unless Miss Brewis was herself guilty of the murder, that seemed very unlikely.

After four or five minutes of thought Poirot wrote down something more: *Etienne de Sousa declares that he wrote to his cousin three weeks before his arrival at Nasse House. Is that statement true or false?*

Poirot felt almost certain that it was false. He recalled the scene at the breakfast table the morning of the fete. There seemed no earthly reason why Sir George or Lady Stubbs should pretend to a surprise—and, in the latter's case, a dismay—they did not feel. But granting that Etienne de Sousa had lied, *why* did he lie? To give the impression that his visit was expected and welcomed? That seemed a very doubtful reason, for on his arrival Sir George had received him amicably, although he had never met him.



"Of *course* it's a police dog"

COLLIER'S VIRGIL PARTCH

He was justifiably annoyed when the pin proved to have transfixed the last entry. "I am an imbecile," said Hercule Poirot. "What has a boy in a turtle-patterned shirt to do with this?"

But he also realized he must have had some reason for including this enigmatic character in his list. Poirot recalled again the day he had sat in the Folly, the small, white pilastered temple on the Nasse grounds, and the boy in the turtle shirt had come along, startled at finding Poirot there. The young man had obviously come to the Folly to meet someone—someone whom he apparently did not wish to meet in the ordinary way. A guilty meeting. Something to do with the murder?

Poirot pursued his reflections. A boy who was staying at the youth hostel adjoining the Nasse estate—that is to say, a boy who would be in that neighborhood for two nights at most. Had he come there casually, one of the many young students visiting Britain? Or had he come for a special purpose?

I have in my hands many, many pieces of this jigsaw, Poirot thought. It must be that I am not looking at them the right way.

Sir George did not know De Sousa, Poirot thought to himself. His wife, who did know De Sousa, had not seen him. Was there perhaps something there? Could it be possible that the Etienne de Sousa who had arrived that day at the fete was not the real Etienne de Sousa? Poirot went over the idea in his mind, but again he could see no point to it. De Sousa would derive no benefit from his cousin Hattie's death. Lady Stubbs, as the police had ascertained, had no money of her own.

Poirot tried to remember exactly what she had said to him that morning about De Sousa: "He is bad." And, according to Bland, she had said to her husband: "He kills people."

On the day Etienne de Sousa had come to Nasse House one person certainly had been killed, possibly two people. Mrs. Folliat had said that one should pay no attention to these melodramatic remarks of Hattie's. . . .

Hercule Poirot frowned, then brought his hand down with a bang on the arm of his chair. Always, always, I return to Mrs. Folliat, he thought. She is the key to the whole business. If I knew what she knows . . . I can no longer sit and just think. I must go again to Devon and visit Mrs. Folliat.

Hercule Poirot paused for a moment inside the big wrought-iron gates of Nasse House. At his left was the small white lodge that Mrs. Folliat, former mistress of Nasse, now rented from Sir George Stubbs.

Poirot rapped gently on the door and, after a few moments' delay, Mrs. Folliat appeared. He was startled to see how old and frail she looked. She stared at him incredulously for a moment or two, and then said: "M. Poirot! Do come in."

He thought for a moment that he had seen fear leap into her eyes, but perhaps that was his imagination. Her poise recovered, she led the way into her small sitting room. There were some delicate Chelsea figures on the mantelpiece, a couple of chairs covered in exquisite petit point, and a Derby tea service stood on the small table. Mrs. Folliat said: "Of course you will have some tea." She went out of the room without waiting for his reply.

Poirot looked round him once more. On one wall hung a little cluster of miniatures and a faded photograph of a man in uniform with a stiff mustache.

Mrs. Folliat came back into the room with a cup and saucer in her hand. Poirot said: "Your husband, Madame?"

"Yes."

NOTICING that Poirot's eyes swept the room as though in search of further photographs, she said brusquely: "I'm not fond of photographs. They make one live in the past too much. One must cut away the dead wood."

Poirot remembered that, the first time he had seen Mrs. Folliat, she had been pruning a shrub on the riverbank. She had said then, he remembered, something about dead wood. An enigmatical woman, he thought, and a woman who, in spite of the gentleness and fragility of her appearance, could be ruthless. A woman who could cut away dead wood not only from plants but from her own life. . . .

"I was surprised to see you," she said, pouring him a cup of tea and handing it to him. "Somehow I did not imagine you would be passing through this part of the world again."

"I am not exactly passing through," said Poirot. "My visit is intentional. I came here partly to see you, Madame."

"Really?"

"First of all—there is no news of Lady Stubbs?"

Mrs. Folliat shook her head. "No." She added: "I am very sorry for George. The strain has been great."

"Does he still believe that his wife may be alive?"

Again Mrs. Folliat shook her head. "I think," she said, "that he has given up hope, though he does not say so. Of course, I have not seen him lately. He has been mostly in London."

"And the Tucker girl? There have been no developments there?"

"Not that I know of. Poor child. . . ."

"It still upsets you, I see, to think of her, Madame."

Mrs. Folliat did not reply for a moment or two. Then she said: "I think when one is old, the death of anyone who is young upsets one out of due proportion. We old folks expect to die. For myself, I shall be not only ready, but thankful, when the time comes."

Poirot shot a quick glance at her. He could not account for the intense weariness and lassitude of her manner. Amy Folliat, he felt, was a woman of

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character, energy and determination. She had lived through many troubles, loss of her home, loss of wealth, the deaths of her sons. All these, he felt, she had survived. She had cut away the "dead wood," as she herself had expressed it. But there was something now in her life that she could not cut away. . . .

She gave a sudden little smile as though she were reading his thoughts. "Really, you know, I have not very much to live for, M. Poirot," she said. "I have many friends but no near relations, no family."

"You have your home," said Poirot on an impulse. "Nasse is *your* home, isn't it, although technically it is the property of Sir George Stubbs? Now that Sir George has gone to London you rule in his stead."

He saw the sharp look of fear in her eyes. "I don't quite know what you mean, M. Poirot," she said coolly. "I am grateful to Sir George for renting me the Lodge, but I *do* rent it."

Poirot said quickly, "I apologize, Madame. I did not mean to offend you. It is a beautiful place. It has about it great peace, great serenity."

"Yes." Her face lighted. "I have always felt that."

"But is there the same peace and serenity *now*, Madame?"

"Why not?"

"Murder unavenged," said Poirot. "The spilling of innocent blood. Until that shadow lifts, there will not be peace. I think you know that, Madame, as well as I do."

Mrs. Folliat did not answer. She sat quite still, and Poirot had no idea what she was thinking. He leaned forward a little and spoke again: "Madame, you know a good deal—perhaps everything—about this murder. You know who killed Marlene Tucker, and you know *why*. You know who killed Hattie Stubbs, and you know, perhaps, where her body lies now."

Mrs. Folliat's voice was loud, almost harsh. "I know nothing," she said.

"Perhaps I have used the wrong word. You do not know—but I'm quite sure you *guess*."

"I have told you already, I have no knowledge."

"Suspicions, then."

"I have no suspicions."

"That—excuse me—is not true, Madame."

"To speak out of mere suspicion would be wrong—wicked."

"As wicked as what was done here just over a month ago?"

She shrank back into her chair and half whispered: "Don't talk to me of it." Then she added, with a long shuddering sigh, "Anyway, it's over now. Finished with. And there is nothing I can do. Nothing."

He got up and stood looking down at her. She said almost fretfully, "Why, even the police have given up."

Poirot shook his head. "Oh, no, Madame, you are wrong there. The police do not give up. And I, Hercule Poirot, do not give up either."

AFTER leaving Nasse, Poirot went to the village where, by inquiry, he found the cottage occupied by the Tuckers. His knock went unanswered for some moments, and then the door was opened gingerly and a child of about eleven years old peered out at him suspiciously. She was a fat child with small blue eyes and a rather piggy kind of prettiness. "'Tis a gentleman, Mum," she shouted.

Mrs. Tucker, wisps of hair hanging over her forehead, came to the door. "What is it?" she demanded sharply, and then a faint look of recognition came across her face. "Didn't I see you with the police that day?"

"Alas, Madame, that I have brought back painful memories," said Poirot, stepping firmly inside the door.

"Come in," she said, backing before him. Poirot was ushered into a devastatingly neat little parlor. "Sit down, sir, do. I can't remember the name. . . ."

"My name is Hercule Poirot," said Poirot rapidly. "I found myself once more in this part of the world and I called here to offer you my condolences. I trust the murderer of your daughter has been discovered?"

"Not sight or sound of him," said Mrs. Tucker, speaking with some bitterness. "'Tis my opinion the police don't disturb themselves when it's the likes of us."

AT THIS point, Mr. Tucker appeared through the doorway, walking in his stocking feet. He was a large, red-faced man with a pacific expression. "Police be all right," he said in a husky voice. "Got their troubles just like anyone else. These here maniacs aren't so easy to find. Look the same as you or me, if you take my meaning," he added, speaking directly to Poirot.

The little girl who had opened the door to Poirot appeared behind her father, and a boy of about eight poked his head round her shoulder. "That's Marylin," said Mrs. Tucker. "And Gary." The children backed away.

"Very civil of you I'm sure, sir," said Mr. Tucker, "to come and ask about Marlene. A terrible business."

"I have just called on Mrs. Folliat," said M. Poirot. "She too seems to feel this very deeply."

"She's been poorly-like ever since," said Mrs. Tucker. "It was a shock to her, happening as it did at her own place."

Poirot noted once more everybody's unconscious assumption that Nasse House still belonged to Mrs. Folliat. "Who was it that suggested Marlene should play the victim in the murder hunt?" asked Poirot.

"The lady from London that writes the books," said Mrs. Tucker promptly.

Poirot said mildly, "But Mrs. Oliver was a stranger down here. She did not even know Marlene."

"'Twas Mrs. Masterton, the Member's wife, what rounded the girls up," said Mrs. Tucker, "and I suppose 'twas her that said Marlene was to do it."

Once again, Poirot felt, he was up against a blank wall. He said: "I have been wondering, Mrs. Tucker, whether Marlene was already acquainted with this—er—homicidal maniac."

"She wouldn't know nobody like that," said Mrs. Tucker.

"Ah," said Poirot, "but as your husband has just observed, these maniacs are very difficult to spot. Someone may have spoken to Marlene at the fete, or even before it. Made friends with her—given her presents, perhaps."

"No, sir, Marlene wouldn't take presents from a stranger."

"But she might see no harm in it. Supposing it had been some nice lady who offered her things."

"Someone like Mrs. Legge, down to the Mill Cottage?"

"Yes. Someone like that."

"Give Marlene a lipstick once, she did," said Mrs. Tucker. "Ever so mad, I was. I won't have you putting that muck on your face, Marlene, I said."

The fat Marylin suddenly giggled. Poirot shot her a keen glance. "Did

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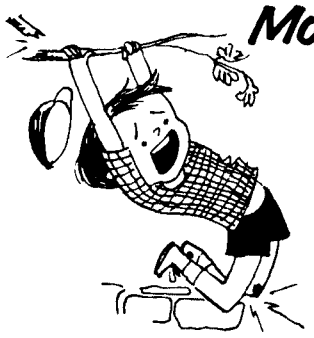

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Mrs. Legge give Marlene anything else?" he asked.

"Believe she gave her a scarf, one she hadn't no more use for," Mrs. Tucker said.

"Girls like a bit of finery," said Mr. Tucker indulgently. "I don't mind a few bright colors myself, but I won't have this 'ere mucky lipstick."

"A bit sharp I was with her," said Mrs. Tucker, her eyes suddenly misty. "Wished afterward I hadn't spoken so sharp. Ah, nought but trouble and funerals lately, it seems. Troubles never come singly, so they say."

"You've had other losses?" inquired Poirot politely.

"The wife's father," explained Mr. Tucker. "Come across the river in his boat from the pub late one night, and must have missed his footing getting onto the quay and fallen in the river. Ought to have stayed home at his age."

"Father was a great one for the boats always," said Mrs. Tucker. "Used to look after them in the old days for old Mr. Folliat. Well over ninety, Father was, and trying in many of his ways. Always babbling some nonsense or other. But of course we had to bury him nice."

A faint remembrance was stirring in Poirot's mind. "An old man—on the quay? I remember talking to him. Was his name—"

"Merdell, sir. That was my name before I married."

"He was, if I remember rightly, head gardener at Nasse?"

"No—that was my eldest brother." She added with some pride: "There's been Merdells at Nasse for years, but they're all scattered now. Father was the last of us."

Poirot said softly: *"There'll always be Folliats at Nasse House."*

"I beg your pardon, sir?"

"I am repeating something your father said to me on the quay." Poirot paused in thought and then said, "So Marlene was Merdell's granddaughter. Yes, I begin to see. . . ." He was silent for a moment, an immense excitement was surging within him. "Your father was drowned, you say, in the river?"

"Yes, sir. Took a drop too much, he did. Missed his footing, I'd say, getting off his boat onto the quay. So he fell in and was drowned. 'Tis a wonder that it never happened before, him being ninety-two and half blind."

"The fact remains that it did *not* happen before," Poirot said. I should have guessed, he thought. Long ago. The child practically told me. . . .

POIROT shook hands with Mr. and Mrs. Tucker and left the cottage. He said to himself: "I have been foolish—very foolish. I have looked at everything the wrong way."

"Hi, mister." It was a cautious whisper. Poirot looked round. The fat child Marylin was standing in the shadow of the cottage wall. She beckoned him to her and said softly: "Marlene didn't get that scarf off the lady down at the cottage."

"Where did she get it?"

"Bought it in Torquay. Bought some lipstick, too, and some scent, and a jar of foundation cream what she'd read about in an advertisement." Marylin giggled. "Mum doesn't know. Hid them at the back of her drawer, Marlene did. Used to do herself up when she went to the pictures."

"Didn't your mother find these things after your sister died?"

Marylin shook her head. "No," she said, "*I* got 'em now."

Poirot eyed her consideringly and said: "You seem a very clever girl, Marylin. Tell me, how did Marlene get the money to buy these things?"

Marylin looked away. "Dunno," she muttered.

Shamelessly Poirot drew out a half crown from his pocket and added another half crown to it. "I believe," he said, "there is a new, very attractive shade of lipstick called 'Carmine Kiss.' "

"Sounds smashing," said Marylin, her hand advanced toward the money. She spoke in a rapid whisper. "She used to snoop about a bit, Marlene did. Used to see goings on—*you* know. Marlene would promise not to tell and then they'd give her a present, see?"

Poirot relinquished the coins. "I see," he said. He nodded to Marylin and walked away.

So many things now fell into place. It was not clear yet by any means, but he was on the right track. A perfectly clear trail all the way, if only he had had the wit to see it. That first conversation with Mrs. Oliver, some casual words of Michael Weyman's, the significant conversation with old Merdell on the quay, an illuminating phrase spoken by Miss Brewis, the arrival of Etienne de Sousa. . . .

A public telephone box stood adjacent to the village post office. He entered it and rang up Inspector Bland. After explaining what he was doing in the village Poirot said: "I have a question for you: What kind of yacht did Etienne de Sousa have? Big or small?"

"Oh, it was very fancy—must have cost the earth."

"Ah," said Poirot, sounding very pleased. "Then De Sousa was a rich man. That, my friend, is significant."

"Why?" demanded Inspector Bland, but Poirot, after a brief murmur of thanks, had already rung off.

He next put through a call to Mrs. Ariadne Oliver in London.

"M. Poirot!" Mrs. Oliver boomed. "It's splendid that you've rung me up! I was just going out to give a talk on How I Write My Books. Now I can get my secretary to ring up and say I am unavoidably detained."

"But, Madame, you must not let me prevent—"

"It's not a case of preventing," said Mrs. Oliver joyfully. "I'd have made the most awful fool of myself. I mean, what *can* you say about how you write books? It is an author's business to *write*, not *talk*."

"And yet it is about how you write that I want to ask you."

"You can ask," said Mrs. Oliver vaguely, "but I probably shan't know the answer. Half a minute, I've got a frightfully silly hat on for the Talk and I *must* take it off. It scratches my forehead." There was a momentary pause and then Mrs. Oliver spoke again in a relieved voice, "Hats are really only a symbol, nowadays, aren't they? I mean, one doesn't wear them for sensible reasons any more—to keep one's head warm, or shield one from the sun, or hide one's face from people one doesn't want to meet. . . . I beg your pardon, M. Poirot, did you say something?"

"It was an ejaculation only. It is extraordinary," said Poirot, and his voice was awed. "Always you give me ideas. You have given me now the clue to yet another piece of my problem. Let me ask you this: Do you know an atom scientist, Madame?"

"An atom scientist?" said Mrs. Oliver in a surprised voice. "Why, I suppose I *may*. I mean, I know some professors and things. I'm never quite sure what they actually *do*."

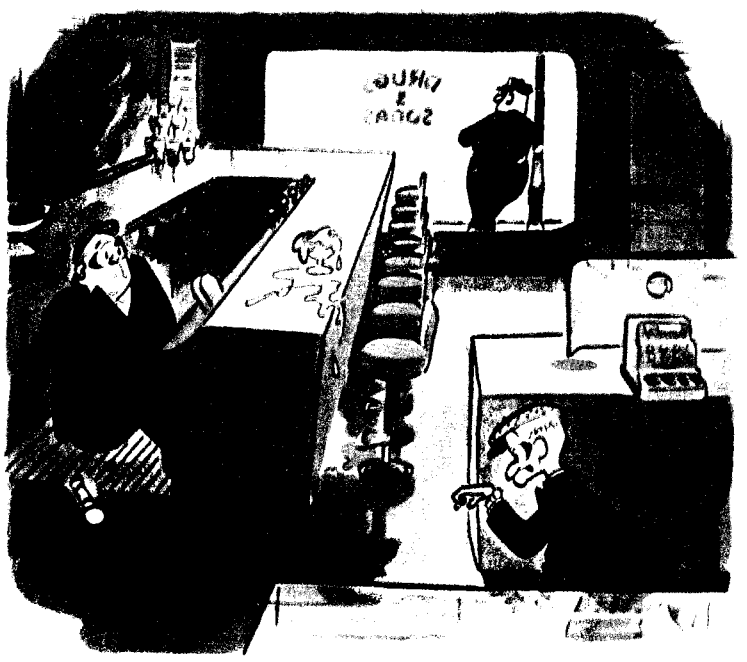
"Yet you made an atom scientist one of the suspects in your murder hunt?"

"Oh, that! That was just to be up-to-date. Better have an atom scientist as the chief suspect, I thought, and be modern. After all, if I'd needed a little technical jargon for it I could always have got it from Alec Legge."

"Alec Legge—the husband of Peggy Legge? Is he an atom scientist?"

"Yes, he is. Works in Wales somewhere. They're just in Devon on holiday. Yes, so of course I *do* know an atom scientist after all!"

BUTCH



"Cheer up, Butch. He goes off duty in another fifteen or twenty minutes"

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"And it was meeting him at Nasse House that probably put the idea of an atom scientist into your head. But in your murder-hunt script you made the scientist's wife a Yugoslavian. What made you think of that?"

"I really don't know. Refugees, perhaps? Students? All those foreign girls at the youth hostel adjoining Nasse, perhaps, trespassing through the woods and speaking broken English."

"I see. . . . Yes, I see a lot of things," Poirot said.

HE PAUSED for a long moment and then said, "There was something else I wanted to ask you. Now what was it? I was in the boathouse . . ." He cast his mind back. That pile of comic books with Marlene's scrawls in the margins. He had had a feeling that there was something lacking, that there was something he must ask Mrs. Oliver.

"I made one grave mistake," said Poirot. "I never read your murder-hunt script. In the gravity of discovering a real murder it did not seem to matter. But I was wrong. You are a sensitive person, Madame. You are affected by your atmosphere, by the personalities of the people you meet. And these are translated into your work. You have always known more about this crime than you have realized yourself. Tell me, when you first began to plan your murder hunt, did you mean the 'body' to be discovered in the boathouse?"

"No. I much preferred that funny little summerhouse tucked away in the rhododendrons near the house. But then someone, I can't remember who exactly, began insisting that it should be found in the Folly. Well, that, of course, was an *absurd* idea! Anyone could have strolled in there quite casually and come across it without having followed a single clue!"

"So, instead, you accepted the boathouse?"

"Yes, that's just how it happened. There was really nothing against the boathouse though I did think the summerhouse would have been better."

"There is one thing more," Poirot said. "Do you remember telling me that there was a final clue written on one of Marlene's comic books?"

"Yes, of course."

"Was it something like *'Albert goes with Doreen,'* or *'Georgie Porgie kisses hikers in the wood?'* "

"Good gracious me, no," said Mrs. Oliver in a slightly shocked voice. "It wasn't anything silly like that. It was a perfectly straightforward clue: *Look in the hiker's rucksack.*"

"*Épatant!*" cried Poirot. "Of course, the comic with that on it would *have* to be taken away. . . ."

"The rucksack was on the floor by the body, and—"

"Ah, but it is another rucksack of which I am thinking."

"You're confusing me with all these rucksacks," Mrs. Oliver complained. "There was only one in my murder story. You see, it was the Yugoslavian's wife's rucksack, and in it was the bottle of medicine containing poison with which the country squire poisoned her. The Yugoslavian girl—"

"Er—Madame," Poirot interrupted, "someday you shall tell me this plot of yours. But at the moment—"

"Actually," said Mrs. Oliver, "I'm thinking of turning it into a book. It would be a pity to waste it."

And it may here be mentioned that some three years later Hercule Poirot read The Woman in the Wood, by Ariadne Oliver, and wondered why some of the persons and incidents seemed to him vaguely familiar.

The sun was setting when Poirot knocked at the door of the Mill Cottage, the small house on the Nasse grounds that Sir George Stubbs occasionally rented to summer visitors. The cottage door was flung open and an angry-looking young man stared out at Poirot for a moment without recognizing him. Then he gave a short laugh. "Hullo," he said, "it's the sleuth. Come in, M. Poirot. I'm packing up."

Poirot stepped inside. The cottage, he noted, was plainly furnished, and Alec Legge's personal possessions were at the moment taking up a disproportionate amount of room. Books, papers and clothing were strewn all around.

"The final breakup of the ménage," said Alec Legge. "Peggy has cleared out. Going to link up with that tame architect."

"I am sorry to hear it," said Poirot, sitting down on the corner of the sofa, "because I do not think she will be as happy with M. Weyman as she would be with you."

"She hasn't been particularly happy with me this last six months. Everything's my fault too, I suppose."

"Everything?" Poirot asked kindly.

"Yes. I might as well drown myself in the river and have done with it."

Poirot looked at him thoughtfully. "I am glad to observe," he remarked, "that you are now more perturbed with your own troubles than those of the world."

"The world can go hang," said Mr. Legge. "I seem to have made a fool of myself all along the line."

"Yes," said Poirot, "I would say that you have been more unfortunate than reprehensible in your conduct."

Alec Legge stared at him. "Who hired you to sleuth me?" he demanded. "Was it Peggy?"

"Indeed, no," replied Poirot. "In fact, I have not been sleuthing you. I came to Nasse for quite another purpose. But from what I have observed of your conduct, may I make a guess?"

"As many little guesses as you like," said Alec Legge.

"I think," said Poirot, "that some years ago you had an interest and sympathy for a certain political party. Like many other young men of a scientific bent. I do not think you were ever seriously compromised, but I *do* think that pressure was brought upon you to do something you did not want to do. You tried to withdraw and you were faced with a threat. You were given a rendezvous—with someone I know only as 'the young man in the turtle shirt.' "

Alec Legge gave a sudden laugh. "I suppose that shirt *was* a bit of a joke."

Hercule Poirot continued. "What with worry over the fate of the world, and the worry over your own predicament, you became, if I may say so, a man almost impossible for any woman to live with happily. Your wife, knowing nothing of how unhappy and desperate you were, began to compare you, unfavorably, with a former friend of hers, Michael Weyman."

Poirot rose. "I should advise you, M. Legge, to complete your packing as soon as possible, to follow your wife to London, ask her to forgive you and tell her all you have been through."

"So that's what you advise," said Alec Legge. "And what the hell business is it of yours?"

"None," said Hercule Poirot. He withdrew toward the door. "But I am always right," he added dryly.

There was a moment's silence. Then Alec Legge burst into a wild peal of laughter. "Do you know," he said, "I think I'll take your advice. If you've got hold of the woman you want, and are then not able to keep her, it's a bit humiliating, isn't it?" His face suddenly lighted up with a most attractive smile. "Sorry for my filthy temper," he said, "and thanks a lot."

He clapped Poirot on the shoulder. With the force of the blow Poirot staggered. Alec Legge's friendship was certainly more painful than his animosity.

"And now," said Poirot, leaving Mill Cottage and looking up at the darkening sky, "where do I go?"

INSPECTOR BLAND and his superior, Major Merrall, looked up with keen curiosity as Hercule Poirot was ushered in. Chief Constable Merrall was not in the best of tempers. "I know, Bland, I know," he said fretfully. "Maybe Poirot *was* a wizard in his day, but . . . You say he rang you up to ask what kind of a yacht Etienne de Sousa had?"

"The first time, yes," Bland said. "The second time he called to ask me to arrange this meeting."

"Well," the chief constable said impatiently, "if he doesn't come within five minutes—" It was at that very moment that Hercule Poirot was shown in.

"I cannot imagine," he said excitedly, "how it was I did not see the truth before!" He quickly shook hands with Merrall and the inspector.

"Are we to understand that you do see the truth now?" the chief constable said. "Have you evidence, M. Poirot?"

"I can tell you where to find the evidence. Etienne de Sousa has, I suppose, left the country?"

"Two weeks ago," Bland said. "It won't be easy to get him back."

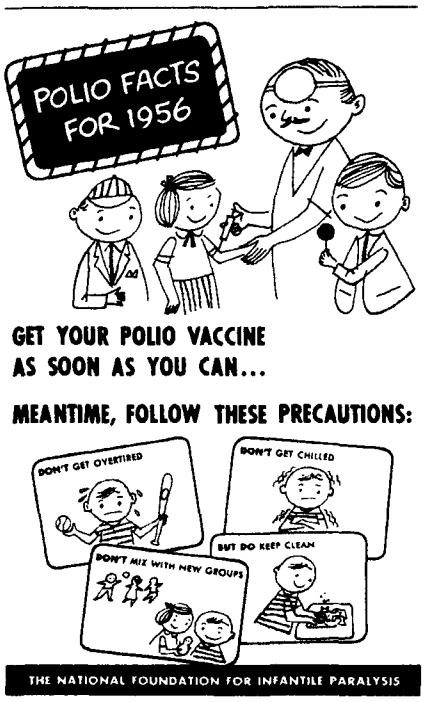
"He might be persuaded."

"Persuaded? There's not sufficient evidence to warrant an extradition order, then?"

"It is not a question of an extradition order. If the facts are put to him—"

"But *what* facts, M. Poirot?" the chief constable asked irritably.

"The fact that Etienne de Sousa came here in a luxury yacht, showing that his family is rich; the fact that old Merdell was Marlene Tucker's grandfather, which I did not know until today; the fact that Lady Stubbs was fond of wearing large, coolie-type hats; the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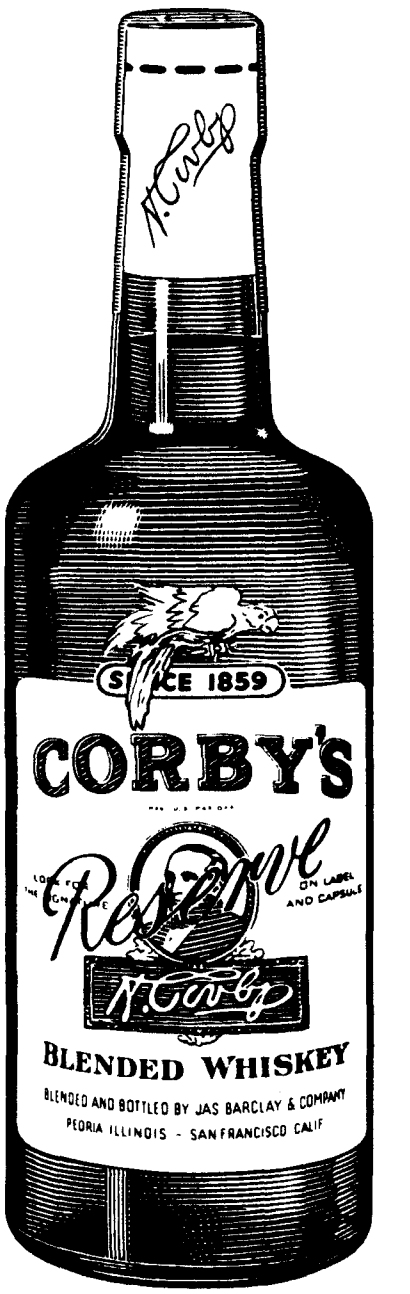

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fact that Mrs. Oliver, in spite of an unbridled imagination, is a very shrewd judge of character; the fact that Marlene Tucker had lipsticks and perfume hidden at the back of her bureau drawer; the fact that Miss Brewis maintains that it was Lady Stubbs who asked her to take a refreshment tray down to Marlene at the boathouse."

"Facts?" The chief constable stared. "There's nothing new there!"

"You prefer definite evidence—such as Lady Stubbs's body?"

"You have found Lady Stubbs's body?" Bland exclaimed.

"Not actually found it, but I know where it is hidden. And only one person could have hidden it there."

"Who's that?"

Hercule Poirot smiled, the contented smile of a cat who has lapped up a saucer of cream. "The person it so often is," he said softly, "the husband. Sir George Stubbs killed his wife."

"But that's *impossible,* M. Poirot!"

"Oh, no," said Poirot. "Listen. . . ."

HERCULE POIROT walked inside the big wrought-iron gates of Nasse House and rapped gently on the door of the little white Lodge. After a few moments' delay the door was opened by Mrs. Folliat. "May I come in?" he asked politely.

"Of course," she said and led him inside the cottage. She offered him tea which he refused. Then she asked in a quiet voice: "Why have you come?"

"I think you can guess, Madame. There have now been three deaths: Hattie Stubbs, Marlene Tucker, old Merdell."

She said sharply: "Merdell? That was an accident."

"It was not an accident. Merdell knew too much."

"What did he know?"

"He recognized a face or a way of walking or a voice. I talked to him the day I first came here. He told me then all about the Folliat family—about your father-in-law, and your husband, and your sons who were killed in the war. Only—they were not *both* killed, were they? Your son Henry went down with his ship, but your second son, James, was not killed. He deserted. At first, perhaps, he was reported *missing believed killed;* and later you told everyone that he *was* killed."

Poirot paused and then went on. "Do not imagine I have no sympathy for you, Madame. Life has been hard for you, I know. You can have had no real illusions about your younger son, but he *was* your son, and you loved him. You did all you could to give him a new life. You had the charge of a young girl, a subnormal but very rich girl. Oh, yes, she was rich. You gave out that her parents had lost all their money and that you had advised her to marry a rich man many years older than herself. Why should anybody disbelieve your story? Her parents and near relatives had been killed. But a firm of lawyers in Paris acted as instructed by lawyers in San Miguel. On her marriage, she assumed control of her own fortune. She was, as you have told me, docile, suggestible. Everything her husband asked her to sign, she signed.

"And so Sir George Stubbs, the new personality assumed by your son, became a rich man and his wife became a pauper," Poirot went on. "It is no legal offense to call yourself 'Sir' unless it is done to obtain money under false pretenses. A title creates confidence—it suggests, if not high birth, then certainly riches. So the rich Sir George Stubbs, older and changed in appearance and having grown a beard, bought Nasse House and came to live where he belonged, though he had not been there since he was a boy. There was nobody left after the war who was likely to have recognized him. But old Merdell did. He kept it to himself, but when he said to me slyly that there would *always be Folliats at Nasse House,* that was his own private joke.

"So all had turned out well, or so you thought. Your son had wealth and his ancestral home; and though his wife was subnormal she was a beautiful girl and you hoped he would be kind to her and that she would be happy."

MRS. FOLLIAT said in a low voice: "That's how I thought it would be—I would look after Hattie and care for her. I never dreamed—"

"You never dreamed, and your son carefully did not tell you, that at the time of the marriage *he was already married.* Oh, yes, we have searched the records for what we knew must exist. Your son had married a girl in Trieste, a girl of the underground criminal world with whom he concealed himself after his desertion. They had no intention of being parted. He accepted the marriage with Hattie as a means to wealth, but he knew from the beginning what he intended to do."

"No, I do not believe that! It was that woman. . . ."

Poirot went on inexorably: "Hattie had no relatives, few friends. Immediately on their return to England, he brought her here. The servants hardly saw her that first evening—*and the woman they saw the next morning was not Hattie,* but his Italian wife made up as Hattie and behaving much as Hattie behaved. And there again it might have ended. The false Hattie would have lived out her life as the real Hattie—though doubtless her mental powers would have gradually improved. The secretary, Miss Brewis, already realized that there was very little wrong with Lady Stubbs's mind.

"But then," Poirot continued, "a totally unforeseen thing happened. A cousin of Hattie's wrote that he was coming to England on a yachting trip, and although he had not seen her for many years, he would not be likely to be deceived by an impostor.

"And there was already another complication. Old Merdell used to chatter to his granddaughter; she was probably the only person who bothered to listen to him, and even she thought him 'batty.' Nevertheless, some of the things he said about having seen a woman's body in the woods, and perhaps even something about Sir George Stubbs really being Mr. James, made sufficient impression on her to make her hint about them tentatively to Sir George. In doing so, of course, she signed her own death warrant. I imagine that Sir George handed her out small sums of hush money, and proceeded to make his plans.

"He and his wife worked out their scheme very carefully. They already knew the date when De Sousa was due to arrive. It coincided with the date fixed for the fete. They arranged their plan so that Marlene should be killed and Lady Stubbs 'disappear' under conditions that would throw vague suspicion on De Sousa. Hence the references to his being 'bad' and the accusation 'he kills people.'

"Lady Stubbs," Poirot continued, "was to disappear permanently—possibly a conveniently unrecognizable body might be identified at some time by Sir George—and a new personality was to take her place. Actually, 'Hattie' would merely resume her own Italian personality. All that was needed was for her to play a double role over a period of a little more than twenty-four hours. With the connivance of Sir George, this was easy. On the day I arrived, Lady Stubbs was supposed to have remained in her room until just before teatime. Nobody saw her there except Sir George. Actually she slipped out, took a bus or a train to Exeter, and traveled back here in the company of a Dutch student she happened to meet along the way. She arrives at the youth hostel on the property adjoining Nasse and then goes out to 'explore.'

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By teatime, Lady Stubbs is in the drawing room.

"After dinner, Lady Stubbs goes early to bed—but Miss Brewis caught a glimpse of her slipping out of the house a short while afterward. She spends the night in the hostel, but is out early and is back at Nasse, as Lady Stubbs, for breakfast. Again she spends a morning in her room with a 'headache,' and this time manages to stage an appearance on the Nasse lawn as a 'trespasser' rebuffed by Sir George from the window of the room where Lady Stubbs is supposedly resting.

"The changes of costume were not difficult—shorts and an open shirt under one of the elaborate dresses that Lady Stubbs was fond of wearing. Heavy white make-up for Lady Stubbs with a big coolie hat to shade her face; a gay scarf, sunburned complexion and bronze-red curls for the Italian girl. No one would have dreamed that those two were the same woman.

"AND so," Poirot said, "the final drama was staged. Just before four o'clock on the day of the fete Lady Stubbs told Miss Brewis to take a tea tray down to Marlene. That was because she was afraid such an idea might occur to Miss Brewis independently, and it would be fatal if Miss Brewis should appear at the wrong moment. Then, choosing her moment, Lady Stubbs slipped into the empty fortune-telling tent, out through the back and into the summerhouse in the shrubbery, where she kept her hiker's rucksack with its change of costume. She went through the woods to the boathouse, called to Marlene to let her in, and strangled the unsuspecting girl then and there. The big coolie hat she threw into the river, and then she changed into her hiker dress and make-up, packed her cyclamen georgette dress and high-heeled shoes in the rucksack, and presently an Italian student from the youth hostel joined her Dutch acquaintance at the shows on the lawn, and left with her by the local bus as planned. Where she is now I do not know. I suspect in Soho, where she doubtless has underworld affiliations who can provide her with the necessary papers. In any case, it is not for an Italian girl that the police are looking; it is for Hattie Stubbs—simple, subnormal, exotic.

"But poor Hattie Stubbs is dead, as you yourself, Madame, know only too well. You revealed that knowledge when I spoke to you in the drawing room on the day of the fete. The death of Marlene had been a bad shock to you—you had not the least idea of what was planned; but you revealed very clearly, though I was dense enough not to see it at the time, that when you talked of 'Hattie,' you were talking of two different people—one a woman you disliked, and the other a girl whom you defended with a warm affection. I think, Madame, that you were very fond of poor Hattie Stubbs. . . ."

When Poirot had finished, Mrs. Folliat sat quite still. At last she roused herself and spoke. "Your whole story is quite fantastic, M. Poirot," she said coldly. "Entirely in your head. You have no evidence whatsoever!"

Poirot went across to one of the windows and opened it. "Listen, Madame. What do you hear?"

"I am a little deaf. . . . What should I hear?"

"The blows of a pickax. They are breaking up the concrete foundation of the Folly. What a good place to bury a body—where a tree has been uprooted and the earth is already disturbed. A little later, put concrete over the ground where the body lies and on the concrete erect a Folly." He added gently: "Sir George's Folly."

A long shuddering sigh escaped Mrs. Folliat.

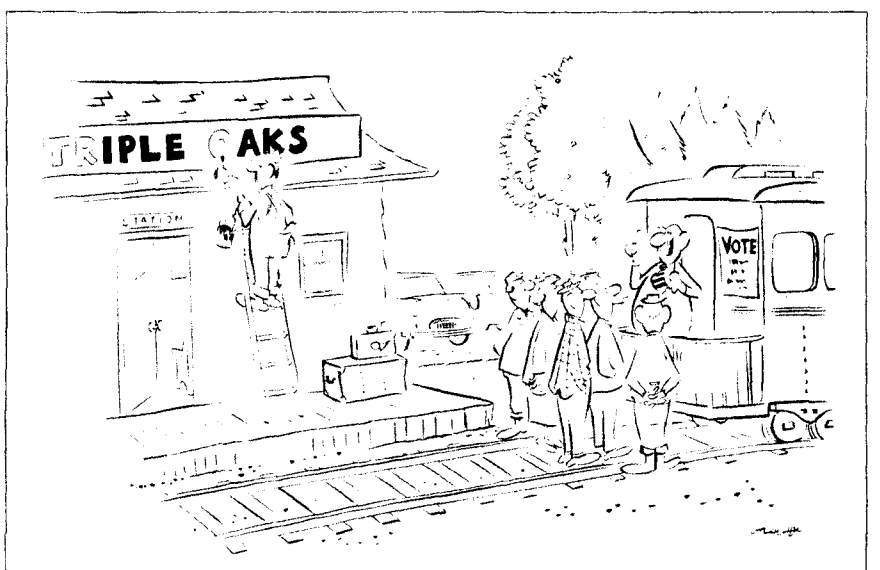
"Such a beautiful place," said Poirot. "Only one thing evil—the man who owns it."

"I know." Her words came hoarsely. "I have always known. Even as a child he frightened me . . . ruthless . . . without pity . . . without conscience. But he was my son and I loved him. I should have spoken out after Hattie's death, but how could *I* be the one to give him up? And so, because of my silence, that poor child was killed, and after her, dear old Merdell. . . . Where would it have ended?"

"With a murderer it does not end," said Poirot.

She bowed her head. For a moment or two she stayed so, her hands covering her eyes.

Then Mrs. Folliat of Nasse House, daughter of a long line of brave men, drew herself erect. She looked straight at Poirot and her voice was formal and remote. "Thank you, M. Poirot," she said, "for coming to tell me yourself of all this. Will you leave me now? There are some things that one has to face quite alone. . . ." —AGATHA CHRISTIE



"Yessiree, friends. My own dear mother was born right here in the little town of Iple Aks!"

COLLIER'S JOHN GALLAGHER

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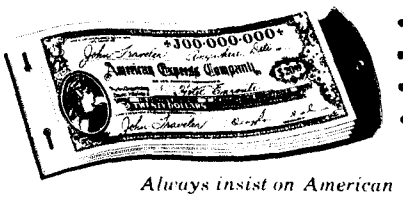

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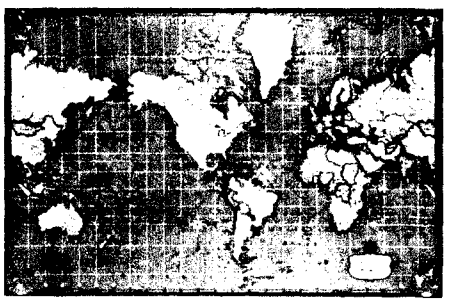

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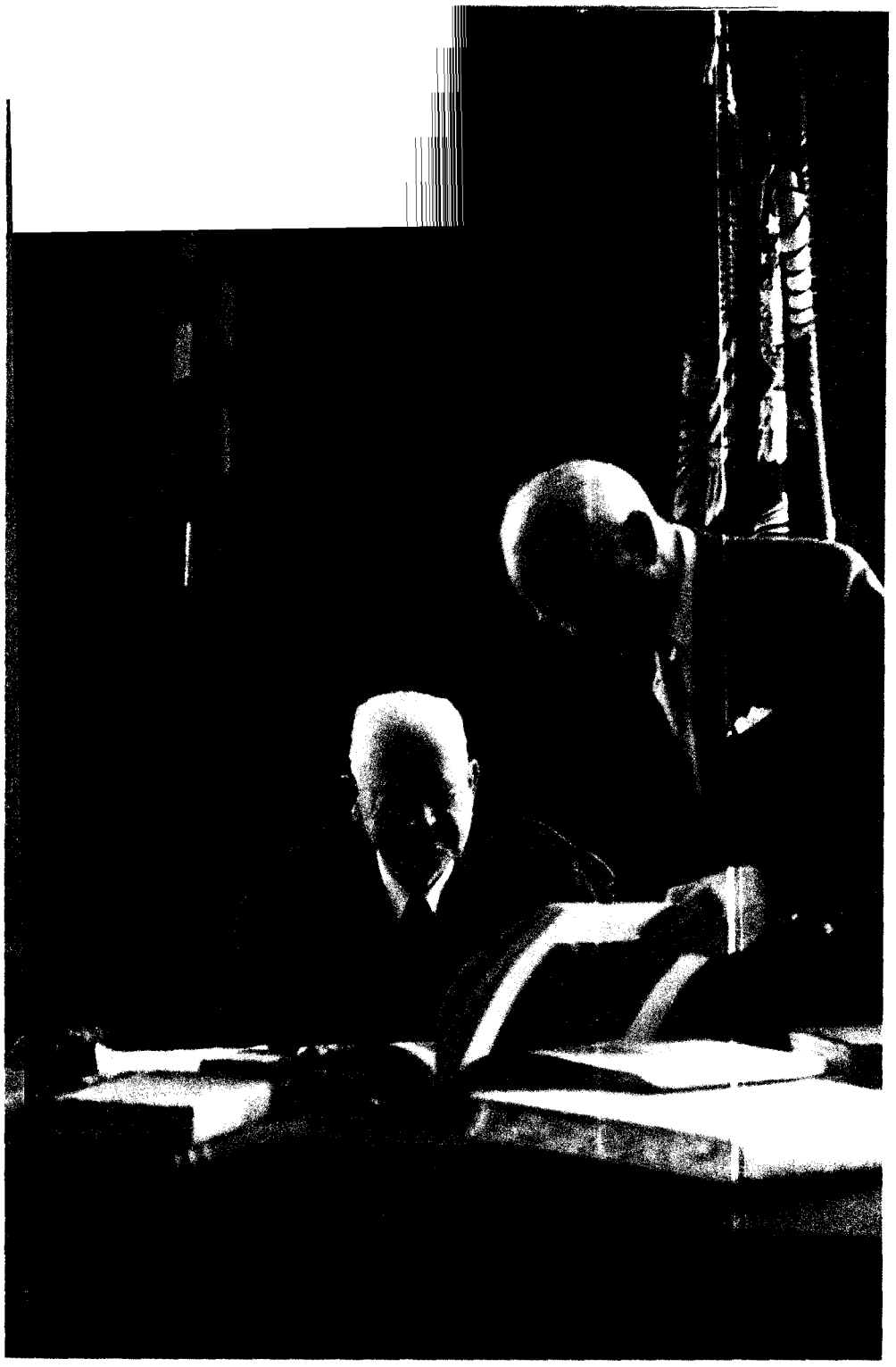
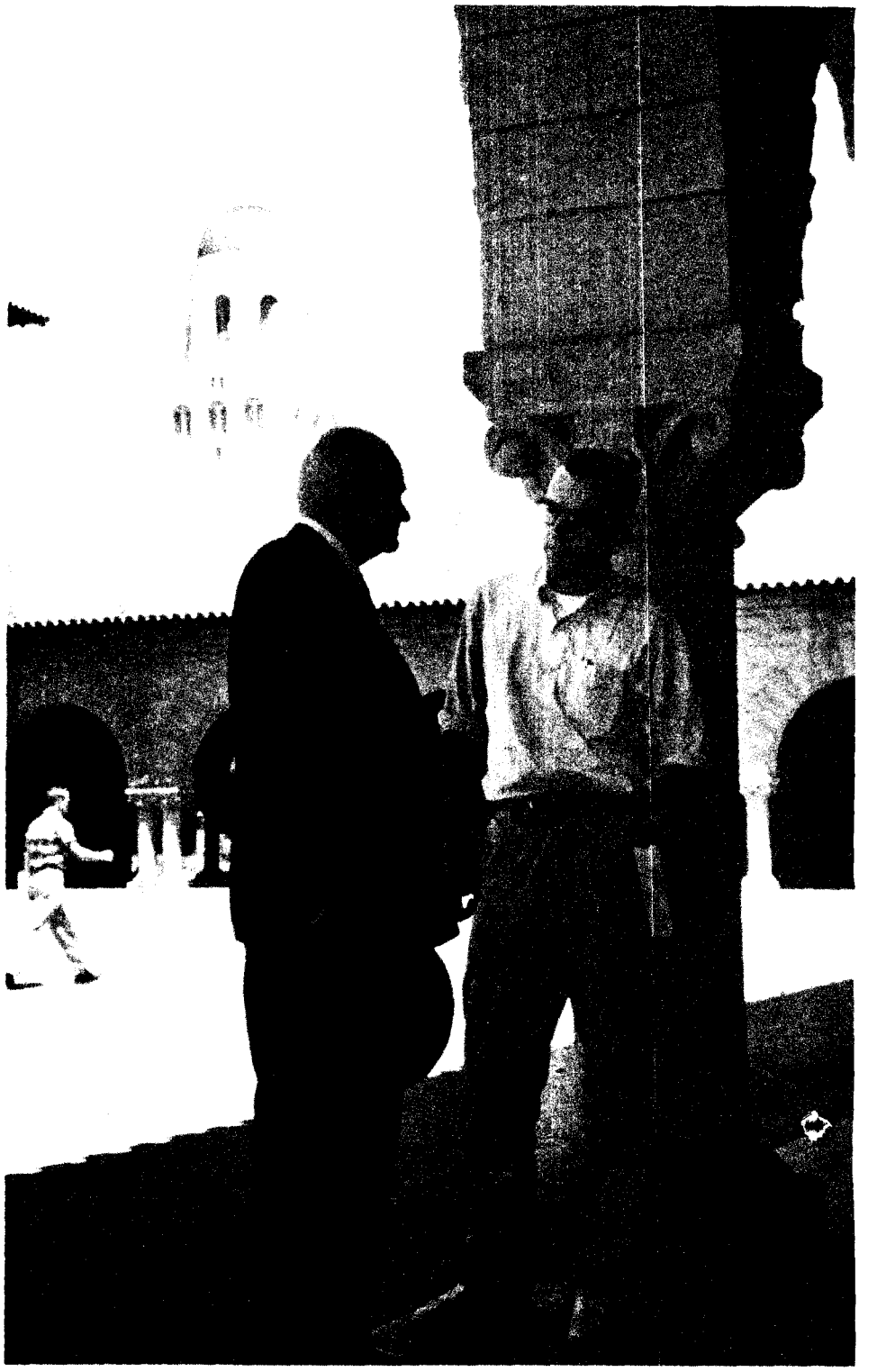


Former President Herbert Hoover, in his private office at the library, speaks with director C. Easton Rothwell. Behind them: the U.S. and Presidential flags



Student William Boardman chats with the former President in Stanford's inner Quad. In the background is the library tower, whose design was suggested by Mr. Hoover

"...To Promote Peace"

A tour with Herbert Hoover of the library that may be his greatest monument

AS he does around his birthday every year, Herbert Hoover (eighty-two on August 10th) visited the Hoover Library on War, Revolution and Peace in Palo Alto, California, one day not long ago. At the door a group of visitors parted to let him pass. There was a quiet gasp: "Why, that's President Hoover." There were smiles; it was good to see the man as well as his monument.

Mr. Hoover entered the elevator, not noticing his own words inscribed above: "The purpose of this institution is to promote peace. Its records stand as a challenge to those who would promote war. . . ."

It was back in 1915, when he was an eminent mining engineer with his political career still before him, that Mr. Hoover got started on the library. A book by historian Andrew D. White gave him the key: White bewailed the fact that "fugitive documents" which told the "real" story of the French Revolution had disappeared. Mr. Hoover mulled this a bit and decided he would collect the "fugitive documents" pertaining to the war then gripping Europe. Later he established the library on the Stanford campus to accommodate his growing hoard of materials.

Since then, the library has increased greatly in size and scope. Walking through the building now, Mr. Hoover stopped first in the basement where newspapers, leaflets and pamphlets from Japan and China are processed, and watched as the translators made out catalogue cards in tiny calligraphs.

Then he walked through several floors of the quiet fireproof stacks in the 285-foot tower which houses the library. All around him were the stilled voices and the dead deeds of the day before yesterday—newspapers, diaries, treaties, proclamations, bulletins and notes: the diaries of General "Vinegar Joe" Stilwell, and Nazi propaganda chief Joseph Goebbels, a

PHOTOGRAPHED BY WAYNE MILLER

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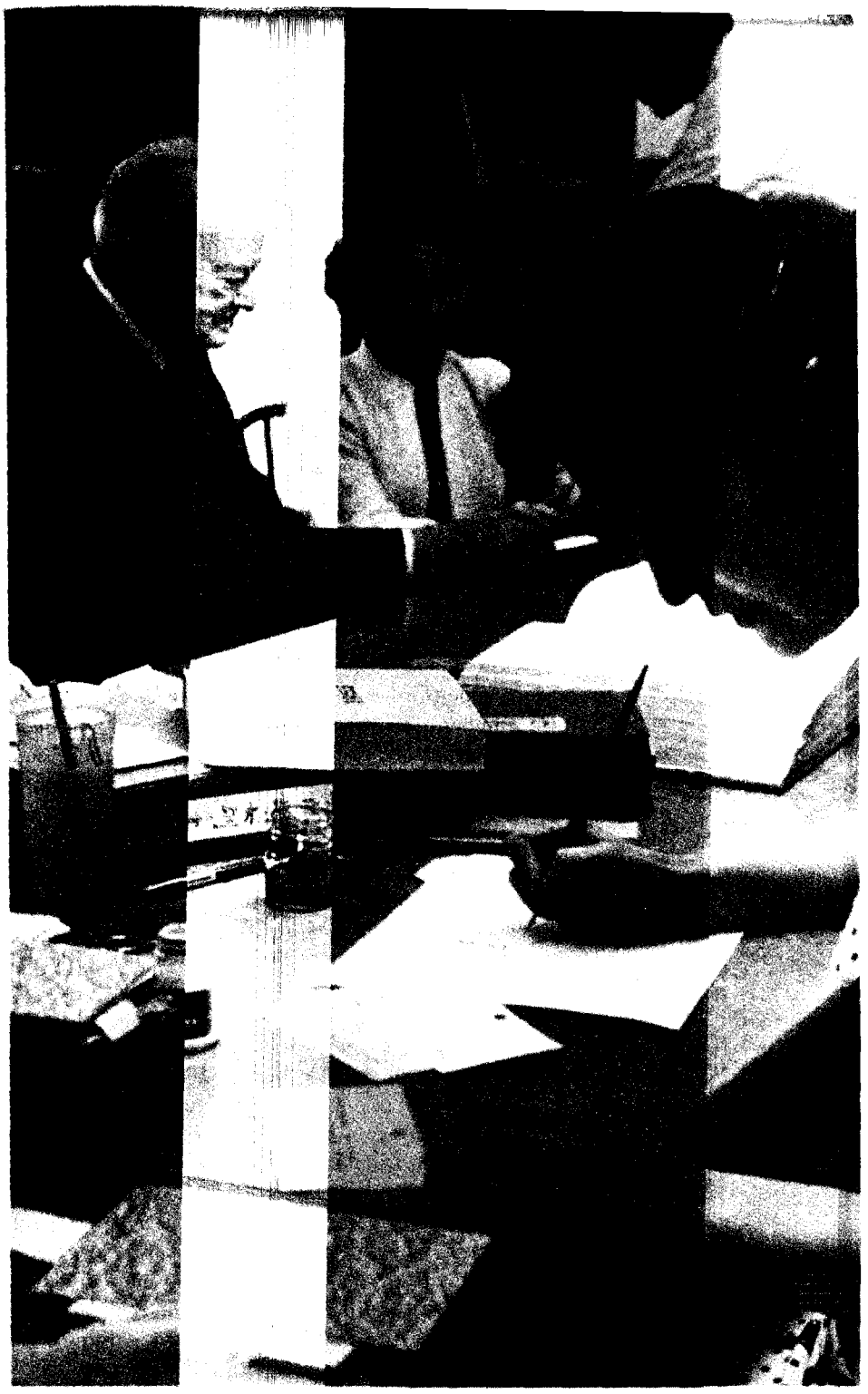
[illegible] are some of t[illegible] est documents. Emphasis is on the raw material [illegible] stories, reports, statements, cutouts and so on—rather than on official papers



***The library staff of** 60 speaks 25 languages, including Chinese and Japanese. Mr. Hoover is shown visiting section where Chinese materials are processed*

complete file on the Béla Kun Communist government of Hungary in 1919, and hundreds, thousands more. Mr. Hoover waved a hand. "These are the documents which reflect the lives of the people," he said. "The idea is to let the documents speak for themselves. That way we won't have to rely on one or two versions coming down through history by hearsay."

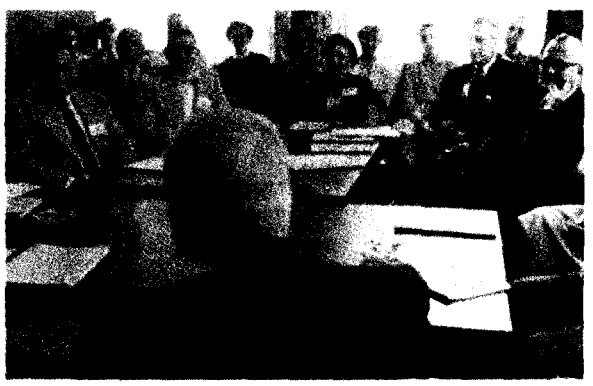
Mr. Hoover looked briefly into a restricted area where history lies packaged on the shelves—mostly the testaments of Soviet refugees, and memoirs and private papers dealing with the Spanish Civil War. These documents may not be opened—some of them not for the next fifty years — because their contents might harm living people.

He moved on to the two floors which contain his personal archives—five million items, the enormous accretion of his world-wide public service.

Here, too, are heart-warming reminders that Mr. Hoover was once a ministering angel to the war ravaged of Europe: dozens of poignant messages embroidered on Allied Relief flour sacks; a model of Hoover Dam; an emblem from the U.S. Food Administration building. In dozens of file cases are the records of his public life.

A listing of Mr. Hoover's achievements over forty years becomes a drum roll of service to his fellow man. But this unique library may be his greatest monument—an institution devoted to the idea that peace can be found in the ashes of war. He himself says it: "Here are the documents which record the suffering, the self-denial, the heroic deeds of men. Surely from these records there can be help to mankind in its confusions and perplexities—and its yearnings for peace."

—ROBERT DE ROOS



***Above, a briefing session for teachers and** administrators about to leave for the Philippines. L., Alexander Kerensky, who led Russia's government in 1917 after the czar's overthrow, is working at the library on a two-year project which will provide a full record of his regime*

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Every Man a Capitalist

THE PHRASE "PEOPLE'S CAPITALISM" as applied to the American free enterprise system gains new authority from a survey just completed by the Alfred Politz organization for the New York Stock Exchange.

The survey shows that 8,630,000 Americans own stock directly in public corporations. One third more Americans own stock today than four years ago; the number of new owners has been increasing at the rate of a half million per year. In addition, American life insurance companies, with 103,000,000 policyholders, own $1,239,000,000 in common stocks and $1,729,000,000 in preferred stocks. Trusts, estates, investment companies, labor unions and pension funds hold billions more. It is pretty hard nowadays to find a man, woman or child in America who does not hold a direct or indirect money stake in an American corporation.

This unparalleled participation by Americans in the ownership of private enterprise is, of course, a reflection of the present high level of prosperity and of a widely shared confidence that this prosperity will continue.

But there is more to the story than that.

For years the Communists have been making great political capital around the world with the phrase "Wall Street," which they picture as the lair of a handful of money barons who, through ownership and manipulation of the sources of national wealth, control the economic and political destinies of the American people. The alleged thralldom of the average American under this system has been contrasted with the joyous situation in the "people's paradise" where, according to the Kremlin's propagandists, the whole economy operates for the benefit of the average Russian.

In spite of the iron curtain the situation in the Communist empire has become well known; latest testimonial was the bloody popular strike and uprising in Poland, where the workers put their own lives into the balance in pleas for bread and protests against wage cuts. The Communists, with all their manipulation and rigid regimentation of people's lives, have not even achieved an equitable distribution of scarcity.

Now consider the findings of the Politz study:

Two thirds of the share owners of American business are in households with incomes under $7,500 a year.

More than half of all shareholders are women.

Two hundred thousand shareholders are minors, many of whom have been attracted by Wall Street's recent campaign to extend understanding and ownership of American business to youth throughout the country.

The average American shareholder is forty-eight years old, a high-school graduate, living in a community of 25,000.

Certainly, there still are great concentrations of wealth in the United States; admittedly there remain great fortunes, whose owners individually hold stock shares numbering in the hundreds of thousands.

But just as certainly the economic face of America has been changing swiftly in this past generation. On one hand, taxes have been whittling down the vast fortunes and the vast incomes. On the other, the lot of the average American has been improving steadily. And thanks to the immense productivity and marvelous efficiency of the American free system, the result has been not to chop all capitalists down to the proletariat level, but to lift the proletariat up toward the capitalist level. From almost any viewpoint—ease of living, hours of leisure, education, mobility, recreation, opportunity—the "average" American today is better off than the rich American of a half century ago.

And now, by the Politz figures, Americans in vast numbers are literally moving into the traditional estate of capitalists—the ranks of the owners of industry. This is a fact of American life well worth the careful study of all those peoples who are being asked to weigh the relative merits of the Soviet "people's democracy" and the American "people's capitalism." We see it as the most heartening single disclosure yet made of the real strength of America's economic system. It is not only an expression of confidence in this system—it is a widespread acceptance of responsibility for the success of the system. This is people's capitalism at its dynamic best.

Highways Ahead

EVEN BEFORE PRESIDENT EISENHOWER had signed into law the bill authorizing the new national highway program, the nation had flashed word of its intense satisfaction with the new program.

Steel and cement stocks jumped. Road machinery manufacturers announced production increases. The Associated General Contractors of America estimated that 300,000 new jobs will be created during the height of the program in 1959 and 1960. And editorials in newspapers across the land proclaimed, rightly, that the beleaguered motorist was finally being given his due.

Congress deserves applause for passing the highway bill. The need for the measure was clear. As we said in an editorial on January 6th of this year: ". . . the growth, the prosperity, the safety, the very future of the nation depend upon the rapid, orderly, massive expansion of our highway system. Nobody denies all this; nobody can." There was room, however, for a great deal of debate as to just how this national highway system should be brought into existence; a great many sharply divergent viewpoints had to be weighed. In fact, the debate was waged so violently during the 1955 session of Congress that the bill died an ignoble death.

We suggested in the January editorial that everybody had a right to express his viewpoint; that Congress's job was not to throw up its hands in despair, but to hear all sides and then to write the bill that, in its judgment, best reconciled the divergent viewpoints with the public interest.

The bill now in effect is a long way from perfect; no bill created in these circumstances could ever be perfect.

But it does the main job, and that is to get on the road a program which will go far toward bringing America's perilously overburdened highway system into line with the demands being served upon it. A scientifically projected 40,000-mile transcontinental network of superhighways designed to serve the national welfare is on the way to becoming a fact. Subordinate details be hanged—this was the first need, and Congress, to its great credit, perceived that need and met it.

Get Out the Vote

EACH YEAR SEVERAL MILLION adult Americans let registration day slip by without performing the essential little job which would qualify them to cast their ballots in the national election.

The American Heritage Foundation, a nonprofit, nonpartisan organization, is sparking a nation-wide drive to get these backsliding citizens registered, and, beyond that, to get them to study the issues and the candidates, and then vote. Scores of organizations across the country have already enlisted in this important work of persuading Americans to fulfill their duty—and their privilege—as citizens. But the foundation can use all the help it can get. Any individual or organization wishing to lend a hand can join up by writing: The American Heritage Foundation, 11 West 42d St., New York 36, New York.

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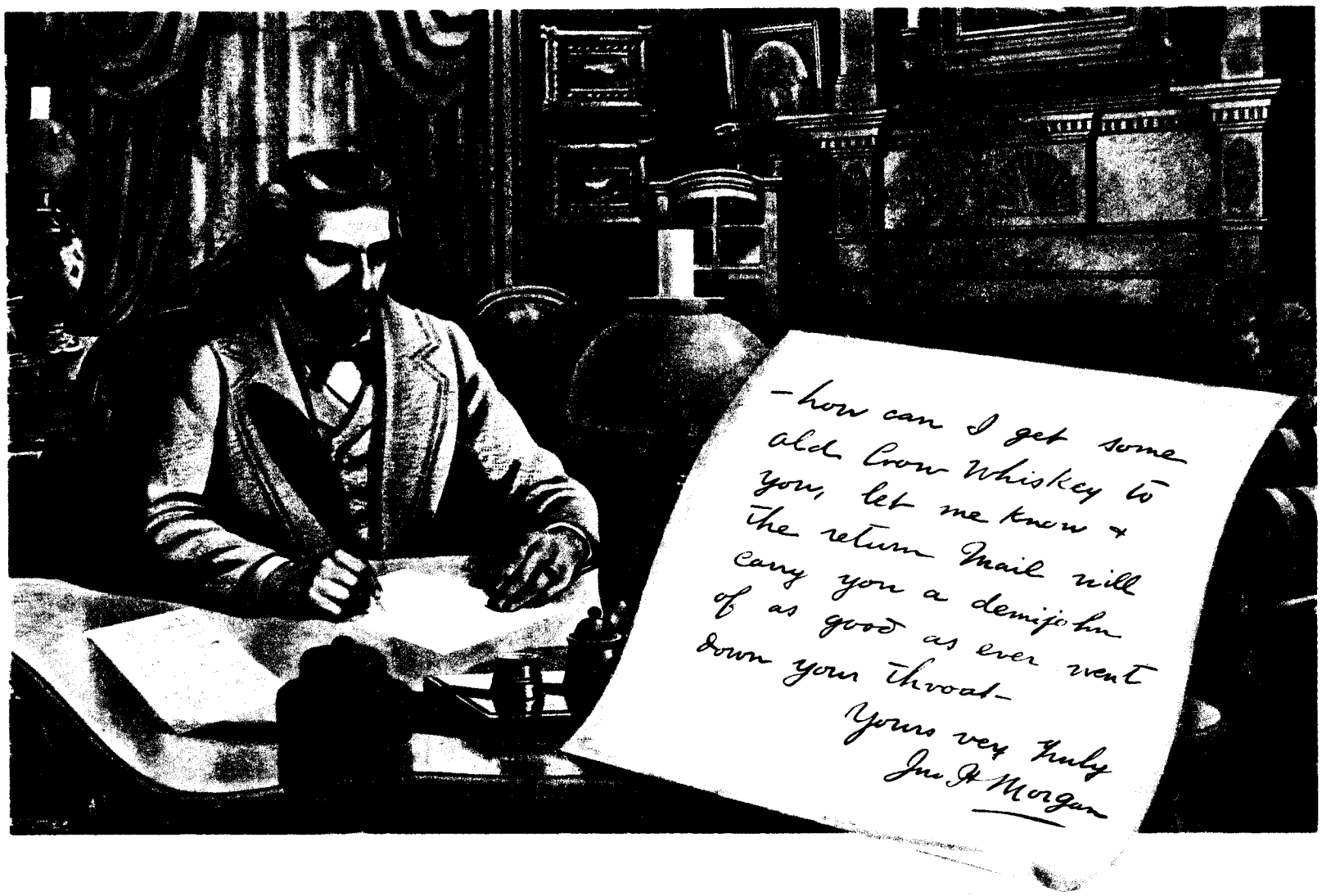
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